

Joyshop "Home"

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A home is more than bricks and mortar
Built with stones and washed by waterfalls
A street is more than cars and people
Folks on mobiles making feeble calls

And I like you am far from home
And I am more than flesh and bone

A war is more than hurt and hustle
Why do people turn upon their own
For a man is more than blood and mustle
Lest he finds his dignity disowned

Chorus

And what we all say in the evening will soon be
forgotten by dawn
The morning will come without warning and we'll fall
asleep on the
lawn
And while we all dream our bodies will rustle in the
leaves
And in high esteem I'll hold you 'cos you are dear to
me

Chorus

When I arrived in this dingy town nothing but my
plimsolls touching
the ground
I was a mess, a bed head, could have been left for
dead
I did not know which way to turn because my bridges all
were burned
But you who believed in me gave me new life;
reaffirmed my faith in a
stranger
Now I feel loved, heavens above, I am lost in sweet
surrender

Chorus

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