

Coming Home

[RKL](#)

You say "Life's too fast"
You see the bus at last.
You smoke the weed, though it's your last,
You laugh!
"Too cold" you say. Another foggy day.
Your shirt's tucked in to stop the wind from numbing you again.
You say you're gonna leave this place,
Tired of the race, You just want a break.
And no one's left around,
Within a week you're bound to find what's real.
So you split home to find out the rest of the world's slowed down,
You turn around.
Start back home to find that what you left behind was always right
You know it sure feels good to be back home.
Why I ever left I still don't know.
I missed this place, this stomping ground, my home.
Got so that I even miss the cold.
You know it sure feels good to be back home.
Oh, why I ever left I still don't know.
I missed this place, this stomping ground, my home.
Got so that I even miss the cold.

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