Home

Phil Wickham

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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