

My Real Home
Words and music by Tom Savre © 1990

I built my house on a hill on the south side of town – just off the winding river road
On a cold winter night when the sun goes down – and the north wind starts to blow
I'll build a fire play a little guitar – watching moonbeams cross the floor
But my real home is just outside the door - my real home is just outside the door

I pulled the stone for the hearth from the river bed – just below the trestle bridge
Salvaged red oak beams from that big red barn that used to stand up on the ridge
Nails and screws (this) old box of tools – love those friendly folks at the hardware store
But my real home is just outside the door

Billions of acres of windswept sky – millions of mountainous clouds rolling by
Under this star-studded canopy I lose my insanity – star up at the moon with a lover's sigh
Carpet of moss – bed of grass – welcome sedge mat – soft forest floor
My real home is just outside the door

Skylight lets the sun shine in – cedar shakes hold back the cool rain water
Windows open to let the breeze bring a breath of life in to every corner
Simple table hewn from oak and grandma's rag rugs on the floor
And my real home just outside the door

I like to ride into town on a bicycle – I peddle every kind of weather
Snow drifts and icicles – you better put on a heavy sweater
Take a spin on your Schwinn – ride like the wind - so many new roads to explore
My real home is just outside the door

(Instrumental break)

One time I made a little deal with the devil – I can still hear him laugh
As I slaved all day to earn his precious metal – then just had to turn around and give back half
Guess I had to learn the hard way – now I don't need him any more
My real home is just outside the door

Take your hats off to technology – these lovely times we're living in
You can cook your meals and light your rooms with the power of the wind
Solar panels on the roof – geo thermal heat underneath the floor
And our real home is still just outside the door – our real home is just outside the door