

Home

David Byrne

The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer
Its just an old photograph, theres nothing to hide
When the world was just beginning.
I memorized her face so its not forgotten
I hear the wind whistling "come back anytime"
And well mix our lives together
Heaven knows, what keeps mankind alive
Every hand goes searching for its partner in crime
Under chairs and behind tables
Connecting to places we have known

Im looking for a home, where the wheels are turning
Home, why I keep returning
Home, where my world is breaking in two
Home, with the neighbors fighting
Home, always so exciting
Home, were my parents telling the truth?
Home, such a funny feeling
Home, no one ever speaking
Home, with our bodies touching
Home, and the cameras watching
Home, will infect whatever you do
Where home, comes to life from out of the blue

Tiny little boats on a beach at sunset
I took a drink from a jar and into my head
Familiar smells and flavours
Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven
Ive seen their wheels spinnin' round
And everywhere I can hear those people saying
That the eye is the measure of the man
You can fly from the stuff that still surrounds you
Where home and the band keeps marching on
Connecting to every living soul
Compassion for things Ill never know