

A Face To Call Home

John Mayer

I am an architect of days that haven't happened yet
i can't believe a month is all it's been
you know my paper heart
the one i filled with pencil marks
i think i might have gone and inked you in
little by little
inch by inch
we build a yard with a garden in the middle of it
it aint much but its a start
you got me swaying right along to the song in your heart
and a face to call home x2
you got a face to call home
you got a face to call home
so good you didn't see
the nervous wreck i used to be
you never know a man could feel so small
and you never look at me
like i'm a liability
i bet you think i've never been at all
little by little
inch by inch
we build a yard with a garden in the middle of it
it aint much but its a start

you got me swaying right along to the song in your heart
and a face to cal home x2
you got a face to call home
a face to call home
you got a face to call home
a face to call home
maybe i could stay a while
maybe i could stay a while
maybe i could stay a while
i'm talking about all of the time
maybe i could-
little by little
inch by inch
we build a yard with a garden in the middle of it
it aint much but its a start

you got me swaying right along to the song in your heart
and a face to cal home
you got a face to call home
a face to call home
you got a face to call home
home
home
home
home

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