

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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