

Coming Home

Sons Of Apollo

In your circle of splendor
A room of pretenders
This is the new make believe

In your complex decisions
This tiny incision
Cut to commence misery, yeah

There's a voice screaming outta my head
There's a truth that I don't wanna know
Cross the line that you're gonna regret
Is it me, is it you?

So get out of my way
Goin' out on my own
Now remember my name
'Cause I'm coming home (I'm coming home)

Now I'm not so suspicious
You're downright malicious
Can't make a fool outta me

Your scheme's complicated
Your pride is inflated
Seized by a social disease, hey

There's a voice screaming outta my head
There's a truth that I don't wanna know
Cross the line that you're gonna regret
Is it me, is it you?

So get out of my way
Goin' out on my own
Now remember my name
'Cause I'm coming home (I'm coming home)
Yeah

Well I'm coming home

Ooh, ah

(I'm coming home, I'm coming home)

Ooh

I've got to get out, out, out
So get out of my way
Goin' out on my own
Now remember my name
'Cause I'm coming home (I'm coming home)

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
'Cause I'm coming home (I'm coming home)