

# Comin' Home To You

Adam Gregory

drivin' down an open road  
there's nothin' on the radio  
the windshield wipers keeping time  
I'm thinking back when you were mine  
heavy feelin' in my soul  
hopin' i won't lose control  
but baby if i do  
i'm comin' home to you  
from arkansas to timbuctu  
i'd never stop i'd go right through  
forty days and forty nights  
have rained down on my paradise  
what am i suppose to do  
give me strength to make it through  
one more sleepless night  
i'm comin' home to you home fired chicken, banjo pickin'  
singin' all of our favorite songs  
everybody'd sing along with  
front porch swingin'  
just you lookin'  
like a queen at the high school prom  
where we danced all night long  
the moon shone down like a big spotlight  
and everything felt so right  
when you said i love you too  
now I'm comin' home to you well the rain drops falling  
drive my heal  
and I've got both hands on the wheel  
that picture of you in my mind  
it's got me burnin' up inside  
lord please help me find my way  
to find those magic words to say  
and baby when i do  
I'm comin' home to you home fired chicken, banjo pickin'  
singin' all of our favorite songs  
everybody'd sing along with  
front porch swingin'  
just you lookin'  
like a queen at the high school prom

where we danced all night long  
the moon shone down like a big  
spotlight  
and everything felt so right  
when you said i love you too  
now i'm comin' home to you

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