

Home Is Where the Hurt Is

The south side of the county line
Back behind a burned out store
Little house might as well have bars on the windows
Razor fence, a guard at the door
I bet you've never seen her
She almost never steps outside
Might have read about her in the paper
Five years ago in the Daily Times

When home is where the hurt is
And you got no place to go
When home is where the hurt is
The heart will make it's way on down the road

You were so excited
To bring him into your home
Never more would you feel empty
Never more would you feel alone
But reality proved to be different than
The plans you had and resentment crept
Down into every crack and crevice
In that house no matter how many times you swept

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Nobody saw it coming
The day that that boy snapped
They said he always looked to quiet
With his eyes tucked away beneath his cap
I bet you he knew all the things
You never had the strength to say
He knew he was not wanted there
And that's why he went away

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