

# Enter The Haggis, Home

When I came to this town  
I was not yet a man  
Still green from the grass I once played in  
A mere twenty-one years  
With a lot left to learn  
Far away from my home by the ocean

A naive little boy who got caught in a trap  
Of too many good times and diversions  
Well I slipped and I fell  
And I lost who I was  
But I cannot return to my island

Oh I'm lost and I'm scared  
And I long for my home  
For my family and friends on the island  
But I cannot return  
'Till I find who I am  
Perhaps I'll go home when I'm sleeping.

And the lightning does crash  
And the thunder it rolls  
As the storm comes across  
From the harbour  
Where the cruise ships are tied  
With the big corporate Yachts  
But no fishing boats roll  
On the whitecaps

So I'm watching the storm  
Is it calling me back  
I can feel it well up from inside me  
And it's guiding my hand  
With my pen or the strings  
And it's leading me back to my island

Oh I'm lost and I'm scared  
And I long for my home  
For my family and friends on the island  
But it won't be long now  
'Till I'm given the choice  
So until I can choose I'll keep going