Calling Me Home

Sara Storer

A house on the river that cries for attention
That looked like a ruin, but felt like a mansion
The money was spent to put food on the table
No tin for the roof, or paint for the gables
Sometimes you just can't go home

I wonder now who sleeps in my room
Do they lie awake
Do they ever wonder who lived here before, and walked up the hallway
Who laughed in the kitchen, and fell in the driveway,
And cried for the seeds they had sown, and called this place home

I am the window that looks out across the banks
Of the river who works for so little thanks
I'm the ceiling that wouldn't be here without walls

I'm the floorboards that creaks when it's walked upon
I'm the chimney that roses are leanin' on
I'm the dirt path that leads to the river
Callin' me home

Now I'm stuck in traffic, feels like it's closin' in
I got a unit, that I don't like livin' in
I got a rose in a vase on the windowsill
I got that raise, but I got no time to kill
I've a house in the field callin' me home

I am the window that looks out across the banks
Of the river who works for so little thanks
I'm the ceiling that wouldn't be here without walls

I'm the floorboards that creaks when it's walked upon
I'm the chimney that roses are leanin' on
I'm the dirt path that leads to the river
Callin' me home

Lyrics submitted by Sara Nicol.

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