

# McKinley, Dorothy

(McKinley)

I could build houses that wouldn't bend with the breeze,  
not like my own home of not so brave straw, with a wolf  
living in every part of the yard. They don't mean  
to be greedy, that's just what they are.

Falling asleep I feel the walls bending  
close to a buckle. Auntie Em, Auntie Em  
God would you look what's coming.

This was no storm I could sleep through,  
like some silly Dorothy, it blew  
holes in me before I could say, "There never was  
a place, there never was a place like home."  
I was going to join Custer's army or John Wayne's posse.  
On my Bantan bike I'd ride away. I never spoke  
of my plans to travel. I was too afraid  
I wouldn't be begged to stay.

Now falling asleep I feel the walls bending  
close to a buckle. Auntie Em, Auntie Em  
God would you look what's coming.

This is no storm I can sleep through,  
like some silly Dorothy, it'll blow  
holes in me before I can say, "There never was  
a place, there never was a place like home."