

# This Is Home

## Cavetown

Often I am upset  
That I cannot fall in love  
But I guess  
This avoids the stress of falling out of it Are you tired of me yet?  
I'm a little sick right now  
But I swear  
When i'm ready I will fly us out of here I'll cut my hair  
To make you stare  
I'll hide my chest  
And i'll figure out a way to get us out of here. Turn off your porcelain face  
I can't really think right now in this place  
There's too many colors  
Enough to drive all of us insane  
Are you dead?  
Sometimes I think I'm dead  
Cause I can feel ghosts and ghouls wrapping my head  
But i don't wanna fall asleep just yet My eyes went dark  
I don't know where  
My pupils are  
But i'll figure out a way to get us out of here Get a load if this monster  
He doesn't know how to communicate  
His mind is in a different place  
Will everybody please give him a little bit of space Get a load of this trainwreck  
His hair's a mess and he doesn't know who he is yet  
But little do we know the stars welcome him with open arms Oh  
Time is  
Slowly  
Tracing his face  
But strangely he feels at home in this place.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>