

Your / You're Home

If there's one thing that I may tell you,
Let it be: You are your home,
Your body is the only house
That you will truly ever own.

Maybe it's got some broken windows
And there are tear-stains on the floors,
Maybe you lock the things you wish weren't
Behind its many doors.

But there is wisdom on its bookshelves
And a laugh to light the rooms,
There's a vase upon its table
Where the love you've grown all blooms.

Dreams sit on the mantelpiece
Next to kindness and your trust,
Where you use them all so often
They have no time to collect dust.

So please don't look at mansions
With that envy in your eyes,
There's more that makes a home
Than its appearance or its size.

Your body is your shelter
So you deserve to love it all,
Don't let the world stand round outside
And tell you how to paint your walls.

How lucky that you have somewhere
To protect you from the night.
And if there are cracks left from the past?
Well then they just let in more light.