

# [Won't Be] Coming Home

Robert Cray

As her car pulls out the driveway  
And she don't wave goodbye  
Her last words echo in my mind  
Listen honey, I gotta get away I'm standing here watching her tail lights  
As if they're some kind of sign  
Fading into a memory  
I just got tired of trying So long, I hate to see you go  
So I save my tears for later on down the road  
How come I keep I holding on  
Knowing you won't be coming home Two days later I get a letter  
A picture of a room in some hotel  
Sitting framed up on the table,  
A picture I know so well  
You've painted yourself in to a corner  
Now you're trying to paint something new  
And your lipstick on the letter  
Is a goodbye kiss from you So long, I hate to see you go  
So I save my tears for later on down the road  
How come I keep I holding on  
Knowing you won't be coming home I still set the table  
Still set it for you and me  
It's become a habit  
My own personal make believe So long, I hate to see you go  
So I save my tears for later on down the road  
How come I keep I holding on  
Knowing you won't be coming home So long, I hate to see you go  
So I save my tears for later on down the road  
How come I keep I holding on  
Knowing you won't be coming home

Songwriters

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