

I took everything I owned from that lonely apartment.
Rent was paid for the next three months.
The next time they came here I'd be gone.
I walked two blocks to a phone, I called my brother and I said,
"Brother, I'm coming home."
I left, conquered, a long long time ago.
My streets, my friends, the place I called my home.
Something was missing I had to make sure that there was really
a world out there.
My thumb catches the breeze as cars fly by just a few feet in f
ront of me.
I think I finally found my peace, but God knows I've been doing
all the wrong things.
God knows I've been doing all the wrong things.
I stand here on the side of the Interstate.
The wind blows dust in my face.
My feet are tired and my body aches. I ain't slept for days and
days and days.
I hope one day that you can forgive me.
I hope somewhere that you understand.
Deafening nights, the beater, our heartbeat.
I should have known that it all had to end.
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