

## Italian Dry Ice

Josh Rouse

I had a dream you were a mother last night  
Feeding your babies by the ocean side  
When I woke up I was alone in my room

Baby, please come home  
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time  
Before my love runs dry

Shady days and stormy, stormy nights  
One gives another a quarter for a dime  
All that she left with was a suitcase and some shoes

Baby, please come home  
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time  
Before my love runs dry

Baby, please come home  
'Cause I miss your sweet, sweet smile  
And the texture of your arms

Sissy had told me that you moved to Rome  
Fucking those Italians with expensive clothes  
I need you back baby, I miss my rolling stone

Baby, please come home  
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time  
Before my love runs dry

Baby, please come home  
'Cause I miss your sweet, sweet smile  
And the texture of your arms

Baby, please come home  
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time  
Before my love runs dry