

Home Is the Heart

Janis Ian

There's a home for every heart
Like a diamond in the dark
When you least expect a spark, it shines
Some may move in right away
Some may build it day by day
Some may find they're too afraid to try

Home is the heart made real
Home is the heart we feel, made real

Sometimes there's a hiding place
You won't find a single trace
Of the love that used to grace these walls
Sometimes there's an open door
Where there wasn't one before
And the less you speak, the more it calls

Home is the heart made real
Home is the heart we feel, made real

Mansions may grow cold
And one room shacks stay warm
New love may grow old
And not remember being born
But I believe the heart recalls
What lips forget, and time makes small
It lives on in these four walls

Home is the heart made real
Home is the heart we feel, made real