

## **OLDER PERSON:**

Today's the day, I'm going home  
But home is not the same  
Or is it me that's changed?  
My steps are now a challenge  
I can't walk without a frame.  
Once my home was safety  
But now it causes pain.  
I want to feel secure, it's embarrassing to explain  
My home should be my safe space  
My comfort place  
But now we both have changed.

The silence here is deafening  
My thoughts are rushing, loud  
I need someone to help me  
Go shopping, go to town  
The thoughts come loud and rushing  
The fear of the unknown.  
My daughter is so kind, but she has a life of her own.  
Everyone says they're on the end of the phone  
But you don't want to be a bother  
Even if you feel alone.  
And now there is a sea of time  
Rushing at me, loud  
I used to dream of having time  
I'm drowning in it now.

Refrain  
It's my life  
It's my home  
I can do things on my own  
But I can't do this alone

## **CARER:**

How can I help them feel at home?  
How do I make them smile?  
I feel like I'm not doing enough  
But costs and rulebooks make it tough.

I try to give them good support  
I break down barriers, build rapport  
Try to give them time and thought.  
Give them time to make their choices.  
Manage expectations with limited resources.

**OLDER PERSON:**

I've got some people coming round  
What will they be like?  
I know I need a helping hand  
I'm frightened they won't understand  
Come in and out, like buses  
A different one each day?  
What will my neighbours say?  
My home should be my safe space  
My comfort place  
But now we both have changed.

I need somehow to tell them that I can still be me.  
I might make bad decisions, but I have capacity.  
Presume I can before I can't, respect my right to be free.  
I'm more than my support needs  
I'm not another problem to be added to a list.  
I don't want to be a burden  
I'm made from more than this.  
Please talk to me, please listen.  
Don't make assumptions- help me make decisions.  
I am the decision maker.  
My life, my home.

*Musical interlude*

**OLDER PERSON:**

I'm looking forward to my mid-morning treat.  
A chat, a cup of tea and something to eat.  
Kyle's a cheeky lad, but he's always got time for me.  
His weekend stories make me feel young.  
He brightens up my day, like sun.  
We always have a lot of fun.  
He listens when I need something done.  
I needn't have been worried, he makes me feel at home  
My home is still my safe space  
My comfort place  
Even though we have both changed.