

Home

Ben Abraham

This is a message, the first one of many
Your phone's disconnected, I know you won't get it
I hope that Paris is fine, you've left New York far behind
And God has been waiting and I have been waiting to show you the things that we made
In September when you went away

Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?

The black and white distance, the wrecking ball romance
That sweet subway picture, the burning house fixtures
I hope you don't change your mind, did the lights of New York leave you blind?
And the island is calling and I have been calling to show you the songs that we made
In December when you were away

Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?
Will you come home?