

Are We There Yet?

Ingrid Michaelson

They say that home is where the heart is
I guess I haven't found my home.
We keep driving around in circles
afraid to call this place our home.

And are we there yet?

They say there's linings made of silver
folded inside each rainy cloud
will we need someone to deliver
our silver lining now?

And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
Home, home, home, home.
Home, home, home, home.

They say you're really not somebody
until somebody else loves you.
Well, I am waiting to make
somebody, somebody soon.

And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
Home, home, home, home.
Home, home, home, home.

Where you will lie on the rug
while I play with the dog.
And you won't be too much
because this is too much.
Because this is too much for me to hold.
This is too much for me to hold.

Home, home, home.
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
Home, home, home.
Home, home, home.
Home.
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there yet?
And are we there?