

You're Not Home

Keane

The click of the front door
Your clothes left on the floor
Bike wheels, still turning
Where you left them on the back lawn

Hear voices recede and your fingers slip from my hand
Bright skies and silence
A lifeless wind burns through the downland

And it's cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
And you're not home, home, home, home, home
I sit and stare, I sit and stare
Into my phone, phone, phone, phone, phone

I love that silver-grey first morning light
I see that fearless love in your blue eyes
Think I can picture some new shape of life
But now you're not home
You're not home
Not home

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No, you're not home