

# Not Coming Home

## Papa Roach

I fell asleep, to the sound  
of the church bells ringing out  
In this quiet little town  
I am dreaming.  
I woke up to the sound  
of an angel crying out  
Gotta leave this little town  
Gotta move on  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road  
Gotta phone-call from my son  
he said, dad, you're number one  
Mommy's going nuts, she thinks she's crazy  
put your mother on the phone  
I've gotta tell her she's not alone  
She's sick of waiting around  
Then I tell her these words

Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road  
Keep holding on,  
It wont be long  
but for now  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road

Im not coming home, not coming home  
This Christmas I am all alone  
Im not coming home, not coming home  
I am out here on the road  
Keep holding on,  
It wont be long,  
but for now  
I'm not coming home

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