

# Coming Home

[k.d. lang](#)

Oh, sweet sorrow  
Let's write the book tomorrow  
For I caught a glimpse  
Been obsessed with it ever since  
My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity  
That you pronounce in me  
Won, you have won  
My illumination has begun  
I am happily indifferent to the ones  
Who have consistently been wrong  
And all that once confined us  
Like minutiae at its finest now is gone  
Oh, sweet sorrow  
Let's write the book tomorrow  
My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity  
That you pronounce in me  
I am happily indifferent to the ones  
Who have consistently been wrong  
And all that once confined us  
Like minutiae at its finest now is gone  
And all that that lies before me like the asphalt  
Lures me forward towards home, home, coming home

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