Rolling Home

John Farnham

Harry bogdanovs, and chris thompsonHave you ever been lonely
Tired and broken
And you dream of rolling home
My hearts on the runway
My soul on the freeway
How I wish I was rolling homeFamiliar faces fill my mind
From the world I left behind
And it haunts me when I'm sleeping
I awake only to find
That the truth can be unkind
When you're living in the wastelandI came to this city
With hope for the future
Now I long to be rolling homeFamiliar faces fill my mind
As my dreams come back in time
And it haunts me when I'm sleeping
I awake only to find
That the truth can be unkind
When you're living in a wastelandThere's a car in the distance
To take me to freedom
Tomorrow, I'll be rolling home
Maybe tomorrow rolling homeI'm tired of living on my own
Tomorrow, I'll be rolling home
Break the chains that hold me down
Set my sights I'm homeward bound

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