

Right Where I Belong

Good Charlotte

As I leave the empty station,
First thing I see is the sun over the mountains.
West Hastings Street, anxiously waiting.
That's when I feel that God is all around me.
And I don't know where to begin, to say I'm sorry for my sins,
So I collapse into your open arms...I'm sorry it took me so long,
Out here, for me to find my way back home.
I didn't have a reason,
For when I stopped believing,
But I needed you to know
That I'm right where I belong. Now I see everything clearly,
In the rearview,
That you were right beside me.
So long ago, my voice of reason,
It disappeared, along with my convictions
And now I know where it begins,
Accept forgiveness for my sins,
And just collapse into your open arms...I'm sorry it took me so long,
Out here, for me to find my way back home.
I didn't have a reason,
For when I stopped believing,
But I needed you to know
That I'm right where I belong. If all we are is where we've been,
Then I know where I want to be.
No matter how far I drift again,
You keep a light for me
Out here, so I can find my way back home...
I didn't have a reason for when I stopped believing,
But I needed you to know that I'm right where I belong now, with you So I'll stay quiet in your arms.
Words don't have the meaning,
There's no use in repeating,
But I needed you to know
That I'm right where I belong.

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