

Home Away From Home

Brett Dennen

Once I was a man with a chisel in my hand
Breaking up the rocks with the sun burning my neck
Then I was the sun throwing down the light of day
Thinking I was hot, but a cloud got in my face
So I became a cloud casting shadows—fucking great
'Til a gust of wind came and blew my ass away
Then I was a wind, but I couldn't move the rocks
Like the chisel and the man who were bustin' in the blocks

Rocky mountain hook
Give myself a look
God, I wanna go
To my home away from home
Rocky mountain hook
Yellow sun below
Lord, I wanna go
To my home away from home

I can be what I wanna be
I can fade by the apple tree
Wanna do what I wanna do
Wastin' time with some point of view
I can be what I wanna be
Take me home and set me free
Wanna do what I wanna do
Remember me as I remember you

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Home away from home
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Lord, I wanna go

To my home away from home
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Lord, I wanna go
To my home away from home

Lord, I wanna go...
To my home away from home...