

## **Dismemberment Plan "Come Home"**

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Called in sick to work today  
I couldn't have gotten the damn thing done anyhow  
I made myself some coffee and  
I listened to the rain rattle the leaves, yeah  
I told myself there's nothing wrong  
And stared right through the paper for a long, long  
time

Stuck inside my dream so long  
It wears you down, it grows you old but that's a fact  
Cold light comes to clear the fog  
Away from time to time but it'll be back soon  
I used to think that justice had to  
Rule for happy lives but now I'm not so sure at all

Come home, why don't you come home?  
I cannot remember why you left  
And I'd rather been happy than right this time

Called my dad to check in and to  
Maybe find some common sense for more or less  
He says common sense is such a scam  
And I'm like, "Dad, what do you mean?" Oh  
He says, "You're either wrong or right  
And life will go on either way, whatever you chose" But  
I know

That anger's all right and bitterness no  
Cold uncontrollably sad and unable to let it go

And it should be as easy as telling a scab from a scar  
Well, I don't know, well, I don't know  
Well, I don't know, well, I don't know  
Well, I don't know, well, I don't know

I called in sick to work today  
I couldn't have gotten a damn thing done

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