

Coming Home

Mt. Desolation

We've all got to dream of something,
tall buildings or wet sand between our toes,
or fast cars and fancy clothes.

Some folks spend their whole lives fighting
while some find the good life drops in their lap
nothing ever will close that gap
You just got to jump onboard
and hope you'll find your reward.

Soon that day will come your urge to roam will relent,
so make your move, make your peace, make amends,
we're all coming home in the end

I've travelled so far so quickly
the continent spinning beneath my wings
ticking boxes, acquiring things,
but the further I go I find, I just want what I left behind
maybe love will lead me back to your door
the need to feel something simple and pure, like I did before,
how we strain our necks to see what's around the next bend
or waste our hours chasing fair-weather friends
we're all coming home in the end.

So fly, don't shy from some afar desired prize
a million miles from where we lie,
Cos your flight is one enormous circle looping wide
to bring you right back to my side,
oh, oh, oh