

Placebo, Come Home

Stuck between the do or die, I feel emaciated.
Hard to breathe I try and try, I'll get asphyxiated.
Swinging from the tallest height, with nothing left to hold on to.

Every sky is blue, but not for me and you.

Come home, come home, come home, come home.

Glass and petrol vodka gin, it feels like breathing methane.
Throw yourself from skin to skin, and still it doesn't dull the pain.
Vanish like a lipstick trace, it always blows me away.

Every cloud is grey, with dreams of yesterday.

Come home, come home, come home, come home,
come home, come home, come home, come home.

Always goes against the grain, and I can try and deny it
Give a monkey half a brain, and still he's bound to fry it.
Now the happening scene is dead, I used to want to be there too.

Every sky is blue, but not for me and you.

Come home, come home, come home, come home,
come home, come home, come home, come home.