

Stephen Duffy

"Home"

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When I got close enough to smell your hair
And comprehend the freedom there
It was too late to wonder why
There is home
When we speak in your arms
There is peace in my dreams
You alone
Good Friday, when you took my hand
And relieve me of command
Could you forgive me if I live
In the home?
Where we speak in your arms
Where there is peace
In my dreams, you alone
You say that you'll never have me
You say that you want to stay free
But there is home
When we speak in your arms
There is peace in my dreams
Alone

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