

Home

Passenger

They say home is where the heart is
But my heart is wild and free
So am I homeless or just heartless
Did I start this, did it start me
They say fear is for the brave
For cowards never stare it in the eye
So am I fearless to be fearful
Does it take courage to learn how to cry

So many winding roads
So many miles to go

They say love is for the loving
And without love maybe nothing is real
So am I loveless do I just love less
Oh since love left I've nothing left to feel

So many winding roads
So many miles to go

When I start feeling sick of it all
It helps to remember I'm a brick in the wall
That runs down from the hillside to the sea
And when I start feeling that it's gone to far
I lie on my back and stare up at the stars
And wonder if they're staring back at me

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