

## Nana Grizol

# "Many Places 2 Call Home"

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Oh well your smell is forever sort of near the tip-top of  
my spine  
I'll be not forever yours if you be not forever mine  
When we hold hands under starlight tomorrows the last  
thing on my mind  
When we kiss goodnight well I think I'll sleep just fine

There are many places to call home  
This van, your arms, or anywhere I find to be alone  
People are like vines and not like stone  
Were surprised to look back and see how much we've  
grown

Well by now we have learned better than to try and hold  
our tongues  
Because if we are too careful, the best songs are left  
unsung  
We push words of past and passion through our tiny  
soot filled lungs  
Four track tape machines, oh it's only just begun

There are many places to call home  
The night sky is a good one because it's there where  
ever you may roam  
Orion is just as bright as it was on our bike ride 6 nights  
ago  
Buildings are furniture and are great because of a  
potential zone

Last nights conversation, now it's very plain to see  
The way that I miss him is the way that he misses me  
And it does make me feel better to know we both  
agree:  
The best way to love someone is to set them free

There are many places to call home  
Cliche words on the lips of every lover when they find  
they've been left alone  
Journals of our past and of the places and people we've  
known  
The pallets to paint our futures to make them our own

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