

HOME (LIKE A SUNDAY MORNING)

I'm as fragile, as a leaf,
Dancing in the autumn air,
With its fallen, beauty,
Twirling round, the tree now bare.

I'm as little, as a spark,
Leaping out from deep within,
The fire, consuming the dark,
Causing light to enter in.

**But I'm home,
Even when life's, falling.
Yeah I'm home,
Like a Sunday morning.**

For I was lost, but now am found,
With my head still full of dreams.
My roots, firm in this ground,
Amount this neighbourhood of trees.

And though I sway, in this wilderness,
This place remains, despite bewilderment.

(Chorus)

