

No Place Like Home

Owen

Well leave at dusk with only that which we can carry
Whatevers left gets burned or buried
for if by chance we return
Well leave a note
To Whom It May Concern:
Fuck you and your front lawn
Id rather die with my hands tied than holding a gun
Theres no place like home for collecting burdens
and conjuring ghosts that dont know theyre dead
Soon theres going to be a fight
and well all have to choose sides
Like kids on the playground
But everyones hungry
Theres no place like home for collecting burdens
and conjuring ghosts that dont know theyre dead
He insists that hes just sick and I dont have the heart
to tell him any different
Its the way its been and the way it will be until we leave
We dont need a mirror
We dont need those pictures on the wall
We dont need to see ourselves as we are now
to remember where we came from
Well leave at dusk with only that which we can carry
Ill get the dog, you get the baby
and pray that theres a god to light our way

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