

Coming Home

The Rifles

Check on your love
Check on your heart
Make it tick
And make it start
Nothing's gonna change
While we're still in this town
And you can check on the time
All you want
It's still killing
And it's still giving
And it's still turning
The wheels and the tide
It just makes me so happy
I'm coming home
Throw me in the oven
With the black, black coal
Ground me like pepper
Until I fill your hole
Gotta tell you right now
About my fear
I don't need you to dance
I don't need you to sing
I don't need you tell me what has been
I don't even need the answer from the wise
It just makes me so happy
I'm coming home
We gotta keep moving on.

I'll be crying like a baby
Before you're done
Scratching at the door
For the freedom run.