

On the Way Home

John Mayer

The summer's over, this town is closing.
They're waving people out of the ocean.
We have the feeling like we were floating.
We never noticed where time was going.

Do you remember when we first got here?
The days were longer; the nights were hot here.
Now, it's September; the engine's started.
You're empty-handed and heavy-hearted.

But just remember on the way home (ooh ooh ooh)
That you were never meant to feel alone.
It takes a little while, but you'd be fine:
Another good time coming down the line.

You'll go back to love that's waiting.
I'll unpack in a rented room.
How's that life you swear you're hating?
Grass is greener: that makes two.

But just remember on the way home (ooh ooh ooh)
That you were never meant to feel alone.
Just look me up; get back on the bus.
I'll see you next week if you need my trust.

Life ain't short, but it sure is small.
You get forever but nobody at all.
Life ain't short, but it sure is small.
You get forever but nobody at all.

It don't come often, and it don't stay long.
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)

But just remember on the way home (ooh ooh ooh)
That you don't ever have to feel alone.
Just stay on the run; get off the grid.
Hide yourself out like you know that I did,
And if you might find that your running is done,
A little bit of Heaven never hurt no one.