

I remember the clashing of tongues
Second-hand smoke like rust in my lungs
But when the darkness preys at your door
Your home can be a home no more

I've pleaded for sick men and liars
Treat them like sweethearts, my hands in the fire
But when her clothes were cast to our floor
My home could be a home no more

Lord what's to be given
Make damn sure it's given to me

Lord what's to be given
Make damn sure it's given to me

Lord what's to be given
Make damn sure it's given
Damn sure it's given to me
Damn sure it's given to me
Don't you take him away from me

I still hear the birds through the back door
Still see the rain wet toys on the lawn
As the darkness preys at your door
Your home can be a home no more
Your home can be a home no more