

Friend (goin' home)

Harry Connick, Jr.

I might not say what I have in the back of my mind
But you always seem to know
You can see right through me
You always get right to me
Even if I might not let it show

I can't recall all the times that I held out my hand
And you held out your hand too
Never did you doubt me,
You knew all about me
And you've found a way to pull me through

When the road I'm running doesn't end
Then love is waiting round the bend
I pick up my pace and then I pretend
I'm going home to see my friend

Alright, yea

Took me a long time to learn, I'm glad you waited around
Sometimes I take a while to see
I'm better because of you, I hope you know I love you
'Cause I know how much that you love me

When the road I'm running doesn't end
Then love is waiting round the bend
I pick up my pace and then I pretend
I'm going home to see my friend

Like the bird I breather, that's a friend indeed
It's a church on the horizon
All the soldiers who knows the world is screwed
It's the show that they'll keep prize on

When the road I'm running doesn't end
Then love is waiting round the bend
I pick up my pace and then I pretend
I'm going home to see my friend

I'm going home to see my friend
I'm going home to see my friend