

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

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

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