

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.