

## Right Where I Belong

Good Charlotte

As I leave the empty station,  
First thing I see is the sun over the mountains.  
West Hastings Street, anxiously waiting.  
That's when I feel that God is all around me.  
And I don't know where to begin, to say I'm sorry for my sins,  
So I collapse into your open arms  
I'm sorry it took me so long,  
Out here, for me to find my way back home.

I didn't have a reason,  
For when I stopped believing,  
But I needed you to know -  
That I'm right where I belong.  
Now I see everything clearly,  
In the rearview,  
That you were right beside me.  
So long ago, my voice of reason,  
It disappeared, along with my convictions -  
And now I know where it begins,  
Accept forgiveness for my sins,  
And I collapse into your open arms

If all we are is where we've been,  
Then I know where I want to be.  
No matter how far I drift again,  
You keep a light on for me -  
Out here, so I can find my way back home...  
I didn't have a reason, for when I stopped believing,  
But I needed you to know that I'm right where I belong now, with you,

So I'll stay quiet in your arms.  
Words don't have the meaning,  
There's no use in repeating,  
But I needed you to know  
That I'm right where I belong.