

# Coming Back To The World

## Phone Calls From Home

She locks up all those tears  
On her bed, the door closed  
So she's all alone  
Halfway through her sophomore year  
The pressure's cut to the bone  
Overwhelmed with the feelings she couldn't express  
She paints red all over her fragile wrist  
Did she think she'd be alright?  
Did she think she could live like this? So she prays to God  
To believe in trust,  
In hope, in life, in love Whoa, I'm coming back to the world  
I, I'll start it over again  
Whoa, I've fallen down by the wayside  
I'll get up and sing it again  
Another day it's the same habit she tries to break  
It doesn't go away, her problems still stay  
There's more to life than this  
She's always had a choice and today  
She's found the inner strength to sing

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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