

Coming Home

k.d. lang

Oh, sweet sorrow
Let's write the book tomorrow
For I caught a glimpse
Been obsessed with it ever since

My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity
That you pronounce in me
Won, you have won
My illumination has begun

I am happily indifferent to the ones
Who have consistently been wrong
And all that once confined us
Like minutiae at its finest now is gone

Oh, sweet sorrow
Let's write the book tomorrow
My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity
That you pronounce in me

I am happily indifferent to the ones
Who have consistently been wrong
And all that once confined us
Like minutiae at its finest now is gone

And all that that lies before me like the asphalt
Lures me forward towards home, home, coming home