

John Bucchino, It Feels Like Home

I hear your key in the door
Unlocking more than wood
The ceiling may not be dry yet
But it feels like home

Yes, we have come from a long way
Friends say wrong way
Still, I only know when you hold me
It feels like home

We don't need a dining room table
So far there's no one to invite
For me a cardboard box will do just fine
As long as I'm with you each night

It seems to me if you never ask
You'll never win
And since we're in this together
It feels like home

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