

Almost Here

The Academy Is...

So listen up.
I worked in daylight feeding fashion to housewives.
For just this once, I'll take my chances on truck stops and state lines.
Go ahead and tell them again.
Well I think that I know that they won't remember.
Go ahead and tell them twice.
Yeah, twice is nice, but three times is just right. Hey, hey now we're almost home.
I'm missing you to death, but it's all for the best, I know.
Hey, hey we're not far from home.
I've got my pride, and I'll let you sleep tonight. So listen up.
My old friends have been dropping like houseflies.
The smoking gun still sits in my pocket and I know how to use it.
Go ahead and tell them again.
Well I think that I know that I won't forgive them
For turning their backs when we started to get busy.
Yeah twice is fine, but three times is just right. Hey, hey now we're almost home.
I'm missing you to death, but to each his own.
Hey, hey we're not far from home.
I've got my pride, and I'll let you sleep tonight. Hey, hey now we're almost home.
I'm missing you to death, missing you to death.
Hey, hey we're not far from home.
I'll swallow my pride and push back my seat tonight. I'm on my feet.
This isn't like us anyway.
I'm running...
Our time is almost here.

Songwriters

Beckett, William / Carden, Michael Published by

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