

# Home

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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