

I Believe That I've Finally Made It Home

Labelle

Hello, upstairs
There's no reason to run and hide
Why don't you come outside
And play and stay, stay with me?

Good morning, information
Don't be ashamed, you're not to blame
For what goes on inside my head
So the doctor said, said to me

He said my thoughts were not enough
And the system's a little too rough
For me to ride
So I tried
Some U.S. stamped information
It was a little too late
And out of date
For my emancipation

That's why I believe that I've finally made it home
I believe that with me there's nothing wrong
I believe their thoughts are inane
And I'm all right
While this whole political world has gone insane

Hello, upstairs
It doesn't matter how much you take
It's what you make
The hurt you create, create for me

Good morning, friends and relations
I know you thought you were being kind
When you locked up my mind
But instead
I wrote and they read
The truth with me

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Good morning, new conceptions
Don't be misled by the things I've said
Take it in your head, and instead
You will see

The world is longing for its past
Of never giving more than it takes
Repeating mistakes, the death it makes
Makes for me

But they said
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