Home

Zenobia

Lonely thoughts they seep, into mind Into me, pushing deep Wash the dirt, a hard days work Know my place On my own No poison in my bones On my own This is where I build my home My home This will always be my home I work until it's late Walk in and close the gate I look in the window And I gaze at my face Every line and every abrasion This took my life to make This took my life to make On my own No poison in my bones On my own This is where I build my home My home I need someone to hold I need someone to hold My home This will always be my home This will always be my home

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