

Coming Back Home

Bo Bice

I see a rainbow of colors spread out before me
I follow winding lines down a desolate road
I really don't mind what they say about me
I got a long way to ride to get where I want to go

It's alright, baby it's okay, I'm gonna pack my bags I'll be on
my way
I'm coming back home, coming back home.
No more worries about the past, I know with you it's meant to l
ast
I'll never be alone, coming back home

Traveled many a mile, seen so many places
The faces they pass, walking down this road
I really don't mind what they say about me
I got a long way to ride to get where I want to go

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I'd drive about a million miles
Just to get to see you smile

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I'll never be alone, I'm coming back home

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I'm coming back home
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