

My Home

Well I feel just like a stranger in this town
you don't know me but I've always been around
I been sittin' on this park bench nearly every day
people walk by but they have nothing to say

Well if you'll notice I'm out here sunshine or rain
in my face you'll see the loneliness and pain
I've got no one else to talk to, so I talk to myself
but this pride- filled lonely old man won't ask your help

I need to find a place to rest
maybe a big old house with a fireplace so warm
it's wishful thinking I confess
but it's not easy to call this here park bench my home