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...