

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.