

She said, "Love, I feel so anxious
Just donate your patience to me
What's with the rush?
Aren't I enough?
And I feel so hollow
You left me no words to swallow
Just waiting to cave in"

So when you coming home?
My love
My love
When you coming home?

When you coming home
For good?
Or should I get used to this rotting wood?
Turning blue from the dew
That came when the seasons changed
And I can't explain
But I'm getting used to
I'm getting used to this rain

Hm, so when you coming home?
My love
My love
When you coming home?
When you coming home?
My love
My love
When you coming home?
When you coming home?