

Comin' Home

Murder by Death

By the light of the moon, I'm comin' home
Howlin' all the way, I'm comin' home
On my hands and knees, I'm comin' home
I know when I've been beat, yea, I'm comin' home
By the skin of my teeth, I'm comin' home
By the soul of my feet, you know I'm comin' home

I'm comin' home, but I ain't comin' for you

I'm ridin' out the wind, I'm comin' home
It don't matter where I've been, I'm comin' home
Crawlin' on all fours, I'm comin' home
Turnin' brick walls into doors, I'm comin' home

I've got the taste in my mouth
I've got a hunger in my gut
My skin has turned to leather
My hair is banded rope
My knees have buckled beneath the weight of doubt
But now I miss things that I have done without

I'm comin' home, but I ain't comin' home for you
I'm comin' home, ain't nothin' you can do about it
Ain't nothin' you can do about it

Don't leave the light on
Don't need you anymore, my old friend
Put a cross above the door
Lay up the boards
I'm on my way
I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home