

The Hurt Process

"Carry Me Home"

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Used to dream until I stopped writing fiction
All right well that's not true
Maybe it ended when I ended competition
Because I'd always lose

My therapist could never classify conditions
Alright what's wrong already
My pharmacist had better fill up my prescriptions
Here just take two of these and call me in the morning

Oh oh oh won't you carry me home
It's the last time in life that I'll ever try

The streets were flooded and in the tides were
pessimists
So I just dove right in I felt at home
I felt alive I felt that I fit in
So I'll just keep dreaming

Wait for the wind to blow
Can't carry myself can't carry me home
On my own will
Can't let you go just yet
Can't bury myself can't carry us both
On My Own Will

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