

Home

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

Home, so far from home.
so far to go,
and we've only just begun.
Oh, every lie we told
is written in stone,
every lie we wrote on our bones.

Hold on, there's nothing to pack,
We know we're not coming back.

Oh, every promise that we broke
is sewn to our clothes,
now we are pinned to the wind I suppose.
Oh, every falling flake of snow,
it has to give in,
oh but we spin and we spin and we spin.

Hold on, there's nothing to pack.
Lay your heart out, we're not coming back.

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