

It's not the way that you would listen  
Or the way you comb your hair  
It's the fact that you are missing  
How I feel when you're not there

I went through all the months of January  
Locked up in this cell  
I'd like to be at home, but on my own  
I didn't do too well

Look at me, I always get the blame  
But I can't even learn to spell my name  
I like to read, I like to write  
But where I live I learn to fight

So don't you ever say that we're the same  
I don't need a doctor telling me I'm full of juice  
It's not a statement that I'm making, but the plain and simple  
truth  
I went through all the months of January

Locked up in my cell  
I'd like to think of home, when I'm alone  
It doesn't work too well