

# Home

Xavier Rudd

Streets full of people  
With trinkets to share  
Offering them up for folks in despair  
Yandi and crystals and oils for growth  
Of spirit and body and mind as we go

Emphasis placed on the body and mind  
The heart os often somewhere behind  
Strange

Tiny little bones of the innocent child  
Lookin' up at me with the saddest of eyes  
Is her innocence in tact?  
Or has it been stained?  
Has the creature that feeds her taken it away  
Strange  
So sad it's strange

I recognize my health  
Things I have been dealt  
Places that I have roamed  
Feelings I've had  
Things that I know

Home, my home  
Home, my home  
Home, I'm home

Running through the bush  
And all of the trees  
Moving in time with my capable speed  
Skippy ants claw  
At the edge of the bowl  
Of the shell of an egg  
Of bird long since gone  
Maybe it rose up  
To spread it's new wings  
Or maybe it nourished  
A stronger sibling  
Strange

Places we roam  
And people we meet  
Some connections are strong  
And some of them are weak  
1 or 2 or 3 or 4  
Or maybe 5 or 6 or more  
Strong as the roots  
Of a big old gum tree  
And we'll carry them through  
To the next life we see  
Strange  
So beautifully strange

Recognize my health  
Things that i have been dealt  
Places that i have roamed

Feelings i've had  
Things that i know

Home, my home  
Home, my home  
Home, i'm home