

# Coming home (Bottleneck)

Saxon

Take a plane, take a pill  
Need some sleep, feel like hell  
In my suitcase that's my life  
Thoughts of you cut me like a knife  
Gone, gone, gone, gone down  
that lonely road  
But it won't be long until I'm coming home  
Another ticket, another town  
These lonely miles, they just take me down  
On this highway going anywhere  
I hear your voice when there's no one there  
Gone, gone, gone, gone down  
that lonely road  
But it won't be long until I'm coming home  
Take a boat, take a train  
Need some comfort just to ease the pain  
Out my window I sit and stare  
The days drag by, baby when you're not there  
Gone, gone, gone, gone down  
that lonely road  
But it won't be long until I'm coming home

Songwriters

Carter, Shawn / Cole, Jermaine / Brook, Holly / Grant, Alexander

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