

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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