

# Almost Home

Mary Chapin Carpenter

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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