

Home From Home

Roo Panes

For six weeks I had this job cleaning the local hospital
The pay was okay, but I didn't like to swab
So I changed it for my bass guitar
Boredom was my companion stuck to me like glue
But I broke the bond to make some dreams come true
Like a street to a hustler, a face to the soul
It's like the one and only place we can control
It's our reality, not just a poem
It's the place that we call home
For some time I went to school tried to learn what's right and wrong
I didn't like their schemes, I couldn't buy their rules so
I went back to where I belong
You gotta love the sound of that guitar and the bass
That snare it sounds like gunfire
It's like a thousand decibel punch in the face
Like a street to a hustler, a face to the soul
It's like the one and only place we can control
It's our reality, not just a poem
It's the place that we call home
East or west? Well, home is the best
Though I sometimes feel like a clown
But I've also had some feeling, yes
That I'm unstoppable and that no one can bring me down
Like a street to a hustler, a face to the soul
It's the one and only place we control
It's our reality, not just a poem
It's the place that we call home
Step right in
Erase what's on your mind
Step right in
Leave everything behind
Leave it behind

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