

# 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