

## Back Home

Cold

When she walks into the room  
They look up to see her face  
All the glitter falls on her  
And the rooms her stage  
Dont you think youve had enough  
Do their claws make sores  
Take my hand and come away  
And ill take you home

I wont turn around, cant be afraid  
Takin you all the way back home  
Innocence gone, cant be the same  
Takin you all the way back home

Will the world still be the same  
Even if your gone  
When the pillars start to fade  
And the rooms just walls  
Dont you think youve had enough  
Do there claws make sores  
Take my hand and come away  
(And I'll take you home)

Dont you think youve had enough  
Whats the gun there for  
Take my hand and fly away  
And I'll take you home  
Dont you think youve had enough  
Whats the gun there for  
Take my hand and come away  
And I'll take you