

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