

Suitcase Life

Donots

can you see me
frequenting motel-rooms
like you want me to
been on the road
for far too long
i know what dust tastes like
someone said
home is where the heart is
well i wanna know
where to find this place
cause nothing seems familiar
since you've walked away
so, please wait for me
i might be back late
cos i've forgotten my way home
please stay awake
and turn on the lights
this boy feels so alone
another bottle of wine
sings me to sleep
when i sing my blues
i know i'm keeping
bad company
but who cares anyway
homeward-bound
losing ground
a thousand miles away
(but who cares anyway)
i hate my suitcase life
though i know it's right