Almost Home

Buck Howdy

I saw my life this morning
Lying at the bottom of a drawer
All this stuff I'm saving
God knows what this junk is for
And whatever I believed in
This is all I have to show
What the hell were all reasons
For holding on for such dear life
Here's where I let go
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open
Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home
I saw you this morning
You were staring back at me
From an ancient photograph
Stuck between some letters and some keys
I was lost just for a moment
In the ache of old goodbyes
Sometimes all that we can know is
There's no such thing as no regrets
But baby it's all right
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open
Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home
But there's no such thing as no regrets and baby it's alright
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open
Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home

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