

My Home

Written by Scott Wilcox © 1987

At my house we had some stairs
They were no different from any other stairs
But they hold many memories
And even some treasures that can never let go

In my school I had some friends
They weren't much different from any other friends
But they hold many memories
And even some bribery that they will never let go...
...That I will never let go, Oh my home.

Chorus

Across town was my grandma's house
Not much different from your grandma's house
But it holds many memories
Many bedtime stories that it could never let go

In my room I hold many memories
From Winnie the pooh into the blues
They all hold many memories
It's all a big part of me that I could never let go
I will never let go... Oh my home

Chorus

If I didn't know which way to turn
If I didn't know which way to go
I could always run back to the place
On top of the hill that I call home...
My Home