

Home

Allman Brown

Every corner of this place, is special in some way
I can almost hear your voice
Echo down the halls when I am still
So still
Time, heavy around me

The pictures on the walls, never change at all
The stairs still creak
Our names are on the bedroom doors
Doors
In fading black paint

Take me home
Home
Where I belong
I can still feel you here
Home
Home
Where I'm strong
I can still feel you here
Home
Home
All those years kept in the wood and stone

No matter that we're old, even though we've grown
We're children again
When we set foot in the place
The place
Where we began

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