

Home Is Where the Hatred Is

Gil Scott-Heron

A junkie walking through the twilight
I'm on my way home
I left three days ago, but no one seems to know I'm gone
Home is where the hatred is
Home is filled with pain and it,
might not be such a bad idea if I never, never went home again

Stand as far away from me as you can and ask me why
hang on to your rosary beads
close your eyes to watch me die
you keep saying, kick it, quit it, kick it, quit it
God, but did you ever try
to turn your sick soul inside out
so that the world, so that the world
can watch you die

Home is where I live inside my white powder dreams
home was once an empty vacuum that's filled now with my silent
screams
home is where the needle marks
try to heal my broken heart
and it might not be such a bad idea if I never, if I never went
home again
home again
home again
home again
kick it, quit it
kick it, quit it
kick it, quit it
kick it, can't go home again