Home Is Where The Hatred Is

Gil Scott-heron

A junkie walking through the twilight
I'm on my way home
I left three days ago but no one seems to know
I'm gone
Home is where the hatred is, home is filled with pain
And it might not be such a bad idea
If I never, never went home again
Stand as far away from me as you can and ask me why
Hang on to your rosary beads
Close your eyes to watch me die
You keep sayin', kick it, quit it
Kick it, quit it, kick it, quit it
God, but did you ever try to turn your sick soul
Inside out so that the world can watch you die
Home is where I live, inside my white power dreams
Home was once an empty vacuum that's filled now
With my silent screams
Home is where the needle marks
Try to hear my broken heart
And it might not be such a bad idea
If i never, never went home again
Home again, home again, home again
Kick it quit it, kick it quit it, kick it quit it
Kick it, can`t go home again

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