

# Sarah McLachlan, Home

A child walks to the river  
And looks as far as she can see  
And draws each breath as if it were the last  
And wipes away the tears across her sleeve

She can see where the river crawls into the sea  
Like a baby into mother's care  
Somehow the longing is so far away  
The innocence so wasted and aware

Look at the child with the dream in her eyes  
Holding it deep inside her  
Home... Home...

So much anger, so deeply ingrained  
Seemed a burden that was hers alone  
She didn't think that there was anything wrong  
With wanting a life that she could call her own

How could I explain?  
You would not want to hear  
You wouldn't listen if I talked anyway  
For you were too weighed down by your own fears

Look at the child with the dream in her eyes  
Holding it deep inside...  
Home... Home... Home... Home...