

# Long Way Home

[Don Henley](#)

Oh, it's cold and lonely here  
Here in this telephone booth  
There's three sides to every story, baby  
There's yours and there's mine and the cold, hard truth  
I think there's something missing 'round here  
I don't know where it's gone  
But it's a long way back home  
The heat don't work  
The toaster don't work  
And the car don't work  
And I guess I know why  
This house don't work

And this dream don't work no more  
And lover, neither do you and I  
I fall asleep with the colors flying  
Over sand and foam  
But it's a long way back home  
I know your heart is breaking  
Maybe my heart's breaking, too  
And it's a long way back home  
It's a long way back home  
It's a long way back home

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