

# Sean Lennon, Home

The broken glass that fades  
The past is a parade of countless days  
Painting patterns in the sand

My motorcycle brain  
Remains to be explained  
It's like a summer rain  
Pictures passing through a field  
Blowing into the horizon

Watching the shadows on the wall  
Tell me can you see my thoughts?  
Watching the shadows on the wall  
Have you seen it all before?

I need a friendly hand  
Someone who'll understand me by the river bed  
When there's nothing to be said anyway  
It's all inside your head you know it.

Watching the shadows on the wall  
Tell me can you see my thoughts?  
Watching the shadows on the wall  
Have you seen it all before?