

# 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  
and oh.. Oh they say love is for the loving  
Without love maybe nothing is real  
So am I loveless or do I just love less Oh since love left  
I have nothing left to fear 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 a wall  
who runs down from the hillside to the sea  
when I start feeling that it's gone too far  
I lie on my back and stare up at the stars  
I wonder if they're staring back at me oh when I start feeling sick of it all  
It helps to remember I'm a brick in a wall  
who runs down from the hillside to the sea  
when I start feeling that it's gone too far  
I lie on my back and stare up at the stars  
I wonder if they're staring back at me

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