

Temporary Home

J Rice

Little boy, six years old
A little too used to being alone
Another new mom and dad
Another school, another house that'll never be home
When people ask him how he likes this place
He looks up and says with a smile upon his face
"This is my temporary home, it's not where I belong
Windows and rooms that I'm passing through
This is just a stop on the way to where I'm going
I'm not afraid because I know this is my temporary home"
Young mom on her own
She needs a little help, got nowhere to go
She's looking for a job, looking for a way out
'Cause a halfway house will never be a home
At night she whispers to her baby girl

"Someday we'll find our place here in this world"
"This is our temporary home, it's not where we belong
Windows and rooms that we're passing through
This is just a stop on the way to where we're going
I'm not afraid because I know this is our temporary home"
Old man, hospital bed
The room is filled with people he loves
And he whispers "Don't cry for me, I'll see you all someday"
He looks up and says "I can see God's face"
"This is my temporary home, it's not where I belong
Windows and rooms that I'm passing through
This was just a stop on the way to where I'm going
I'm not afraid because I know this was my temporary home"
This is our temporary home

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