

# 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 presence 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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