

# Back Home Again

## Cinderella

I hit the road wide open at seventeen  
Mama cried herself to sleep lost a dad I'd never seen  
Took all my childhood friends, guitar, and a dream  
Some say I got it bad I say I've got the cream  
No, no, no  
I roll into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black  
Go, go, go  
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back, yeah  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home  
I worked from nine to five at twenty-two  
Felt good to stay alive good times were far and few  
Trustin' my hopes and dreams with someone who said they knew  
Just how to make ends meet they haven't got a clue  
No, no, no  
I rolled into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black  
Go, go, go  
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home  
Take me back  
I'm back  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home again  
I'm back, back home

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