

# 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