

# Long Way Home

Art Garfunkel

The answer  
Took some searchin' for,  
But you think you understand.  
With the lights still off,  
Our clothes still on the floor,  
And your head in your hands  
You say he's holdin' you back  
And bringin' you down.  
You're all out of reasons  
To stick around.  
It's time to think of yourself  
In spite of his tears  
And break your vow  
Of so many years.  
Don't get me wrong.  
I like what I hear,  
And even if it's true,  
I have to ask  
Cause I want to be absolutely clear:  
Just what am I to you?  
Oh, I'm your light in the dark,  
Your breath of fresh air,  
The love of your life,  
The answer to all your prayers.  
No,  
I am just your  
Long way home.  
I know it.  
You'll know it soon.  
I am just your  
Long way home.  
You're welcome.  
That morning  
The day had finally come  
For somebody to lose.  
You kissed me hard  
And walked out of my door  
To give him the bad news.  
But I followed you there

Like the sick f\_\_\_k I am  
To see what he'd do  
When you said good-bye again.  
You opened the door,  
And he opened his arms,  
And you fell into them  
Like a baby.  
I left for my car.  
I became your  
Long way home.  
I knew it.  
You know it now.  
I was just your  
Long way home.  
I knew it.  
He knows it now.  
I was just your  
Long way home.  
You're welcome.

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