

BREAD & BONES

I Was Not Born Here – © 2005 Richard Ruane

I was not born here
Another place can make that claim.
Some people start one place and then they roam
Not a native, I'm a migrant
But I've lived here most my life
This is where I mean when I say home

When I say home, it's not a postcard in my mind
It's the place where I'm now living
Not a place I left behind
When I say home, I know where I want to be
Everybody feels the need to have a home

And it's not perfect,
There's no perfection in this world
Everyone could find a thing that they would change
We could argue about the politics
The policies and all
But in the end what really matters would remain

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And I have family from Ireland,
From England and from Spain
I've maybe got some native blood and more
Five hundred years, a hundred years,
Some thousand years ago
We all were migrants who lived somewhere else before

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