

# Home

Leith Ross

I swore that I was steadier  
Oh, I swore that home was heavier  
And maybe it's the gift of getting there  
But I've never felt so far

I hold me like a child when I need to  
When everything is solid and I'm see-through  
Wishing there was comfort in my own touch  
I wish I didn't think about it this much

What if I could settle down?  
Maybe if I learnt a little town  
Kissed my baby on the mouth  
And slept beside them every night

Would I still be aching for my childhood  
And recreating everything that felt good?  
Wincing when it never feels the same  
And winded with the knowing that won't change

Will I find, will I find, will I find home?  
Where is my, where is my, where is my home?  
I will find, I will find, I will find home  
What is my, what is my, what is my home?  
Will I find, will I find, will I find home?  
Where is my, where is my, where is my home?  
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