

# She Hates To Go Home

Marshall Crenshaw

Steady she goes  
When she walked in time froze  
Faces turned around to see  
She's a glittering prize to all of the guys  
Who will her next fool be?  
From twilight 'til dawn  
Her power stays on  
Most every night is just like this  
She doesn't slow down  
Uptown downtown  
I'll tell you what the reason is

You see  
She hates to go home  
After all the parties are over  
She hates to go home  
Where there is nobody to hold her

It's plain to see why it's so  
Why does it ever have to be time to go  
And face the darkness cold as stone  
She really hates to go home

All alone  
Her room will wait  
No matter how late  
Knowing how to lock her in  
It won't set her free from what used to be

Shouldn't have, or might have been  
Bolts on the door  
Clothes on the floor  
Tears running down the wall  
Pictures so old staring so cold