

Keith Caputo "Home"

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Take me away, take me away
I don't want to stay,
I don't want to stay
I hate what you say, I hate what you say
Hopefully I never slip inside a sky that's gray

Your holiness bled, your holiness prays
Your holiness bled
I'm sick in the head in a number of ways
I recommend a psychotherapist to clean up your brain

If your heart is broken
Let your heart be broken
Do you know the sunshine
I love you more, I do,
I want to come home to you
It's what my soul has spoken
Around my throat, I'm choking
Do you know the sunshine?

My beautiful dove, my beautiful dove
Floating high up above, floating high up above
I'm swallowing stars and shitting out love
I love you more, I do,
I want to come home

Pure heart and soul, the treasures I own
Where did you go and how have you grown?
I'm sick in the head in a number of ways
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