

Come home and my guitar
Has nothin to say to me
I recoil from all my friends
And then I'm in misery
Been so long since I've been held
Really since I was his
Probably just need to be held
That's probably all it is

Course, then I think of my dad
Who time travels mostly now
Back to when he was free
And holding out hope somehow
Who sits all day in a line
Of wheelchairs against a wall
Inventing ways to play out time
Like us all
Like us all

To all the people out there tonight
Who are comforting themselves
If you should happen to see my light
You can stop and ring my bell
I'm just sittin here in this sty
Strewn with half written songs
Taking one breath at a time
Nothin much going on
Nothin much going on

Little flashing zero
On my answering machine
Rats scratching at my brain
Brain shuffling its feet
Yes I have my father's heart
It may or may not keep on trying
Can't really tell you what it is
Keeps me this side of that dark line

But I'm not there to take care of him
And I'm not here to take care of me
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down
Across the street
I'm going outside to watch the house burn down
Across the street

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