

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