

Home

David Byrne & Brian Eno

The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer
It's just an old photograph, there's nothing to hide
When the world was just beginning I memorized her face so it's not forgotten
I hear the wind whistle in, come back anytime
And we'll mix our lives together
Heaven knows, what keeps mankind alive
Every hand goes searching for its partner in crime
Under chairs and behind tables
Connecting to places we have known
I'm looking for a home, where the wheels are turning
Home, why I keep returning
Home, where my world is breaking in two
Home, with the neighbors fighting
Home, always so exciting
Home, were my parents telling the truth?
Home, such a body feeling
Home, no one ever speaking
Home, with our bodies touching
Home, and the cameras watching
Home, will infect whatever you do
Where home, comes to life from out of the blue
Tiny little box from a beach at sunset
I took a drink from a jar and into my head
Familiar smells and flavors
Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven
I've seen their wheels spinning round
And everywhere I can hear those people saying
That the eye is the measure of the man
You can fly from the stuff that spills around you
We're home and the band keeps marching on
Connecting to every living sole
Compassion for things I'll never know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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