

# Homes

## Car Seat Headrest

A house without a piano  
Just a stereo  
I used to play but now I've  
Got this stereo  
You brought it with you when you moved in  
So we would never be alone  
Always something in the background

And I'm always almost punched  
But I escape  
With just a hint of a black eye  
And we're always almost over  
But then we wake up  
And it's already one o'clock

And I hope I can change  
I hope I can change  
But oh my god  
It's so hard  
And what if this  
Is who I am

(not our fault that the cops are assholes)

Forte without piano  
Never stop complaining  
It's what I love about you  
You never stop complaining  
Next step is buckets out  
When we start raining  
Let's go out tonight  
Because our home is falling apart

And you're always almost punched  
But you escape  
With just a hint of a black eye  
And we're always almost over  
But then we wake up  
And it's already two o'clock

And I hope I can change  
People are dying, I hope I can change  
But oh my god  
It's so hard  
And what if this  
Is who I am

(Remember when I made jokes?  
The joke's on you, fucker  
I never made any jokes  
I meant every word)

If home is where I go to die  
If home is where I go to die

And we're always almost punched  
But we escape

With just a hint of a black eye  
And I'm always almost sober  
By the time I have to drive you back home  
And we're always almost over  
And then we are

And I hope I can change  
I am dying, I hope I can change  
But oh my god  
It's so hard  
And what if this  
Is who I am