

Going Home

Marc Broussard

Wake up, crossed another state line
Fed up, a hundred million miles to drive
Yeah

I hope you'll be waitin' at the door
With open arms like you did before
So carry me through

You know I was born to roam
I need you to help me along
And I'm driving all night
Going home

Tell me, tell me that you'll always be true
Keep me going, tell me what to do
To get back to you

You know I was born to roam
I need you to help me along
And I'm driving all night
Going home, going home