

Brian Eno & David Byrne, Home

The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer
It's just an old photograph
There's nothing to hide
when the world was just beginning

I memorized a face so it's not forgotten
I hear the wind whistlin'
Come back anytime
And we'll mix our lives together
Heaven knows- what keeps mankind alive
Ev'ry hand- goes searching for its partner
In crime- under chairs and behind tables
Connecting- to places we have known
(I'm looking for a)

Home- where the wheels are turning
Home- why I keep returning
Home- where my world is breaking in two
Home- with the neighbors fighting
Home- always so exciting
Home- were my parents telling the truth?
Home- such a funny feeling
Home- no-one ever speaking
Home- with our bodies touching
Home- and the cam'ras watching
Home- will infect what ever you do
We're Home- comes to life from outa the blue

Tiny little boats on a beach at sunset
I took a drink from a jar
& into my head
familiar smells and flavors

Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven
I see their wheels spinning round
& ev'rywhere
I can hear those people saying

That the eye- is the measure of the man
You can fly- from the stuff that still surrounds you
We're home- and the band keeps marchin' on
Connecting- to ev'ry living soul
Compassion- for things I'll never know