

Home

[Annah Mac](#)

It's gonna be ok this time,
I'm coming home
I'm sick of all the city lights
Sleeping in a cold bed by the phone
I've been travelling through a long black tunnel
Re-merging into the light
I won't believe everyone will fall for me
In my glass slippers
Curfew set for midnight
Midnight....

It's gonna be alright this time
I'm coming home
Evoked among familiar faces
The sound of the trombone...
And in the prescence of the night
I store my feelings on the shelf
Listen to the breathing of the fire place
No longer in a cold bed by myself I'm...

Home...
Home...
I'm Home...
You can count the seconds in my time
But I'm home...
Home and I'll be fine..
Fine..
Gotta get myself home

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