

Coming Home

There's a place I long to be
Where the sun is warm, the trees are green
Your voice carries on the wind
Come home, come home
I'm coming

There's a scent that sometimes whispers through the air
A smell so sweet on a breeze that's barely there
And it surges, yes it rises up within
Come home, come home
I'm coming

*I know I'm a long, long way away
But I get closer with every breath of every day
I may trek across a desert I don't know
But my soul sings your songs
And I'm coming home*

There's a face I can't wait to see
There's a feeling, it's a trembling at the knees
Your words, the words that set me free:
Come home, come home
I'm coming!

*I know I'm a long, long way away
But I get closer with every breath of every day
I may trek across a desert I don't know
But my soul sings your songs
And I'm coming home*

I'll walk with my head in the clouds
And my eyes on your face and your praise shouted out
I may trek across a world that's not my own
But my soul sings your songs
I'm coming

Through the deserts, through the mountains, through the valleys I will roam
Everest or ocean depth I know I'm not alone
I may be sleeping in the mud, I may be crawling
Might be breaking, might be falling
But I'm holding out for gold
But my soul sings your songs
I'm coming home