

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