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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