

Jay Brannan

"Home"

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Fatal habits, broken dreams
Waking up isn't all it seems
We held on to what we couldn't see
I carried you, you carried me

Count down in Hollywood
Roasting letters from your father
We proved survival of the "why bother"

[chorus]
We were young and excited
We were lost and alone
We were free but misguided
And we had no place to call home

Same old story, different song
Most people get the lyrics wrong
Verse by verse we road a raging bull
Stomach empty, balls full

Late nights in Hollywood
Banging guitars and boys
Sweet sex and cigarettes
Were our joys

[chorus]
We were young and excited
We were lost and alone
We were free but misguided
And we had no place to call home

Why don't the Gideons leave condoms in the drawer?
Bibles don't save many people anymore
We took up quarters in the bathroom
There were dollars on the floor
I looked at you, you said to me,
"Jay, we're worth more"

We were young and excited
We were lost and alone
We were free but misguided

And we'd found a place to call home

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