

## Comin' Home

### Murder by Death

By the light of the moon, I'm comin' home  
Howlin' all the way, I'm comin' home  
On my hands and knees, I'm comin' home  
I know when I've been beat, yea, I'm comin' home  
By the skin of my teeth, I'm comin' home  
By the soul of my feet, you know I'm comin' home

I'm comin' home, but I ain't comin' for you

I'm ridin' out the wind, I'm comin' home  
It don't matter where I've been, I'm comin' home  
Crawlin' on all fours, I'm comin' home  
Turnin' brick walls into doors, I'm comin' home

I've got the taste in my mouth  
I've got a hunger in my gut  
My skin has turned to leather  
My hair is banded rope  
My knees have buckled beneath the weight of doubt  
But now I miss things that I have done without

I'm comin' home, but I ain't comin' home for you  
I'm comin' home, ain't nothin' you can do about it  
Ain't nothin' you can do about it

Don't leave the light on  
Don't need you anymore, my old friend  
Put a cross above the door  
Lay up the boards  
I'm on my way  
I'm comin' home  
I'm comin' home  
I'm comin' home  
I'm comin' home  
I'm comin' home