Sean Kingston "Home"

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The broken glass that fades
The past is a parade of countless days
Painting patterns in the sand

My motorcycle brain Remains to be explained It's like a summer rain Pictures passing through a field Blowing into the horizon

Watching the shadows on the wall Tell me can you see my thoughts? Watching the shadows on the wall Have you seen it all before?

I need a friendly hand Someone who'll understand me by the river bed When there's nothing to be said anyways It's all inside your head you know it.

Watching the shadows on the wall Tell me can you see my thoughts? Watching these shadows on the wall Have you seen it all before?

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