

# A Way Back Home

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Along the street, in every store  
On your TV, under your door  
In your face, forever more, forever more

In a quiet hiss, or a piercing scream  
When you're awake, and in your dreams  
You are the mark, of another scheme, another scheme

If I could find a way back home  
Where all that's left is skin and bone  
A place where I can be alone  
I need to find a way back home

We've grown immune to sorry sights  
Brought to us in black and white  
We hear the bark but lose the bite, but lose the bite

If I could find a way back home  
Where all that's left is skin and bone  
A place where I can be alone  
I need to find a way back home

If I could find a way  
To rid myself  
Of all I've been taught to feel  
If I could find a way  
To erase the day  
And start clean with something real  
If I could find a way