

## The Good Life

### "You Don't Feel Like Home To Me"

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He sees her face  
The highway signs  
The traffic lights  
And she's turning red  
At a motel  
On a double bed  
He swears he feels her lying there

And she whispers in his ear  
"You can't run away forever"  
But sometimes  
That feels like coming home to me anymore  
It feels like coming home to me  
But the further off I get

The more I get upset  
I could never make it home

She sees his face  
In the sweat-stained sheets  
The dirty cups  
They keep on piling up  
In the backyard  
So overgrown  
In the dandelions  
They peek through the cracks in the patio  
She swears she hears the phone  
But she only gets a dial-tone  
So she imagines what'd she say:

"If you feel like coming home to me sometime  
Yeah, if you feel like coming home to me  
I'll be waiting at the door  
There is nothing to be sorry for  
So why can't you come home?  
Don't you feel like coming home to me anymore?  
You don't feel like coming home to me?"

That's the game you choose  
But you don't have to play the loser

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