

Classic Crime, The "Far From Home"

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I've got a bad taste in me
It's like I've been robbed of something I once was in my
childhood memories
And it's buried in sandboxes backyard where we used
to see
That dreams could come true if believed
The sidewalks scream our names
We are so far from home
Far from home

I've got a bad pain in my heart
It's like the first time that I looked in your eyes
The first time it all fell apart

And it's buried in sandboxes backyard where we used
to see
That dreams could come true if believed
The sidewalks scream our names
We are so far from home
Far from home

But now we are so far from home
Far from home
All I have is words
To which I'm a slave
I scribble them down
Hoping they'll save me
But I'm lost
I'm so lost

These pages will burn
And I'll pass away
Yesterday's gone
And I just can't shake
The fact that I'm lost
I'm so lost

But now we are so far from home
Far from home
Now we are so far from home
Far from home

(x3)

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