

## The Parlotones

### "Suitcase For A Home"

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I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed  
Boredom has rendered me a narcoleptic head  
Groundhog day is here to stay as the band begins to  
play  
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

Iâ€™m struggling to sleep without these rolling tyres and  
streets  
Whiskey, women and wine are the only friends we meet  
Ohhh itâ€™s peculiar how we shape the rules when we  
following our dreams  
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

The bars are all the same, only the accents change  
Man, Iâ€™ve seen the world looking through a window  
pane  
I hope we reach our dreams before we all fall down  
dead  
I got a suitcase for a home and a coffin for a bed

I kiss my love goodbye, I wipe the moisture from her  
cheeks  
I say â„Iâ€™ll see you every night, my dear, in the place  
we call our dreamsâ„  
She says â„Itâ€™s not the point, honey, I sleep better  
when I hear you breathâ„  
She says â„You and me and this place is what I call my  
dreamsâ„  
I say â„I take you everywhere, darling, I hope that you  
believeâ„  
I kiss my love goodbye, to the coffin I must heed

I guess the worldâ€™s in fact my home and my dreams  
my bed  
Thereâ€™s nothing in this world Iâ€™d rather do instead  
Forget about the sadness in the words you may have  
read  
I got the world for a home and my dreams for a bed  
I got the world for a home and my dreams for a bed

