

If home is where the heart is
then we're all just fucked
I can't remember
I can't remember
And I want it so bad
I'd shoot the sunshine into my veins
I can't remember
The good old days

And it's kind of funny
The way we're wearing anchors on our shirts
When being anchored or bored
just feels like a curse

My mind is a safe
And if I keep it in we all get rich
My body is an orphanage
We take everyone in
Doing lines of dust and sweat
off last night's stage
Just to feel like you

Milligrams in my head
Burning tobacco in my wind
chasing the direction
Chasing the direction you went
You're a bottled star
The planets align
You're just like Mars
You shine in the sky
You shine in the sky

Are all the good times getting gone?
They come and go and go and come and go (come and go and come and go)
Oh yeah I've got a lot of friends who are stars
But some are just black holes

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