

Anna Matthewson**"Home"**

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God is gorgeous in the city
And what's my home like now
In a room where we share a pillow
And lights in the windowsill
And you let me lay my burdens down

Here take my bed lay your head on my lap again
Let me sing to your soul
Cause where you go is where I'll be home

Have I seen you in my audience
Have I past you in my car
When I open my lips to sing
Like an air closing back to me
And I let you lay your burdens down

Here take my bed lay your head on my lap again
Let me sing to your soul
Cause where you go you go

This second story's lonely
Only the headlights
Hear me harmonizing with the sirens
I want you read me like my diary
Don't even know your name
My home

God is gorgeous in the city
And what's my home like now

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