

The Classic Crime "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 feel 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 must lay
I scribble them down hoping they'll save me
Me but I'm lost, I'm so lost

These pages will burn and I will pass away
Yesterday is 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

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

We are so far from home
Far from home
Now, we are so far from home

Far from home
Now, we are so far from home
Far from home

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