

## Place Called Home

Janet Devlin

I've always loved to travel  
The sound of marching gravel beneath my boots  
I know I'm hard to handle  
And my temperament is fragile my excuse

Sweetheart there's only so far I can run  
Feels like I'm lost wherever I roam

I've been looking for a place called home  
It's in my veins but my roots won't grow  
I've been living like a rolling stone  
And alone's the only thing I know

I've always kept my distance  
Emotionally resistant that's the truth  
I built these bridges to fall down  
I've no desire to be found by you

Sweetheart there's only so far I can run  
Feels like I'm lost wherever I roam

I've been looking for a place called home  
It's in my veins but my roots won't grow  
I've been living like a rolling stone  
And alone's the only thing I know  
I've been looking for a place called home

There's only so many routes I can take  
There's only so many bones I can break  
But you know, I'm a wandering soul  
Bigger than my bullet holes  
I'll be running 'til my blood runs cold

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