

Won't Be Coming Home

Golden Smog

He is reaching up for climbing
Ropes hanging down below
I see the children smiling
No need to let it show

I know, I won't be coming home
No more

The street in sidewalk borders
Stretch out beyond the scenes
The sweet and dark emotions
Every day hopes and dreams

My God, I know who's waiting
Beneath the bedroom floor
Her eyes anticipating
I'm reaching every move

I know, I won't be coming home
No more

All I ever wanted
Was to turn from my side
All I ever wanted
Was to turn from my side

The rake is scratching harder
The half drawn window shade
Like any empty memory
The colors seem to fade

My God, I know who's waiting
Beneath the bedroom floor
Remember summer showers
Outside the cabin walls

I know, I won't be coming home
No more