

Coming Home [Bottleneck Version]

Saxon

Take a plane, take a pill
Need some sleep, feel like hell
In my suitcase that's my life
Thoughts of you cut me like a knife
Gone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming home
Another ticket, another town
These lonely miles, they just take me down
On this highway going anywhere
I hear your voice when there's no one there
Gone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming home
Take a boat, take a train
Need some comfort just to ease the pain
Out my window I sit and stare
The days drag by, baby when you're not there
Gone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming home

Songwriters

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