

Ballad Of A Home Once Left

Courtney Marie Andrews

Diving for the gold in the Lake Geneva cold
Swimming for your grandpa's lost treasure
Your tobacco fed the birds
Your tongue it cast a curse
On whoever dare try and keep you there another year
And the town it gawked at you as you sailed your wooden canoe
Through the lake in the harsh Swiss winter

Cut the strings
And leave if you need to leave

Find the marvels of the world but keep that rusty spoon
Keep the gifts that your dear ones shed you
And always remember the lake, but never the eyes of your mistakes
Keep your past as a reminder for your future

Leave if you need to leave
Just know that your home is with me