

Diego Torres

"Home"

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West, on a plane bound west
I see stretching out below
Land, blessed mother land
The place where I was born

Scars, she's got her scars
Sometimes it starts to worry me
Lose, I don't want to lose
Sight of who we are

From the mountains high
To the wave crash coast
There's a way to find
Better days I know

It's been a long hard ride
Got a ways to go
This is still the place
That we all call home

Free, nothing feels like free
But it sometimes means we don't get along
Same, no were not the same
But that's what makes us strong

From the mountains high
To the wave crash coast
There's a way to find
Better days I know

It's been a long hard ride
Got a ways to go
This is still the place
That we all call home

Brave, gotta call it brave
To chase that dream across the sea
Names, and they signed their names
For something they believed

Red, how the blood ran red

And we laid our dead in the sacred ground
Just think, wonder what they think
If they could see us now

It's been a long hard ride
Got a ways to go
This is still the place
That we all call home

It's been a long hard ride
And I won't lose hope
This is still the place
That we all call home

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