

# Home

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I was senseless, spinning out of touch  
Cut the cover and the colors run  
Though I never thought it was enough  
It's coming back, it's catching up  
Now I stand out in the pouring rain  
Only asking to be clean again

All these shapeless voices whisper in my ear  
But I only listen to what I want to hear

Watch the water turn the dirt to mud  
And the pavement laid is cracking up  
There go the plans I made for everyone  
And I'm as vulnerable as all of them

All these shapeless voices whisper in my ear  
But I only listen to what I want I to hear  
Hold my hand, I thought I could make it on my own, no  
Understand, all I ever wanted, all I ever wanted was a home

Home, home  
Home, home