

## **Peter Murphy**

# **"No Home Without Its Sire"**

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No yester dreams, no gray desire  
No body's sap and tire  
No sorrows born of lust's disguise  
No home without it's sire

Break out the tomb, the self-made womb  
No faded flick, no gray desire  
No body's sap and tire

And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car

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