

Home

Kyla

I gotta get home there's a garden to tend.
There's fruit on the ground and the birds have all moved back into my attic, whistling static,
When the young learn to fly I will patch all the holes up again
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Well i can't believe that my lime tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping
I guess it got fed up with not being fed
And I would be too I need food in my belly and hope that my time isn't soon

So I, try, to understand, what I can't hold in my hand, and where ever we are, home is there too
And if you, could try to find it too, cause this place is overgrown into waxing mood,
Home is wherever we are, if there's love there too.

In the back of our house there's a trail that wont end
We were walking so far that it grew back in,
There's no trail at all, only grass growing tall,
Get out my machette and battle with time once again,
But i'm bout to loose because i'll be damned if time don't win

I gotta get home theirs a garden to tend, all the seeds from the fruit buried again
There own family trees teach them thank you and please as they spread their own roots they watch their
Young fruit grow again
And this old trail will lead me right back to where it begins

So I, try to understand, what I can't hold in my hand, and whatever I find, I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too, cause this place is overgrown into waxing mood
Home is wherever we are if there is love there too.