

# 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