

Whitney Houston, 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've been knowing.
Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning,
Suddenly the snowflakes that fall
Have a meaning.
Sprinkling the scene, makes it all clean.
Maybe there;s a chance
For me to go back
Now that I have some direction;
It sure would 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, please be my friend,and let me start again...
Suddenly my world is gonna change its face
But I still know where I'm going;
I have had my mind spun around and around
In space
And yet I've watched it growing.
Oh, I know you're listening Lord,
So wont you please don't make it hard
I know I shouldn't believe everything, everything
That things we see.
Tell me, should I try and stay
Or maybe I should run away
Would it be better, better
Just to let things be?
Living here in this brand-new world
Might be a fantasy; yes it might be
But it taught me to love,
So I know that it's real, its real, real to me...
And I've learned that we must look
Inside our hearts to find...
Yeah we gotta find
A world full of love
Like yours, like mine-
Like Home