

## Coming Down

Edwin McCain

Welcome back to earth my fine young lucky southern son  
How was your trip to outer-space it sure did look like fun  
You seem somewhat puzzled like you just can't readjust  
You're covered in the battle scars and pitted up with rust

And your mom and dad have missed you and I'm sure your friends  
agree  
There's no substitute for solitude and anonymity

I'm just coming down from this cloud ahead  
World was spinning around the voices echo things that she said  
I'm just coming down from this starry sky  
I'm just glad to be here and most of all I'm thankful I'm alive

I hear the whispers in the crowd from jealous tongues  
Shadows from the shameful light my ego's come undone  
And your dignity has missed you and I'm sure your soul agrees  
This fire sale has cost you your pace and sanity

The path that I must take will lead me to despair  
When I'm a million miles away will no one even care