

# Diana Ross, Home

(Charlie Smalls)

Think of home  
Home

When I think of home  
I think of a place where there's love overflowing  
I wish I was home  
I wish I was back there with the things I been knowing

Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning  
Suddenly the snowflakes that fall have a meaning  
Sprinklin' the scene, makes it all clean

Maybe there's a chance for me to go back there  
Now that I have some direction  
It would sure be nice to be back home  
Where there's love and affection  
And just maybe I can convince time to slow up  
Giving me enough time in my life to grow up  
Time be my friend, let me start again

Suddenly my world has changed it's face  
But I still know where I'm going  
I have had my mind spun around in space  
And yet I've watched it growing

If you're list'ning God  
Please don't make it hard to know  
If we should believe in the things that we see  
Tell us, should we run away  
Should we try and stay  
Or would it be better just to let things be?

Living here, in this brand new world  
Might be a fantasy  
But it taught me to love  
So it's real, real to me

And I've learned  
That we must look inside our hearts  
To find a world full of love  
Like yours  
Like me

Like home...