

Home

Noah Gundersen

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