

## 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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