

Back Home Again

Cinderella

I hit the road wide open at seventeen
Mama cried herself to sleep lost a dad I'd never seen
Took all my childhood friends, guitar, and a dream
Some say I got it bad I say I've got the cream No, no, no
I roll into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black
Go, go, go
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back, yeah I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home I worked from nine to five at twenty-two
Felt good to stay alive good times were far and few
Trustin' my hopes and dreams with someone who said they knew
Just how to make ends meet they haven't got a clue No, no, no
I rolled into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black
Go, go, go
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home
Take me back I'm back
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home again
I'm back, back home

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