

I'm Going Home

Spencer Day

Sunday papers on the stand, second hand
Battered suitcase on the floor
Just another everyday, nothing changed
Nothing like it was before
I took an elevator to the street
A taxi then security
A boarding call that beckons to my row
Im going home
Im going homeIm looking down on on where i was
Up above, through a plastic window pane
And now the world is growing small
How it held me down at all I cant explain
And the life we had I wont forget
Rich in living deep in debt
Today I made a payment on my loan
And Im going home
Im going homeWherever that may be
Im going home
Im going homeWherever youre with me
So hear me, help me
Forgive myself for what I didnt know
Its only, lonely
Loneliness and love will come and goIm going home
Im going home
Im going homeStreet lights up the same old block
Frozen clock, welcome mat, and an open door
So familiar but its strange, nothing changed
But nothings like it was before
Im going home
Im going home