

Brian Courtney Wilson**"Time Is An Invention Of Man"**

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Goodbye, my home.
You know I never needed you in the first place.
Goodbye, my home.
Cause once I'm gone you know I'm never coming back.
And I'll be out along the highway sharing stories and
be,
Sending postcards from the frontlines for all of you to
see.
You'll regret this more when you see my face in all the
stores.
I'll place your picture on the dashboard of a crashing
car.
I LIKE THIS MORE!
Goodbye, my home.
You know I never needed you in the first place.
Goodbye, my ho-o-o-o-ome.
Cause once I'm gone, I'm gone for good.
Now sing it louder,
Loud enough to wake her up.
This is your last chance.
Now, MAKE IT COUNT!
This is so good to me.
These cuts are bleeding and I feel so free.
Subconsciously, I swear I try to avoid you.
Or at least those small, tight-knit, suburban streets I'm
used to.
Now baby, don't take this so hard.
I'll place your picture on the dashboard of my crashing
car.
I'll take this one step at a time.
I know we'll get there someday.
This is the only way I'll stand in line.
I never liked you anyway.

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