

## David Byrne "Home"

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The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer  
It's just an old photograph, there's nothing to hide  
When the world was just beginning.  
I memorized her face so it's not forgotten  
I hear the wind whistle in, come back anytime  
And we'll mix our lives together  
Heaven knows, what keeps mankind alive  
Every hand goes searching for its partner in crime  
Under chairs and behind tables  
Connecting to places we have known

I'm looking for a home, where the wheels are turning  
Home, why I keep returning  
Home, where my world is breaking in two.  
Home, with the neighbors fighting  
Home, always so exciting  
Home, were my parents telling the truth?  
Home, such a body feeling  
Home, no one ever speaking  
Home, with our bodies touching  
Home, and the cameras watching  
Home, will infect whatever you do  
Where home, comes to life from out of the blue

Tiny little box from a beach at sunset  
I took a drink from a jar and into my head  
Familiar smells and flavours  
Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven  
I've seen their wheels spinnin round  
And everywhere I can hear those people saying  
That the eye is the measure of the man  
You can fly from the stuff that spills around you  
We're home and the band keeps marching on  
Connecting to every living sole  
Compassion for things I'll never know.

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