

HOME

Written by Nate Jones and Marcus Brothwell 2024

When the end begins again
And I shed all of my skin
Wash away my sin and all I've known
Like the time that I broke down
In that quiet little town
And found that I know longer had to roam

Could this be home
Could this be where I'm meant to be
Not alone
A place to rest my feet
Rest my body and my soul
Cause the past took its toll
Now instead of digging holes
I try to breathe

Could this be home (4x)

When I start my life again
And my mind begins to mend
Let me be a friend
To myself
Guess I needed this excuse
To lose those weathered boots
Puttin down some roots
Does it show

Could this be home
Could this be where I'm meant to be
Not alone
A place to rest my feet
Rest my body and my soul
Cause the past took its toll
Now instead of digging holes
I try to breathe

Could this be home (4x)

You might say I'm not the type
For staying longer than one night
But leaving now just wouldn't feel quite right

Feels like home (6x build up)

Could this be home (2x)