

This Century

"Building A Home"

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We live on a lake, and sometimes there are waves; I
guess that explains why we've been led astray.
Because if the west is what we need, you can bet we'll
Be heading east. We're so easily distracted by the
slightest breeze. When there's too many roads, and far
too many shows; all these empty highs become too
Many lows. We walk through crowded streets to be by
ourselves; screaming for help... I won't wait to hear
them say, "You were wrong all along." We've been
Drowning, and we've been doubting; I think it's time for
a change... We're building a home, but it's not made of
stone; a place where we can go to find a
Lasting hope. With our anxious pace, life's like an
endless chase; where we don't know who's after us, but
we run anyways... We almost left without saying
Goodbye.

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