

My Way Back Home

Dawes

A ballerina in Phoenix
The pines up north
The sunrise from a highway
That was not there before

If I can place it all together
Make out the nature of the call
I start to feel the love and the silence
That was always at the root of it all

And in my constant quest for truth
I am condemned to facts alone
And though my dreams all lead me nowhere
I won't forget my way back home

From the corner of a coffee shop
Or from the center of a stage
From the words used in a love note
Or from an empty page

While I struggle with these beauties
And my renditions end up dry
I'm like a bird that crashes into the window
That was drawn to the reflection of the sky

And the more I try to speak
The more I lose that earthly tone
And before heaven proves me hopeless
I won't forget my way back home

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

I admit that these answers that I seek
Are all to questions I've never known
But I pray to keep on looking for as long as I can roam
And when the world finally fulfills me
I will not forget my way back home