

## **Lali Puna**

# **"Come On Home"**

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They say nothing to me  
I say nothing to them  
Sometimes I can't believe this is home

I've heard it before  
I thought I'd been over that  
You'll never really pass  
The things you're afraid of

The man on the plastic bag looks like terror  
He's starring at me. I can't say why  
His face seems spoiled

When I think of calling a friend  
I notice that most of them have mutilated  
Into acquaintance

Maybe that's my fault  
Maybe it's a form of getting old  
I'm used to small talk at the moment

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