

Take Me Home

Russian Red

It's your guitar that discovers you wild
for all I can see is the dark of a sky
and the plumbs in a glass jar of wine.

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
how I got here, but now you...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
how I subsist with candled up nights and pure spirits I
don't know how you dragged me here.

And it's my guitar that discovers me blind
for all I can see is the clarity side
and the bones someone spat
on the trash from the plumbs...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
how I got here, but now you...

Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
how I subsist with candled up nights and pure spirits I
don't know how you dragged me here.

If you can call the name of our hope
that probably means I'm not there.
Take me home, take me home, take me home, don't know
how...