

Rockapella, My Home

Is it the sky today
The way that the wind's pushing the clouds?
Or is it the late-day sun
Stretching the shadows over the ground
That brings on these memories
Of people and places I've never seen
And voices so strange and so sweet
Asking me softly
Where is my home?

What makes this person me?
Is it the little town where I was born?
Or maybe it's history, the faces of family
I've never known
Somewhere across the sea
Where my great-grandmother left long ago
Under a cold, crying moon
Looking for something
Where is my home?

Where is my home?
The walls of a city
Painted with promises
And words so unkind
Where is my home?
The trees of a country
Where autumn came suddenly
That I'll never find...

And then there's your face, my dear,
And I know I'll never be walking alone
The love in your eyes makes it clear
Telling me softly
This is my home.