

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

You know I was born to roam

I need you to help me along

And I'm driving all night

Going home, going home

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