

Robb B McLean

"Home"

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HOME - Robb B. McLean

I'm Living in the LBC. No need to travel from the sights
that we see

The Time of the Tide and the Wind in the sky, This is
Home.

The Temperature of Crystally Clear Aqua Blue, on a
Perfectly comfortable warm afternoon, and the
Aimlessly Wandering People we see, This is Home.

Fiji or Hawaii, Costa Rica, Peru

Nicauragua, Cabo Wabo, even Mexico Too.

No distance is greater than the Tug on my Soul, This is
Home

G and Myself feeling guilty today, for the
Ominous Colors we know there's ash in the rain.
and the Double Overhead complete with spit and a
Spray, This is Home.

Guilty for my money and I'm guilty for fame.
Guilty for my baby that I've done it again.
Guilty for my family, alone in the depths of my...
Hardly a day that goes by without the tug on my....
Absolutely, positively can't live without. This is Home.

Fiji or Hawaii, Costa Rica, Peru

Nicauragua, Cabo Wabo, even Mexico Too.

No distance is greater than the Tug on my Soul, This is
Home

I'm Living in the LBC, No need to travel from the sights
that we see.

The time of the tide, and the wind in the sky.

If the distance we traveled is a million miles.

When the Plane at John Wayne is the wrong Way we
know. This Is Home.

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