

Home

Ron Pope

I miss the leaves from trees I haven't seen in fifteen years
Marry themselves to that September scent I used to know so well
I run a thumb against the grain, my left cheek I haven't shaved
in three or four days at this point
Massachusetts feels so strange right now

And I stand recalling when the carnival brought mystery and flames
To all three stoplights wide eyed children hold tight some others hands
And now as darkness ends I wish that I'd dress warmer but I guess there's just some lessons I can't learn
So now I'm cold again, alright

Close my eyes, and watch the colors change

And It's not that I don't want to wait it's just that I can't bear to change
Where-ever I go I'm wandering lost
Simple truths and circumstance, things that aren't about romance
Where-ever I go this still feels like home to me now

Then summer came and went we all were battered by the sense that we could not keep holding on
I woke up and it was fall, and I had traveled to the ocean
I'd been baptized by the fire, that kept on been burning in New England
And would never let me sleep at night

Close my eyes, and watch the colors change

And it's not that I don't want to wait it's just that I can't bear to change
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And I said I'd run 'til I'm standing in a cold driving rain
That don't need no one else 'cause I can hurt myself
I'm waiting on salvation that I haven't earned
I am fine, I am fine, this could be so much worse

And it's not that I don't want to wait it's just that I can't bear to change
Where-ever I go I'm wandering lost
Simple truths and circumstance, things that aren't about romance

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Where-ever I go this still feels like home to me now