

# Home

Shawn Mullins

The funniest girl I ever knew  
Had hair as orange as Halloween  
The bluest eyes that saw right through  
All the BS and everything

She was an artist from the start  
And she always sang from the bottom of her heart  
And though her road was so long  
She finally made her way back home  
Yes, she finally made her way back home

The loneliest kid I ever saw  
Owned to an old man's calloused hands  
Sitting barefoot in front of a dime-store  
In a place some called, 'The Promised Land'

He had hollow sunken eyes  
But he was smiling big like he'd won some kinda prize  
He was ragged, he was rolling like a stone  
In the dirty city streets that he called home  
Yeah, the dirty city streets that he called home

Hobos, tramps and troubadours  
Don't ride in box cars like they did before  
Seems like most of my heroes  
Just ain't around no more

Yeah, I know I'm lucky to sing my songs  
If you want to, you can sing along  
As you been on this road so long  
Won't you help me find my way back home?  
Help me find my way back home

Won't you help me find my way back home?  
Help me find my way back home