

# Come Home To Me

Jessica Riddle

You were bent out of shape,  
And over a knee...over me.  
So you sent all your words,  
And every plea to tell me.

But I've never been wooed by a letter.  
Cause having you with me is better.

Come home to me.

You had lost all your will,  
Your way out of Texas...you're out of reach.  
And it had cost quite a bit,  
Your family's pride at your feet.

But I've never been wooed by a letter.  
Cause having you with me is better.

Come home to me.

And I've seen your face try to hide,  
The swell of water, the lack of pride.  
But I can only sing what I feel,  
If you don't walk away,  
Then it was never real.

Come home to me.