

And they cry
and they call
as the wayward walk alone.
City lights, urban sprawl,
in a place no one should know.
Shown no grace.
Shown no love.
These mean streets are meant for none.

Take them back to the start.
Let the purest of heart
know their woth is still spoken.
As they fight to exist,
we neglect and resist
Let the circle be broken.

Broken homes,
broken lives
They repeat themselves in time.
It's passed on, down the line,
'till we heal the wounds inside.

It's not too late
to make things right.
Dress the wounds with loves pure light.

Take them back to the start.
Let the purest of heart
know their woth is still spoken.
As they fight to exist,
we neglect and resist
Let the circle be broken.

They're still waiting.
They still cry.
They want to know they'll be alright
All I'm saying;
Can we try
to bring the wayward ones
back home tonight?
To bring the wayward ones
back home tonight?

Take them back to the start.
Let the purest of heart
know their woth is still spoken.
As they fight to exist,
we neglect and resist
Let the circle be broken.