

Back Home Again

Cinderella

I hit the road wide open at seventeen
Mama cried herself to sleep
Lost a dad I'd never seen
Took all my childhood friends
Guitar, and a dream
Some say I got it bad
I say I've got the cream

No, no, no
I roll into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black
Go, go, go
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back

I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home

I worked from nine to five at twenty-two
Felt good to stay alive
Good times were far and few

Trustin' my hopes and dreams
With someone who said they knew
Just how to make ends meet
They haven't got a clue

No, no, no
I rolled into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black
Go, go, go
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back

I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home
Take me back

I'm back
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home again
I'm back
Back home