

# Home

Billy Strings

Alone for a while with myself  
I feel so at home in the shade  
Alone for the first time in my head  
I feel so at ease there instead

Maybe I should leave my home  
Maybe I could slip away

A home is a heartache, they tell me  
Come in, leave your shoes at the door  
The phone never rings quite on time here  
The paint is a dried pool on the floor

Maybe I could finish this  
Turn my back and walk away  
Maybe I could slip away

At home there's a fire you've left burning  
The frosted designs outline the pane  
And the cold winter nights keep on turning  
Stealing memories of sunshine and of rain

Maybe I could break this down  
Turn around and face the day  
Maybe I could slip away

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Alone for the first time in my head  
I feel so at ease there instead

Maybe I should leave my home  
Maybe I could slip away