

Artist: dad

Title: Home Alone 4

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Gently my eyelids close, I'd rather be good than clever
I'd rather have all facts wrong than no reply whatever..
I learned before I could speak with those "being patient eyes"
When God created my kind. But he forgot to tell me why
So gently my eyelids close..
All alone, at home I sit - I'm very tired of it
Burn the midnight oil or pour it on my salad
I lost the thread I thought I had..

Led by hearts & ears - memory lagging behind
No shame being a fool, I got many things on my mind
Pick up the phone on first riiiiing - I never get out anymore..
There's nowhere to go, but back and there's quicksand outside my door
So gently my eyelids close
All alone, at home I sit - I'm very tired of it
Burn the midnight oil or pour it on my salad
I lost the thread I thought I had.. I lost it - I lost it. Yeah!
Is that a shadow - or a hole in the floor?
And what's that noise outside my door??
Home alone. On my own.. And all alone...