

Tommy Shaw, A Place To Call My Own

Hold the lamplight to the night
See the empty streets
Rolling out of sight

Turn a deaf ear to the din
Ignore the hunger pangs
Bundle up against the wind

Still I believe
Someone waits for me

A place to call my own
Somewhere to be from
A shelter from the storm
Where I'll be safe and warm
A future built on stone
A place to call my own

And once there was a time
I had no fear at all
None that I recall

No future there to taunt
No history to haunt me
No monsters in the wall

Still I believe
Someone waits for me

Oh, a place to call my own
Somewhere to be from
A shelter from the storm
Where I'll be safe and warm
Of wood and bricks and stone

Oh, a place to call my own
Somewhere to be from
A shelter from the storm
Where I'll be safe and warm
A future built on stone
A place to call my own