

Script, The "That's My Home"

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See I'm the type of guy

Made some mistakes in my life
When I think about them
My soul don't feel good
Had to sacrifice all the things I love
To look around and have no one there
Can't sit still for a minute
Had to travel the world
Had to see what's in it
Calling myself an artist
When all I can do is
Draw the welfare

See I'm the type of guy who's
Drifted most of his life
Wish I could stay but hard as I try
I keep running but I don't know why
I say I'm in love but
Then leave you behind
I can't take to see pain in your eyes
But we still have to say our good byes

See I'm the type of guy who is always on the road
Wherever I lay my hat
That's my home

You sit at home by yourself,
Your heart on the shelf just waiting for me to
Realise that I love you more
And you count down the days
Until I walk through that door

Lay my hat down next to your heart
Lie to you say we won't be apart
You can hear what you want
But I'm saying this love you
And leave you ain't workin

See I'm the type of guy
Who's always mixing up dates

Swearing I'll be home a week or two late
Then feel bad
About it every day

I can't take it to tell you the truth
This is not between music or you
This is something I just have to do

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