

Its been quite some time since I've slept in my own bed
But I try my best to find a place to lay my head
When I'm away, sometimes for days
I know it's always there when I come back

'cause its my home
The only place I know will always keep me safe
When I feel lost and alone
I know I always have a place to go
A place to call my own

My shoes are torn, my clothes are stained with dirt
My hair is a mess, and all the roads are blending into one long
stretch
I'm running low on coffee change, so I'll grab my guitar and pl
ay
And hope the busy city is feeling generous today

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