

# Mckinley "Dorothy"

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(McKinley)

I could build houses that wouldn't bend with the breeze,  
not like my own home of not so brave straw, with a wolf living in every part of the yard. They don't mean to be greedy, that's just what they are.  
Falling asleep I feel the walls bending close to a buckle. Auntie Em, Auntie Em  
God would you look what's coming.  
This was no storm I could sleep through, like some silly Dorothy, it blew holes in me before I could say, "There never was a place, there never was a place like home."  
I was going to join Custer's army or John Wayne's posse.  
On my Bantan bike I'd ride away. I never spoke of my plans to travel. I was too afraid I wouldn't be begged to stay.  
Now falling asleep I feel the walls bending close to a buckle. Auntie Em, Auntie Em  
God would you look what's coming.  
This is no storm I can sleep through, like some silly Dorothy, it'll blow holes in me before I can say, "There never was a place, there never was a place like home."

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