

Where I Come From

Maria Mena

Temper
Looks like a bomb went off
My side of the room
Simple,
Say you fell and you hurt yourself,
Pick up the glass, I'll get the broom

You're tired, it's time to realize
We're not wired, the same and that is why
When we argue,
We rarely come back from it with whole souls

We talk like they talked where I come from
We fight like they fought where I come from
And I'd rather be alone,
Than end up inside a home...
Like the one, I come from...

Used to
Pity the lovers, who claimed they'd grow apart
But lately
I've played with the thought of getting out,
A brand new start...

'Cause I'm tired, it's time to realize
We're not wired, the same and that is why
When we argue,
We rarely come back from it with whole souls

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And I'd rather be alone,
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