Home

Dan Croll

I've forgotten how it feels with the carpet under my seat
It's the polyester fibers that wrap around my feet
Feels like home, homeWhen the cold shakes my bones it's the rug that warms my soul
It's the textile to the skin, and the sensation alone feels like home, homeSo if you ever come 'round to my house take your shoes off at the door
'Cause it's impolite not to; you'll be damaging my floor
'Cause it's my homeWhen you're down and you're alone it's the train that brings you home
And your mother, brother, sister, father, waitin' at the door
It's so sweet, sweetMakes me glad I'm only a stone's throw away
Makes me sad that others can't have it the same way
Oh, home, homeIn the forest it's unlikely that you'll find a home so tidy
Compared to what it's like living like a city type
Why, it's no home

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