

Xavier Rudd

"Home"

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streets full of people
with trinkets to share
offering them up for folks in despair
yandi and crystals and oils for growth
of spirit and body and mind as we go

emphasis placed on the body and mind
the heart os often somewhere behind
strange

tiny little bones of the innocent child
lookin up at me with the saddest of eyes
is her innocence in tact?
or has it been stained?
has the creature that feeds her taken it away
strange
so sad it's strange

i recognize my health
things i have been dealt
places that i have roamed
feelings i've had
things that i know

home, my home
home, my home
home, i'm home

running through the bush
and all of the trees
moving in time with my capable speed
skippy ants claw
at the edge of the bowl
of the shell of an egg
of bird long since gone
maybe it rose up
to spread it's new wings
or maybe it nourished
a stronger sibling
strange

places we roam
and people we meet
some connections are strong
and some of them are weak
1 or 2 or 3 or 4
or maybe 5 or 6 or more
strong as the roots
of a big old gum tree
and we'll carry them through
to the next life we see
strange
so beautifully strange

recognize my health
things that i have been dealt
places that i have roamed
feelings i've had
things that i know

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