

Right Where I Belong

Good Charlotte

As I leave the empty station,
First thing I see is the sun over the mountains.
West Hastings Street, anxiously waiting.
That's when I feel that God is all around me.
And I don't know where to begin, to say I'm sorry for my sins,
So I collapse into your open arms
I'm sorry it took me so long,
Out here, for me to find my way back home.

I didn't have a reason,
For when I stopped believing,
But I needed you to know -
That I'm right where I belong.
Now I see everything clearly,
In the rearview,
That you were right beside me.
So long ago, my voice of reason,
It disappeared, along with my convictions -
And now I know where it begins,
Accept forgiveness for my sins,
And I collapse into your open arms

If all we are is where we've been,
Then I know where I want to be.
No matter how far I drift again,
You keep a light on for me -
Out here, so I can find my way back home...
I didn't have a reason, for when I stopped believing,
But I needed you to know that I'm right where I belong now, with you,

So I'll stay quiet in your arms.
Words don't have the meaning,
There's no use in repeating,
But I needed you to know
That I'm right where I belong.