

# Home

## Angels & Airwaves

There's a wind that contains the night  
A fellow shadow wanders free  
It runs across a sandy floor  
With crooked jags and even seams

The moon's risen high above  
The clouds can make them heavenly  
A drought was kicked out of the class by  
Frozen rings and dirty streams

I'm Home  
I'm Home  
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The neighbours drink and toast the pain  
To fill up holes they may have made  
A child plays a silly game  
With toys that he's imagining

The world is a deadly place  
That swallows us with crass and ease  
The only thing left from your name is  
A tragic love of poetry

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Someday you'll come back  
You'll come back  
You'll come wake us

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