

It's gonna be okay this time
I'm coming home
I'm sick of all the city lights
Sleeping in a cold bed by the phone
I've been traveling through a long black tunnel
Re-merging into the light
I won't believe that everyone will fall for me
In my glass slippers
Curfew set for midnight
Midnight

It's gonna be alright this time
I'm coming home
Evoked among familiar faces
The sound of a trombone
And in the presence of the night
I store my feelings on the shelf
Listen to the breathing of the fireplace
No longer in a cold bed by myself I'm...

Home,
Home,
I'm home
You can count the seconds in my time
But I'm home
Home and I'll be fine
Fine
Gotta get myself home

I'm home there ain't nothing else that I need
Just the warm familiar faces standing next to me
There's ain't nowhere else I'd rather be
In the warmth and company
Of friends and family

Home,
Home,
I'm home
You can count the seconds in my time
But I'm home
Home and I'll be fine
Home and I'll be fine
Gotta get myself home