

## Songs In My Pockets

Bethany Joy Lenz

Honey I just can't get around it anymore  
You make me feel like home is where you are  
And baby I just can't run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

Notes in my drawers, songs in my pockets,  
Fragments of letters that you sent,  
Leftover phone calls, cologne in the bath  
I still have that bottle of Ros'

Staring at your photograph, tryin' to take it down  
There's still a stirring in my heart

And honey I just can't get around it anymore  
You make me feel like home is where you are  
And baby I just can't run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

I've never been to half of these places  
But your postcard collection makes me crave  
A little space, a little ways out of the city  
To the grace of another land, another tongue, another time

Staring at your photograph, I can't take it down  
There's still a fire in me yet

Honey I just can't get around it anymore  
You make me feel like home is where you are  
And baby I just can't run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

Oh honey I just can't get around it anymore  
You make me feel like home is where you are  
Baby I just can't run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

Oh honey I just can't get around it anymore  
You make me feel like home is where you are  
Baby I just can't run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

Honey I just can't  
You better believe yeah