

Home

Sheryl Crow

I woke up this morning and now I understand
What it means to give your life to just one man
Afraid of feeling nothing, no bees or butterflies
My head is full of voices and my house is full of lies This is home, home
And this is home, home
This is home I saw him standing there when I was seventeen
Now I'm thirty-two and I can't remember what I'd seen in you
When I made a promise, said it everyday
Now I'm reading romance novels and I'm dreaming of yesterday This is home, home
And this is home and this is home
This is home I'd like to see The Riviera
And slow dance underneath the stars
I'd like to watch the sun come up
In a stranger's arms And this is home, home
And this is home, home
Home, home I'm going crazy a little every day
And everything I wanted is now driving me away
I woke this morning to the sound of breaking hearts
Mine is full of questions and it's tearing yours apart, tearing yours apart
And it's tearing yours apart, it's tearing yours apart
And it's tearing us apart

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