

# Home

Richard Buckner

She had a meaty name and a Guild on the wall and a  
swagger  
Yeah, a champion to this beaten ghost and brow  
The city was sweating and they were drinking in the hall  
when they got back to the cathouse to drive outta the  
blackout  
And not just some cool-ass show; anywhere but home.

(do you stay where you're supposed to, so you keep your  
ring around?  
my throat just feels so tight where your heart pumped all  
night.)  
They talked until the moon lost to the blue light again  
then back to the cornered company of the stranger within  
and the one place I wanna go: anywhere but home.

See I hold this little image of how it used to be  
but I've got one too many shadows of that night in the  
street,  
There's things that burn away in the heat of true love,  
but some nights remain and just burn one night too much.  
W/ the flame, w/o the glow, anywhere but home.