

# Welcome Home

## The O.C. Supertones

Well, it's times like these  
And it's days like this that remind me I'm living in the wilderness  
And you don't know when trouble's gonna come your way  
Or when God's gonna give or take it away  
This life, this life is fleeting and everything, everything's dyin' But one day I'll awake  
All my problems and my sin  
They won't matter to me then "Son, welcome home"  
Yeah, "Welcome home"  
He said, "Welcome home"  
"Welcome home" Well, the day doesn't guarantee to come again  
And life only promises that it will end  
And we all gotta stand before the Lord, one day  
And I don't wanna die but I don't wanna stay down here I feel like a stranger  
I know, I don't belong here  
I wanna run and I'll fall down at Jesus' feet and lay  
I can't wait to hear him say "Son, welcome home"  
"You're welcome home"  
"Son, welcome home"  
"You're welcome home" But I'm still here  
And I'm tired  
Tired of sin and struggling  
Tired of almost everything And sometimes  
Small and clean  
I could swear that I could hear  
Angel voices in my ear Sayin', "Welcome home"  
Sayin', "Welcome home"  
"Welcome home"  
Sayin', "Welcome home" "Welcome home"  
Sayin', "Welcome home"  
Sayin', "Welcome home"

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