

Bring You Home

Peter Bradley Adams

Today I'll find you as autumn breaks
When silver light throws shadows on the wall
Beside you where you lay.

Above our voices a silent sleep
And every word falls heavy like a stone
Lost beneath the sea.

I know grace is hard and our patience slow,
And our hearts grow dark when we lose our hope
I will drive and find you over miles of empty roads
And bring you home,
And bring you home.

The siren's sounding, the city dark
And every word that rises from the ground
Is lost among the stars.

I know grace is hard and our patience slow
And our hearts grow dark when we lose our hope
I will drive and find you over miles of empty roads
And bring you home,
And bring you home.
(2x)

And bring you home,
And bring you home.