

Coming Home

Alex Lloyd

You found a home inside a heart
And lost it all with broken feelings
I watch you churn inside your mind
And put it out with double meanings

Well, we're coming home
We've been searching for a place to call our own
Yeah, we're coming home
All you lonely vagabonds
Looking for a place to call your own

Now, oh, no, no yeah...

With blackened face and tired hands
And all the memorys are mistaken
A blinding light from up above
For every truth that you've been faking

Well, we're coming home
We've been searching for a place to call our own
Yeah, we're coming home
All you lonely vagabonds
Looking for a place to call your own

Lonely days gonna get you callin'
Lonely days gonna get you callin'
Lonely days gonna get you callin'
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