Coming Home

Lizz Wright

Coming home to your shelter
Coming home where I stay

I go down in your water and I won't turn away
Coming back to your calling
I can hear your voice say

Coming home for tomorrow from my dreams of yesterday

You may not understand me but I hear you so well
Your voice comes in the cold wind, a tune I know so well

I can see you through any darkness
Your light it leads me on

I'm coming back to your orchard
Coming back to my home

People ask me where are you going, and I know I know what they think
I get tired, tired of their questions so I must find a way

To meet you down at the old grounds ,where we used to pray

I'm coming home for tomorrow from my dreams of yesterday

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written by WRIGHT, KEVIN
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