

If I woke up one morning with my memory gone
I'd pick out some clothes and I'd put them on
Then I'd walk down the street and find a cafe
And I'd order a Guinness and I'd sit there all day
Then some kids would come in and start a fuss
About how great their weekend in New Orleans was
I'd look down and smile like their tale was my own
I'd be drowning in memory, and then I would know
How it used to be in summer, so many years ago
When we really didn't worry, or care to know
Where we would be, or how old we had grown
Then I'd open my eyes and I know I was

Home
Where my friends are
Even when I'm not
I wish you were here

Then it would rain, like it sometimes does
And if we were bored it wouldn't bother us
We'd just get in the car and drive through the night
And get lost in East Texas, but no one would mind
'Cause we'd find our way home like we always do
Funny how the time flies in our youth
But with darkness approaching, we will all grow close
In that place we call heaven but for now, we'll just call it

Home
Where my friends are
Even when I'm not
I wish you were here

I'll see you at home