

You're Always Welcome

Aereogramme

The lights
That come in and out
Of my life
I'll write
I'll re-record
These times

The grill in the metal, the ex's disease
The passing of family, frustration, release
You have a home here
You have a place to hide
You're always welcome
You're more than I can say

The night
You showed me how
To see
So praise the lord
For drunken
Honesty

A master of patience to put up with me
Some surrogate brother I wanted to be
You have a home here
You have a place to hide
You're more than welcome
All this I know
You're more than I could show