

Lyme Regis

A Loss for Words

I don't need the warmer weather.
Don't need beaches of white sand.
I don't need the rows of palm trees decorating strips of land.
I don't need what's viewed as heaven.
I don't need the sights and sounds.
And it took me years of searching.
But I've finally figured out that I've wasted so much time keep
ing company with strife.
Trying to find a place that's mine.
Trying to find a place that's mine.
And my heart runs to that place every time it rains.

I close my eyes and I imagine that I'm there.
I've never felt more at peace.
Than when I walk these ancient streets.
And I know I need to be breathing in that English air.
We can make our way down these cobblestone streets.
Our hearts keeping time with the sound of our feet.
We can drive through the country of hills so green.
And get lost in its history.
Cause we get so little time to reach contentment in our lives.
I know where I found mine.
And my heart runs to that place every time it rains.

I close my eyes and I imagine that I'm there.
I've never felt more at peace.
Than when I walk these ancient streets.
And I know I need to be breathing in that English air.
So pack my bags, I'm coming home.
Cause this place calls out my name.
Traveled all over the world.
And nowhere else feels quite the same.
Give me English air to fill my lungs.
So I can breathe again.
Cause I've always been a wandering soul.
But Heaven knows I think it's time that I came home