

Home City

Andrew Maxwell Morris

Will you, hear me
When I make a call.
Across the oceans, on a telephone line.
Well I can't convey, what I needed to say
To a voice, without touching your hand.

I'm calling out
To your home city
I'm calling out, for a friend.
I'm calling out
To your home city
I'm calling out, for a friend.

I'll bet, you've missed
Someone to hold.
A family is like a friend you've always had
For now, I'll wait
To see you from a distance.
Like someone with no name.

Well I'm calling out
To your home city
I'm calling out, for a friend.
I'm calling out
To your home city
I'm calling out, for a friend.

I'll guess, I'll stay
In some far off land in a home I'm trying hard to find
I'll keep my eyes out, for opportunities
Hoping that someday you'd return.

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