

From a dark room

Tapping on the shaded pane
Phone rings and it's dead again
Sound of my own footsteps makes me run

Your face, in the dark it showed
Your face clear in every crowd
All the sunshine's wasted on me now

*Oh I'm gonna be...
I'm gonna go home*

Got your job security
Got your mates – I guess it's me
Cut my hair and made myself a boy

*Oh I'm gonna be...
I'm gonna go home*

Oh hug me...
(don't touch me)

Whisper of a voice like mine
calling me along the line –
oh the light I'd let flood inside then

*Oh I'm gonna be...
I'm gonna go out tonight
I'm gonna call every one of my friends
and you won't reach me there or anywhere*

*Yeah I'm gonna...
call the friends you never let me see
wear the things you never let me wear
go the places you would never go
see the things that you would never see*