

Coming Home

Nerina Pallot

My dads not famous
But he is... to me
'Cause he says we're all special
All different
You see

And that's not words from some old book
Laying lonely on a shelf
That's a man who knows himself
He tells it like it is

If I don't write
And I don't call
It doesn't bother you at all
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home
Please forget what I don't say
You know I love you anyway
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home

I'm coming home
Oh, I'm coming home

'Cause I get tired
Of thinking 'bout things
I wasn't built for
Too much philosophising

I feel lost
Sometimes I'm small
I feel I'm hardly here at all
There's a man who knows himself
He tells it like it is

If I don't write
And I don't call
It doesn't bother you at all
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home
Please forget what I don't say
You know I love you anyway
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home

I'm all grown up now
But I'm still your kid
And I'll make you proud one day
But I know you love me anyway

So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Oh, I'm coming home
Yeah, I'm coming home
To you oh, ohh

If I don't write
And I don't call
It doesn't bother you at all
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home
Please forget what I don't say
You know I love you anyway
So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home

I'm all grown up now
But I'm still your kid
And I'll make you proud one day
But I know you love me anyway

So I'm coming home
Yes, I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Oh, I'm coming home
To you