

Leona Naess, Home

home i don't know where you could be
look for you in mountains of oceans across seas
though we live under the same moon
catch you in the glimmer of a spoon
could you be
where love raised his head
where my youth was gallantly led
where the sun took a holiday
fell in love, decided to stay

i'm so tired
and down, down, down, down, down

could you be where my best friend plays
where the nights bleed longer then the days
where i lost my only child
where there are no trees but wolves run wild
maybe somewhere i have never been
Tangiers or the bank of Berlin
strangers can veil a friendly eye
rather be with you than a lie

i am so tired and down.....

could you be where my angel sleeps
when he sings willows begin to weep
when i think of all i have done
home you know you're the one

home is where the heart is