

Going Home

Sara Groves

Ive been feeling kind of restless
Ive been feeling out of place
I can hear a distant singing
A song that I cant write
And it echoes of what Im always trying to sayTheres a feeling, I cant capture
Its always just a prayer away
I want to know the ending
Things hoped for but not seen
But I guess thats the point of hoping anywayOf going home, Ill meet you at the table
Going home, Ill meet you in the air
And you are never too young to think about it
Oh oh, I cannot wait to be homeIm confined by my senses
To really know what you are like
You are more than I can fathom
And more than I can guess
And more than I can see with you in sightBut I have felt you with my spirit
I have felt you fill this room
And this is just an invitation
Just a sample of the whole
And I cannot wait to be going homeGoing home, Ill meet you at the table
Going home, Ill meet you in the air
And you are never too young to think about it
Oh oh, I cannot wait to be going, to be going homeFace to face, how can it be?
Face to face, how can it be?
Face to face, how can it be?'Cause this is just an invitation
Just a sample of the whole
And I cannot wait to be going home

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