

SYML, Sweet Home

Never have I seen a place
That reminds me of your face
Til I heard it call to me
Like a phone call from a friend

Set in silence like a prayer
If these walls could breathe the air
They would sing a song of love
And how it sometimes has to end

Welcome home, your last and only one
Never more to roam
Have no fear if you don't see the sun
I will hold you close
Welcome home
You are home
No nothing tastes like sweet
Sweet home

Letters written in the den
Folded news and coffee cans
Simple things that I recall
Not forgotten easily

Dog is passed out on the lawn
He will miss me when I'm gone
He won't speak what he has seen
Like the walls surrounding me

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No nothing tastes like sweet
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