

Change my socks
Like I change the letters
Girls with three syllable names
Are often so easy to shame
Turn my keys in the lock
Preferring to leave her in shock
So I don't have to explain

Joanna, Joanna, Joanna, Joanna
Joanna, Joanna, Joanna, Joanna
It's the morning, the morning and it still doesn't feel right
Joanna, Joanna, Joanna, Joanna
It's the morning, the morning and it still doesn't feel right
Joanna, Joanna take me home
Joanna, Joanna take me home

Her waking bones
Bring a new dilemma
I'm standing with shoelaces tied
And all my intentions implied
My cheeks are reddening quick
She brings her fingers to lips
So I don't have to explain

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Strangle me with your words
Twist and turn like a chinese burn
Sully me with lines
A thousand promises
I only ever wanted one

Joanna
Take me home
Joanna
Take me home
Joanna
Take me home
Joanna
Take me home