

# Anywhere But Home

## Handguns

Somewhere between St. Paul and Sioux City,  
Jake fell asleep at the wheel,  
I woke up to the rumble strips  
and then it all became so real:  
that there's no one at home waiting for me  
and there's nothing that I miss at all,  
it may be because of the life that I choose  
but when you've got nothing,  
you've got nothing to lose.

And I wonder what it will be like when I get back home.  
Will my friends still drink in my garage  
or will she ever pick up her phone?  
I don't want to read the same book again,  
just hit the gas get on the road and never let this end.

I'd rather play three chords to three kids,  
than spend one more day there,  
complaining about my dead end job not getting me anywhere,  
and it's more than just a tour, more than just these songs,  
it's the feeling of know that this is,  
this is everything we've got (don't let it go).

It's ten p.m. in Washington and the show just let out.  
I'm in some dirty bathroom stall just trying to cool down.  
Nate's outside loading the van,  
smoking a cigarette that he found in a trash can,  
Marco just got kicked for twenty bucks in gas.  
Jake's at the front door begging for change.  
We've got make this money last.

I'd rather play three chords to three kids,  
than spend one more day there,  
complaining about my dead end job not getting me anywhere,  
and it's more than just a tour,  
more than just these songs,  
it's the feeling of know that this is,  
this is everything we've got.

And there's no place that I'd rather be  
than stuck in this van with you three.

Don't let it go.