

This is exist not a hole
More than hardwood not
just floors And I'm waiting
for this weather now to
clear catching weather in
my heather of a stone this
is my mind Screaming
phases tapping shoulders
in a flight Some things can't
be ignored This is home
this is sweet home Home's
a prom queen seventeen
my dandy lion dream
used to sway on swings
Though it never meant a
thing My film became silent
when she said to me
When this night is over so
are we Don't cry dear Anne
Because I'll be back soon
Don't cry I'll be back soon