

Home

Mark W. Curran

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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