

## Crooked Fingers

### "Home"

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I am home  
I guess it was what I thought  
To be home  
And it was what I was told  
Home sweet home  
Someone who cares never alone  
But after all  
Why do I prefer to be  
On my own?

Maybe I'm not home at all  
Or maybe this is home after all

I'm in love  
I thought it was what I felt  
So in love  
At least it was what I've seen  
The power above  
Rainbow, harps and the harpoon of love  
But though I ask  
Why do I feel this  
Never enough?

Maybe I'm not in love at all  
Or maybe this is love after all

Should I let go  
Should I let flowers grow  
What I want what I know  
Maybe I am show  
Should I let go  
Should I let flowers grow  
I just want to know  
When will I be home after all

I feel regrets  
For all the evil things I made  
I should regret  
At least it is what they say  
Like a threat  
It sounds to me like I was dead

And though I dare  
To expect from you  
That you forget  
What I said

Maybe I don't regret at all  
Or maybe this is regret after all

Should I let go  
Should I let flowers grow  
What I want what I know  
Maybe I'm slow  
But should I let go  
Should I let flowers grow  
I just want ti know  
When will I be home?

Maybe tis is home after all

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