

# 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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But now you're not home  
No, you're not home

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But now you're not home  
No, you're not home  
Not home  
No, you're not home  
Not home  
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Not home

No, you're not home