

Is it the sky today,  
The way the wind's pushing the clouds,  
Or is it the late day sun,  
Pushing the shadows over the ground,  
That brings on these memories  
Of people and places that I've never seen,  
And voices so strange and so sweet,  
Asking me softly...  
Where is my home?  
What makes this person me?  
Is it the little town where I was born?  
Or maybe it's history,  
The faces of family I've never known.  
Somewhere across the sea  
Where my great-grandmother left long ago,  
Under a cold crying moon,  
Looking for something...  
Where is my home?  
Where is my home,  
The walls of a city,  
Painted with promises and words so unkind?  
Where is my home,  
The trees of a country,  
Where autumn came suddenly,  
That I'll never find...  
But then there's your face, dear,  
And I know I'll never be walking alone.  
The love in your eyes makes it clear,  
Telling me softly...  
This is my home.