Home At Last

Josh Garrels

Who is there at the end of lonesome roads?
All of us hope thereâ€™s a home
A place to rest where wounds get dressed, the tableâ€™s full
The sound of laughter in the halls
Light the fire, gather â€˜round
Join together, sing it loud
Raise the glass and joyful be
Home at last, one family
Weâ€™re all orphans looking for an open door
Hard times come no more
Come on up to the house of the Lord
Father adopts us all

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