

# Kirsty McGee, The Right Way Home

pockets are empty, birds on the wire  
skies are all tangled with blueberry clouds  
wisps of sadness all over the moon  
and i'm finding the right way home...

i've got one foot in heaven, one foot in hell  
crows in the steeple and they're ringing that bell  
going to cover you up with a blackberry moon  
cos i'm finding the right way home...

i can see butterflies and they're caught in your eyes  
like a dream when there's no to dream it  
and i'm strung out tonight on this dizzy moonlight  
like a word when there's no one to mean it

night's a liquor and the flavour's so fine  
starlight flickers like lilac wine  
fireflies flip like a million moons  
and i'm finding the right way home

the stars cannot fall cos they're too big to catch  
(but my heart's only small... leave the door on the latch...)  
gonna find you a sleep by the light of the moon i'm finding the right way home...

fling out the dead wood, cling onto the good  
time's gonna stop you (you knew it would)  
i'm gonna sing to you sideways - rattle the moon  
cos i'm finding the right way home