

Home

Sophie Barker

When the summer nights have gone
I'm on my own again,
The winter days begun

My mind is on the run
No sight of you again

And now the leaves are falling
The short dark days are calling
You'll be going home

As the summer sun draws close to fade
It's cold while I sleep

And now the leaves are falling
The short dark days are calling
You'll be going home

All the flowers are closing
The thoughts of you unfolding
You'll be flying home
You'll be flying home
Home
You'll be flying home
Home

My life's gone away
It's cold where you laid

My life's gone away
It's cold where you laid

My life's gone away
It's cold while I sleep
It's cold where you laid