

# Rolling Home

**John Farnham**

Harry bogdanovs, and chris thompson Have 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 home Familiar 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 wasteland I came to this city  
With hope for the future  
Now I long to be rolling home Familiar 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 wasteland There's a car in the distance  
To take me to freedom  
Tomorrow, I'll be rolling home  
Maybe tomorrow rolling home I'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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