

It was me, my mum, my brother
He and I would always clash
Home was lively back then.

We get on well now
Thanks to that year I moved to my partner's
To help him care for his nan

Her place was the smallest of all places I've called home
We looked after her there until the end
The house felt small and unusually quiet when we left

The two of us moved to my mums
An extra person made the house feel small
But it was lively once again

We just had my old room
We tried to stay in there, out of the way
It felt small, crowded

Then lockdown started,
Mum moved to give us more space
The house felt too big, often too quiet

But then we all moved away
My partner and I, our own place
At least it's not quiet now

Just us and two rooms
With more things than we'll ever need,
Much more cramped than before.

But there's time left yet,
We'll make it our own.
Regardless, its home