

# Millencolin, Home From Home

For six weeks I had this job  
Cleaning the local hospital  
The pay was o.k. but I didn't like to swab  
So I changed it for a bass guitar  
Boredom was my companion  
Stuck to me like glue  
But I broke the bond  
To make some dreams come true

Like a street to a hustler, a face to the soul  
It's the one and the only place we control  
It's our reality, not just a poem  
It's a place that we call home

For some time I went to school  
Tried to learn what's right and wrong  
I didn't like their schemes  
I couldn't buy their rules  
So I went back to where I belong  
You gotta love the sound  
Of that guitar and the bass  
The snare it sounds like a gunfire  
It's like a thousand decibel punch in the face

East or West ? well home is the best!  
Though I sometimes feel like a clown  
But I've also had the feeling. Yes!  
That I'm unstoppable  
And that no one can bring me down

Step right in  
Erase what's on your mind  
Step right in  
Leave everything behind  
Leave it behind