

Owen

"No Place Like Home"

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Weâ€™ ll leave at dusk with only that which we can
carry
Whateverâ€™ s left gets burned or buried
for if by chance we return
Weâ€™ ll leave a note
To Whom It May Concern:
Fuck you and your front lawn
Iâ€™ d rather die with my hands tied than holding a
gun
Thereâ€™ s no place like home for collecting burdens
and conjuring ghosts that donâ€™ t know theyâ€™ re
dead
Soon thereâ€™ s going to be a fight
and weâ€™ ll all have to choose sides
Like kids on the playground
But everyoneâ€™ s hungry
Thereâ€™ s no place like home for collecting burdens
and conjuring ghosts that donâ€™ t know theyâ€™ re
dead
He insists that heâ€™ s just sick and I donâ€™ t have
the heart
to tell him any different
Itâ€™ s the way itâ€™ s been and the way it will be until
we leave
We donâ€™ t need a mirror
We donâ€™ t need those pictures on the wall
We donâ€™ t need to see ourselves as we are now
to remember where we came from
Weâ€™ ll leave at dusk with only that which we can
carry
Iâ€™ ll get the dog, you get the baby
and pray that thereâ€™ s a god to light our way

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