

Houston Whitney

"Home"

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When I think of home
I think of a place where there's
Love overflowing;
I wish I was home,
I wish I was back there,
With the things I've been knowing.
Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning,
Suddenly the snowflakes that fall
Have a meaning.
Sprinling the scene, makes it all clean.
Maybe there;s a chance
For me to go back
Now that I have some direction;
It sure would be nice to be back home,
Where there's love and affection.
And just maybe I can convince time
To slow up.
Giving me enough time in my life to grow up;
Time, be my friend, let me start again...
Suddenly my world is gone
And changed its face,
But I still know where I'm going;
I have had my mind spun around
In space
And yet I've watched it growing.
Oh, if you're listening God,
Please don't make it hard
to know if we should believe
The things we see.
Tell us, should we run away
Should we try and stay-
Or would it be better
Just to let things be?
Living here in this brand-new world
Might be a fantasy;
But it taught me to love,
So it's real, real, real to me...
And I've learned that we must look
Inside our hearts to find...
A world full of love
Like yours, like mine-

Like Home

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