

# You're Always Welcome

Aereogramme

The lights  
That come in and out  
Of my life  
I'll write  
I'll re-record  
These times

The grill in the metal, the ex's disease  
The passing of family, frustration, release  
You have a home here  
You have a place to hide  
You're always welcome  
You're more than I can say

The night  
You showed me how  
To see  
So praise the lord  
For drunken  
Honesty

A master of patience to put up with me  
Some surrogate brother I wanted to be  
You have a home here  
You have a place to hide  
You're more than welcome  
All this I know  
You're more than I could show