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Doug Balmain ''Home''

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l' ve got a good house, built on solid ground. It stays warm in the winter and the walls are sound. But it doesn' t matter how well it' s made, It' s still just lumber, just glass, and just paint.

No, my work and money can't make this house a home,

I don' t get much comfort from the mortar or stone.

But, $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ ve got a beautiful home with blonde hair and blue eyes,

She shelters my mind from the storms of life. With no sum of money could my home you buy, Baby, I' m comin' home to you.

l' ve been a carpenter, I know the trade. It didn' t come easy, no I learned the hard way. But l' ve come to know that we' re here to stay, Nothing so strong could ever give' way.

Oh, l' ve got a beautiful home with blonde hair and blue eyes,

She shelters my mind from the storms of life. With no sum of money could my home you buy, Baby, l' m comin' home to you.

Well home $\operatorname{ain} \widehat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ to bed and $\operatorname{it} \widehat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ s not a front door, $\operatorname{It} \widehat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ s not a nice rug on my living room floor. And $\operatorname{it} \widehat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ s not the closet where my clothes hang, And $\operatorname{it} \widehat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ s not the roof that keeps me out of the rain.

No, home's where I go to know everything's alright,

When l' m home l' m at peace in the toughest of times

And even in the dark with my home $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ m in the light, And my home keeps me warm on the coldest of nights.

Oh, l' ve got a beautiful home with blonde hair and blue eyes,

She shelters my mind from the storms of life.

With no sum of money could my home you buy, Baby, I' m comin' home to you.

Well, only one thing I know could make this house a home,

Only one person could keep me from bein' alone.

And she's got long blonde hair and big blue eyes, She shelters my mind from the storms of life. With no sum of money could my home you buy, Baby, l' m comin' home to you.

Oh sheâ \in [™] s got long blonde hair and big blue eyes, She shelters my mind from the storms of life. With no sum of money could my home you buy, Baby, lâ \in [™] m cominâ \in [™] home to you.

Oh, I'm comin' home to you, comin' home...

Yea, I'm comin' home to you, comin' home, comin' home...

Yea, I'm comin' home to you, I'm comin' home baby...

The only home I know is with you.

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