Home

Edwin McCain

There's a tiny handprint
Two feet from the floor
And on the wall outside our upstairs bedroom door

A tiny handprint
Sticky from the pancakes
Making sure that daddy's waking up
To kiss her tiny face

This is home to me
Is the place where I find peace
It's the view you've got to see
And this is home to me

Her brothers run
From one into the other
And not listening to their mother
Time to get a go lay down the rules

But she's so good
Well she's got them fat and ready
And so he climbed on into the green truck
And we head on out to school

This is home to me
Is the place where I find peace
It's the view you've got to see
And this is home to me

The young man craved the kiss
That's just the thrill of the chase
I never dreamed of this
And home is a warm-loving embrace

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