

# 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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