

Home

Paul Brandt

Front porch light would be turned on
And I was always gone too long
Curfew was at 10pm
And I'd sneak in trying not to wake him when I got
Home
Daddy always said "Son, you're half a bubble off'a plumb
Head-strong and stubborn", and maybe I was
And I couldn't wait to leave
Last place in the world I wanted to be was
Home
Now I'm flying down that old dirt road
But it seems these wheels are spinning slow
I'd never left that way if I'd have only known
But he's gone, so here I am
Home
I sat in my car and cried
I wished to God he was still alive
Inside, mama wiped my tears
She said, He would have been so happy that you're here at
Home
Then I thought about my life
And about my kids and about my wife
And about how time just flies no matter what you do
And every soccer game I have missed
And every time I fight when I could forgive
And how I just can't let it come to this When I get
Home
Now I'm flying down that old dirt road
But it seems these wheels are spinning slow
And it's taken me a while but now I finally know
Everything that matters most is at
Home

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