

The Home Song

Molly Nilsson

The birds fly south in November
But i go north in December
To see my family
They're nice to me
We eat and talk and drink coffee And while i'm up there, i think
Maybe this is where i belong
But when i get back home, i think
No i was probably wrong This is the home song
This is the home song They say, home is where the heart is
You carry it with you, impossible to miss
Some people want to be like birds
And fly over earth
But i want to be a whale
The whale goes places no one has ever been
The whale goes places no one has ever been

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