

Coming Home (For Christmas)

Scott Helman

Yeah, the weather outside is perfect
But only on the surface
These hills are getting old
I'm coming home, coming home
Are you watching Willis on the TV?
Are you stringing up the tree?
Calling your papa on the phone?
I'm coming home

I am driving north
Through San Diego
Past the fields of lemon trees
Yeah, I wrote you a post card, but I didn't stamp it
Says I'm never gonna leave
I can't do this on my own
I'm coming home, coming home

Yeah, the world is filled with places
Empty coarse and graceless
But you know I could make them glow
Like the technicolour lights in your open window
I came down here to find something
But now I know that I can't find it, alone
I'm coming home

Yeah, I'm driving north, across the border
Just in time for Christmas Eve
Yeah, I wonder if you know I've been falling
Like the flakes over your street
I can't do this on my own
I'm coming home, coming home

So I'm driving north
Through Sacramento
Past the Penitentiary
Freedom is waking up
In strangers houses
And I'd rather not be free

I will find my way back home
I'm coming home, coming home