

Home Is Where The Hurt Is

Moe Bandy

My glass is empty and so are my arms
The lights are down low and so am I
I drink not to think and I hate to go home
Home's where the hurt is my sweet love is gone.

Gone like a leaf in a dust of wind
Gone like a robin when winter sets in
Gone is my love since my bird has flown
Home's where the hurt is my sweet love is gone.

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