

# Going Home

Marc Broussard

Wake up, crossed another state line  
Fed up, a hundred million miles to drive  
Yeah I hope you'll be waitin' at the door  
With open arms like you did before  
So carry me through You know I was born to roam  
I need you to help me along  
And I'm driving all night  
Going home Tell me, tell me that you'll always be true  
Keep me going, tell me what to do  
To get back to you

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