

Welcome Home

We Shot the Moon

The sun says "Welcome home"
but I'm feeling all alone
I step outside
and watch the weeds take the garden

I gave my best
but sometimes I must confess
My hope runs dry
and I draw lines
it makes things harder

So I have to believe
that this is gonna be my year
I stand up straight
look alive, you never know
So I have to believe
that this is gonna be my year
ill stand up straight
look alive, and be on standby

and i will roll the dice for two
i will roll the dice for you
when the day wakes I arise
and try again

oh oh oh, oh oh oh
oh oh oh, oh oh oh

A cloudless sky
how the summer meets the eyes
here i am
a lung and soul of good intentions
it comes & goes
just like a ghost i always know
i watch the snails, cross the roads
but they never make it

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