

Follow Me Home

Nowherebound

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Had a friend, who once said, "Iâ€™ll sleep when Iâ€™m dead,"
Then she died quietly brave.
Known dreamers who've drugged, and slowly gave up,
On magic in moments of shame.
On the days you feel old, and your heart has gone cold,
Remember life's meant to be played.
And the rows that you've hoed, are now paved with roads,
Of suffering, failure, and pain.

Well follow me home.
When your sky is falling down
I'll carry home.
When your feet have given out.
Weâ€™ll build our own kingdom, constructed by sinners, be brave.
Where 10,000 liars and lovers, do live without shame.

Knew a good man who sang, to his bride everyday,
But paper hearts easily break.
And a pretty young girl, I thought made the world,
Who was hooking to pay the bills late.
Iâ€™ve known crooked lost souls, who gave up their goals,
In barrooms one beer at a time.
But we all need a hand, when our hearts cannot stand,
So brother, put your hand in mine.

Had a lot of good friends, whoâ€™ve met early ends,
But most are still drawing breath.
And the ones who have gone, remembered in song,
Resurrected back from the dead.
Well the sorrow that grows, in your heart one day slows,
And you learn to fly when you fall.
But until that day comes, when itâ€™s all said and done,
Iâ€™ll offer this hand out to all.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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