

## Worn

Sherwood

Somedays the most that you hoped you do  
Is step in your leather shoes  
And make your way around the block  
Days that tired mother of ours  
And living has made her sad  
How she wishes she could stop the clock

And so, I'm told, I wear, and I'm worn  
Come clean, come clean, come near, come home  
Come home

You always come home to those empty rooms  
And wonder what's left to lose  
Folding sheets cause you can never stop  
Days that tired mother of ours  
And living has made her sad  
How she wishes she could stop the clock

And so, I'm told, I wear, and I'm worn  
Come clean, come clean, come near, come home  
Come home

And so, I'm told, I wear, and I'm worn  
Come clean, come clean, come near, come home  
Come home