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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