## Sarah Masen, Home

I'd like to sleep for one more hour or two Hour or two You look like dad when he slept really hard Through everything Now everything's gold and like Christmas

Home
This all feels so familiar
Home
Are we really getting older
Home
I wish I could remember

That little hill seemed like a mountain then We were shorter then And we'd wonder just how it was going to be When here we are And it's not too bad Quite good in fact

We are
Home
You are like poetry and feathers
Home
The way you button up your sweater
Home
The one you chose for colder weather

Home
This all feels so familiar
Home
Are we really getting older
Home
I wish I could remember everything cool

I'd like to sleep for one more hour or two Hour or two