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 knifeGone, gone, gone, gone down
that lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming homeAnother 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 thereGone, gone, gone, gone down
that lonely road
But it won't be long until I'm coming homeTake 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 thereGone, 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, AlexanderPublished by
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