

## Haley Reinhart

# "Home : If These Walls Could Talk They Would've Written This Song"

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I can't come home to an empty hello;  
I'd rather not be greeted at all, the word is so hollow.  
I can't come to believe that we've sunk this low  
And we seem to continue to fall; first you then we  
follow.  
I'm holding the rope now, at least we've got one  
another.  
Please don't let go now, save my sister and brother.  
I can't walk down this street and not start to cry;  
I see a broken door and sunken eyes that see right  
through.  
I can't talk to you now and hold back my tear;  
I fear that I've created all of these lies to try and uplift  
you.  
Take me home. A home is more than four walls,  
Some rooms, and a set of halls.  
The structure that lives inside can't be subject to  
divide.  
A home is more than a house; a house you can live  
without.  
A home must be built with love, and those you've been  
thinking of.  
I fear I'm loosing ground. This city is all that I need.  
This skyline right before me.

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