

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."