Home

Sarah Mclachlan

Child walks to the river
Looks out as far as she can see
And draws each breath as if it were the last
And wipes away the tears across her sleeve
She can see where the river crawls to the sea
Like a baby into mother's care
Somehow the longing's so far away
The innocence so wasted and aware
And look at the child with the dream in her eyes
Holding it deep inside her home, home
So much anger so deeply ingrained
Seemed a burden that was hers alone
She didn't think that there was anything wrong
With wanting a life that she could call her own
How could I explain?
You would not want to hear
You wouldn't listen if I talked anyway
For you were too weighed down by your own fears
Look at the child with the dream in her eyes
Holding it deep inside her home, home, home
Home
Home
Home
...

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