

Home

Anna Nalick

God, it's gorgeous in the city
And what's my home's like now?
In a room where we share a pillow
And lights in the windowsill
And you let me lay my burdens down

Here take my bed
Lay your head on my lap again
Let me sing to your soul
Cause where you go is where I'll be home

Have I seen you in my audience?
Have I passed you in my car?
When I open my lips to sing
Like an air closing back to me
And I let you lay your burdens down

Here take my bed
Lay your head on my lap again
Let me sing to your soul
Cause where you go, you go

This second story's lonely
Only the headlights hear me harmonizing with the sirens
I want you to read me like my diary, don't even know your name
My home

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