

## My Way Back Home

Dawes

A ballerina in Phoenix  
The pines up north  
The sunrise from a highway  
That was not there before

If I can place it all together  
Make out the nature of the call  
I start to feel the love and the silence  
That was always at the root of it all

And in my constant quest for truth  
I am condemned to facts alone  
And though my dreams all lead me nowhere  
I won't forget my way back home

From the corner of a coffee shop  
Or from the center of a stage  
From the words used in a love note  
Or from an empty page

While I struggle with these beauties  
And my renditions end up dry  
I'm like a bird that crashes into the window  
That was drawn to the reflection of the sky

And the more I try to speak  
The more I lose that earthly tone  
And before heaven proves me hopeless  
I won't forget my way back home

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

I admit that these answers that I seek  
Are all to questions I've never known  
But I pray to keep on looking for as long as I can roam  
And when the world finally fulfills me  
I will not forget my way back home