

## Jars At Home

Trampled by Turtles

Hollow headed moment in your eyes.  
Shouldn't come to me as no surprise,  
that she loves me when I'm gone,  
but when I'm here I'm all alone,  
left to wander hopelessly again.

I got a woman and she's a friend of mine,  
she likes to pretend that she never cries.  
But I can see her on the stairs,  
and lord it's more than I can bear,  
but my head can't simply turn away.

There's a room as cold as it is lonely,  
build it up boys, and tear it down.

All the devil's weight upon my back,  
all I wish for, babe, is what I lack.  
No matter how I try I never seem to walk the line,  
and all the world is kept in jars at home.

Yes, all the world is kept in jars at home.