

# Home

## The Tourists

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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