

# Sarah Slean, No Place At All

No place at all to call my own.  
Still wandering the world,  
and friends of mine all moving on.  
Getting comfortable cars,  
getting married.  
In someone else's neighbourhood,  
I hear a telephone.  
Who lives in those well-lighted homes  
with their windows aglow  
in the evening?  
Look at me,  
crying in my sleep.  
No one has to rescue me.  
I'm no place at all.  
The sun goes down beyond the trees  
No sound, no trace of wind  
the world is calm and beautiful  
but its breaking my heart completely.  
Look at me,  
crying in my sleep.  
No one has to rescue me,  
it's plain to see.  
I'm no place at all.