

# Almost Home

Dana Fuchs

Yea, the wheels are grinding down a highway in the dark,  
Maps are useless, these roads are torn apart,  
I go blinded but guided by the shadows in my eyes,  
Lost all direction and the world has gone to bed,  
Digging in my pocket to get someone else's hand,  
What a different story, every solitary line I write,  
But I feel like I'm almost home,  
And I feel like I'm almost home,

You looking for signs but it's way too late to ask,  
I see a million exits but I stare and let them pass,  
Though the road is paved its been narrowed by the secrets that it keeps,  
Well I see your face smiling through my tears,  
Pass another place and relive all the years,  
I gotta keep on smiling even when my heart begs to sleep,..

And I feel like I'm almost home,  
And i feel like I might be coming home,  
Keep a light on, let it shine on me,  
I think I am closer than I used to be,  
Keep a light on let it shine shine on me,  
I think I am closer than I wanna be...

Now the wheels are grinding down highways in the night,  
No signs no streetlights not a resting stop in sight,  
but I go blinded but you know I'm guard, that I'm guarded by the shadows that are in my heart and you're in my  
heart  
and I feel like I'm almost home  
and I feel like I just might be coming home,  
I just might be home,  
You know I might be coming home...

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Lyrics submitted by Julie.

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