

# Coming Home

Alex Lloyd

You found a home inside a heart  
And lost it all with broken feelings  
I watch you churn inside your mind  
And put it out with double meanings

Well, we're coming home  
We've been searching for a place to call our own  
Yeah, we're coming home  
All you lonely vagabonds  
Looking for a place to call your own

Now, oh, no, no yeah...

With blackened face and tired hands  
And all the memorys are mistaken  
A blinding light from up above  
For every truth that you've been faking

Well, we're coming home  
We've been searching for a place to call our own  
Yeah, we're coming home  
All you lonely vagabonds  
Looking for a place to call your own

Lonely days gonna get you callin'  
Lonely days gonna get you callin'  
Lonely days gonna get you callin'  
Lonely days gonna get you callin'

Well, we're coming home  
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