

# Won't Be Coming Home

## Golden Smog

He is reaching up for climbing  
Ropes hanging down below  
I see the children smiling  
No need to let it show I know I won't be coming home  
No more The street in sidewalk borders  
Stretch out beyond the scenes  
The sweet and dark emotions  
Every day hopes and dreams My God! I know who's waiting  
Beneath the bedroom floor  
Her eyes anticipating  
I'm reaching every move I know I won't be coming home  
No more All I ever wanted  
Was to turn from my side  
All I ever wanted  
Was to turn from my side The rake is scratching harder  
The half drawn window shade  
Like any empty memory  
The colors seem to fade My God! I know who's waiting  
Beneath the bedroom floor  
Remember summer showers  
Outside the cabin walls I know I won't be coming home  
No more

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>