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 knifeGone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming homeAnother 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 thereGone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming homeTake 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 thereGone, gone, gone, gone down
That lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming home

Songwriters
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