

# Home

Ollie

I feel aches in my bones, I lost track of the time  
A few drinks for my soul, I've been wandering blind  
I'll always come back home, I'm singing  
I'll always come back home, now and forever

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I learned home is more than just a destination it's a feeling  
Something I had so confused while focusing solely on making a living  
I think the saddest thing is when you look in the mirror an the person you see is a villain  
I'm blaming all of the anger inside of my soul my character slowly been switching  
Like what was I missing? I knew that money would not make me whole  
I was tryna live fast 'cause my black heart healing too slow  
You know the phrase that without the rain there isn't a flower that ever would grow  
But over the years collecting my tears I think it's too much I'm 'bout to explode  
Punch a couple tickets for the ride, dreams always blind you to the lies  
Searching for a place I couldn't find, bloodshot eyes what a shame  
Told you all this pleasure lead too pain, lost inside the valley of the shadow of death tryna find another way  
I'm good, at least I keep telling myself, I don't need no one for no help  
Just follow this north star 'til I'm home, an everything's back how it felt  
Back when I'd sing you these rap songs 'til we both fell asleep on couch  
Was home there wasn't a doubt, I'm saying

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Yeah, I'll always come back but shit just feel different it's not quite the same  
I know it's my fault the dream I was chasing has drove me insane  
Like I've been trying to focus more on the present instead of the things in my brain  
But everything's easier said than done when you not the person who's goin' through pain  
Won't change but I try, people that I loved switching sides  
Maybe I'm not cut out for this life, crosses on my heart hope to die  
Almost turned the pages letting go, sometimes true recovery is slow  
I keep fighting battles from within, I think where it's leading me is home, I know  
I know I just know, windows down it's almost 20 below, this cigarette is goin' straight to my soul  
I pour up some liquor it's making me sicker but I got some shit that's caught inside my throat  
So bottled up from being stuck on my own, the paranoia of somebody who's broke, I'm stumbling over all the words that I wrote  
Deep breath sweating in my palms, I can hear the chaos when it's calm, as if everyday is just a song  
I knew my direction had to change, something that I never could explain

Six string playing on repeat, only thing that's ever kept me sane, it's why

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