

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