Going Home

John Fullbright

Bitter hearts from bitter ends
Crooked limps from crooked mends
The sun stopped shining
I'm going homeEasy come, easy go
The more I learn, the less I know
My ears stopped ringing
I'm going homeThe hole I've worn inside my shoe
Is where my soul is slipping through
The sidewalk ended
I'm going homeWhen I left I had a choice
Lose my mind or lose my voice
The voice stopped singing
I'm going homeI met love, Love met me
And we agreed to disagree
The rain stopped falling
I'm going homeI've walked through deserts,
I've sailed on seas
What the snow wont burn,
the sun will freeze
I'm all through walking
I'm going home.

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