# Home

## Shawn Mullins

The funniest girl I ever knew
Had hair as orange as Halloween
The bluest eyes that saw right through
All the BS and everythingShe was an artist from the start
And she always sang from the bottom of her heart
And though her road was so long
She finally made her way back home
Yes, she finally made her way back homeThe loneliest kid I ever saw
Owned to an old man's calloused hands
Sitting barefoot in front of a dime-store
In a place some called, 'The Promised Land'He had hollow sunken eyes
But he was smiling big like he'd won some kinda prize
He was ragged, he was rolling like a stone
In the dirty city streets that he called home
Yeah, the dirty city streets that he called homeHobos, tramps and troubadours
Don't ride in box cars like they did before
Seems like most of my heroes
Just ain't around no moreYeah, I know I'm lucky to sing my songs
If you want to, you can sing along
As you been on this road so long
Won't you help me find my way back home?
Help me find my way back homeWon't you help me find my way back home?
Help me find my way back home

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