

# almost home

Rahim Quazi

I saw my life this morning  
Lying at the bottom of a drawer  
    All this stuff I'm saving  
God knows what this junk is for  
    And whatever I believed in  
    This is all I have to show  
    What the hell were all reasons  
For holding on for such dear life  
    Here's where I let go  
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching  
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open  
    Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home  
  
I saw you this morning  
    You were staring back at me  
    From an ancient photograph  
Stuck between some letters and some keys  
    I was lost just for a moment  
    In the ache of old goodbyes  
Sometimes all that we can know is  
    There's no such thing as no regrets  
    But baby it's all right  
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching  
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open  
    Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home  
But there's no such thing as no regrets and baby it's alright  
I'm not running, I'm not hiding, I'm not reaching  
I'm just resting in the arms of the great wide open  
    Gonna pull my soul in and I'm almost home

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