

# Running To Vancouver

The Ridleys

Dusty living room with paintings on the walls  
Staring back at me for as far as I can recall  
Tiny flashing lights, wrapped around the Christmas tree  
And your names are on boxes  
They're on boxes, written in ink

You've been away for far too long  
And I've been feeling so alone  
I've got no cash for a ticket  
So I'll come running to Vancouver for you

When will you come home? I'm sitting here waiting  
With this old guitar, I'm singing here waiting  
'Cause I miss the sound of your voice  
And I miss the stories that would go on, forever  
And I miss the dinner table noise  
I miss the Sundays that we spend together  
And I miss you

You've been away for far too long  
And I've been feeling so alone  
I've got no cash for a ticket  
So I'll come running to Vancouver for you

This house ain't a home without you  
It's just bricks and stones without you  
This house ain't a home without you  
It's just bricks and stones without you

You've been away for far too long  
And I've been feeling so alone  
I've got no cash for a ticket  
So I'll come running to Vancouver for you, you  
I've got no cash for a ticket  
So I'll come running to Vancouver for you, you

I've got no cash for a ticket  
So I'll come running home, running home to you

Running home to you