

Home – Dan Croll

I've forgotten how it feels
With the carpet under my seat
It's the polyester fibers
That wrap around my feet
Feels like home, home
When the cold shakes my bones
It's the rug that warms my soul
It's the textile to the skin,
And the sensation alone
Feels like home, home
So if you ever come 'round to my house
Take your shoes off at the door
'Cause it's impolite not to;
You'll be damaging my floor
'Cause it's my home
When you're down and you're alone
It's the train that brings you home
And your mother, brother, sister, father
Waitin' at the door
It's so sweet, sweet
Makes me glad I'm only a stone's throw away
Makes me sad
That others can't have it the same way
Oh, home, home
In the forest it's unlikely
That you'll find a home so tidy
Compared to what it's like
Living like a city type
Why, it's no home
So if you ever come 'round to my house
Take your shoes off at the door
'Cause it's impolite not to;
You'll be damaging my floor
'Cause it's my home





Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych