

# Home Is Where The Hatred Is (Onur Engin Edit)

[Esther Phillips](#)

A junkie walking through the twilight  
I'm on my way home  
I left three days ago but no one seems to know  
I'm gone Home is where the hatred is, home is filled with pain  
And it might not be such a bad idea  
If I never, never went home again  
Stand as far away from me as you can and ask me why Hang on to your rosary beads  
Close your eyes to watch me die  
You keep sayin', kick it, quit it  
Kick it, quit it, kick it, quit it God, but did you ever try to turn your sick soul  
Inside out so that the world can watch you die  
Home is where I live, inside my white power dreams  
Home was once an empty vacuum that's filled now  
With my silent screams Home is where the needle marks  
Try to hear my broken heart  
And it might not be such a bad idea  
If i never, never went home again Home again, home again, home again  
Kick it quit it, kick it quit it, kick it quit it  
Kick it, can't go home again

Songwriters

GIL SCOTT-HERON Published by

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