

Home

Whitney Houston

When I think of home
I think of a place where there's
 Love overflowing;
 I wish I was home,
 I wish I was back there,
 With the things I've been knowing.
Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning,
 Suddenly the snowflakes that fall
 Have a meaning.
Sprinkling the scene, makes it all clean.
 Maybe there's a chance
 For me to go back
 Now that I have some direction;
It sure would be nice to be back home,
 Where there's love and affection.
And just maybe I can convince time
 To slow up.
 Giving me enough time in my life to grow up;
Time, please be my friend, and let me start again...
 Suddenly my world is gonna change its face
 But I still know where I'm going;
I have had my mind spun around and around
 In space
 And yet I've watched it growing.
 Oh, I know you're listening Lord,
 So wont you please don't make it hard
I know I shouldn't believe everything, everything
 That things we see.
 Tell me, should I try and stay
 Or maybe I should run away
 Would it be better, better
 Just to let things be?
 Living here in this brand-new world
 Might be a fantasy; yes it might be
 But it taught me to love,
So I know that it's real, its real, real to me...
 And I've learned that we must look
 Inside our hearts to find...
 Yeah we gotta find

A world full of love
Like yours, like mine-
Like Home

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