

# Anna Nalick, Home

God is gorgeous in the city  
And what's my home like now  
In a room where we share a pillow  
And lights in the windowsill  
And you let me lay my burdens down

Here take my bed lay your head on my lap again  
Let me sing to your soul  
Cause where you go is where I'll be home

Have I seen you in my audience  
Have I past you in my car  
When I open my lips to sing  
Like an air closing back to me  
And I let you lay your burdens down

Here take my bed lay your head on my lap again  
Let me sing to your soul  
Cause where you go you go

This second story's lonely  
Only the headlights  
Hear me harmonizing with the sirens  
I want you read me like my diary  
Dont even know your name  
My home

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