

Michel Fugain

"Home"

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Walking up to a broken door as the key shines the lock
Just to await your favorite chair which still refuses to
rock

I'm sure there's someone out there with all the riches in
the world

Who would sell his soul just to have the respect of his
girl

I'm home I'm home I'm home

Hand me down apartment ceilings wet and caving in
Rather step into my shoes than walk in someone else's
sin

I'm sure there's someone out there with a bigger house
than hell

Who walks around dead inside just wishing he could
tell

I'm home I'm home I'm home

Looking around at common ground cheering to what
I'm not

It might not be the most but to me it sure is a lot

I'm sure there's someone out there who's been handed
everything from the start

Who would go back in time just to have a little pride in
his heart

I'm home I'm home I'm home

Noticing that look on your face she's seen a hundred
times before

Washing it away with a kiss along with your train of
thought

I'm sure there's someone out there who wishes they
were you

To appreciate everything you forgot you once knew

Your home your home your home

