

# Coming Home

Seven Lions

Time it slips from fingertips  
I tore her dress, threw it to the floor  
I'm in love with every open door  
I'm sorry

It's cold as hell on the other side of this bed  
Twisted up in sheets, demons in my head  
I wanna know you, oh let me come back  
I'm sorry I slid off the track

I'm hopeless without you  
Hopeless without you  
Hopeless without you so  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home!

I'm coming home, I'm coming home!  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home!  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home!  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home!

Wide awake and I can't sleep  
Shaking fevers from these broken dreams  
Baby, could you forgive me for what I lost?  
Could you forgive me?

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