

Home

Quarterflash

He put on his fish hat and walked out of town,
No shoes on - no wallet,
That's how Dad was found by the river,
Confused and alone,
Just trying to find his own way back home.
Home to our rivers our kitchens and cars,
Home's where we go when it gets dark.

Mom pulled down the garage door and started the car,
Rolled down the windows,
And breathed in the stars of Montana,
Where buffalo roam,
Then started to find her own way back home.
Home to our rivers our kitchens and cars,
Home's where we go when it gets dark.

I see them together alive in my dreams,
They're younger - I'm older,
As strange as that seems,
Now we're driving to rivers unknown,
Trying to find our own way back home.