

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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