

Art Garfunkel "Long Way Home"

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The answer
Took some searchin'™ for,
But you think you understand.
With the lights still on,
Our clothes still on the floor,
And your head in your hands
You say he's™ holdin'™ you back
And bringin'™ you down.
You're™ all out of reasons
To stick around.
It's™ time to think of yourself
In spite of his tears
And break your vow
Of so many years.
Don't™ get me wrong.
I like what I hear,
And even if it's™ true,
I have to ask
Cause I want to be absolutely clear:
Just what am I to you?
Oh, I'm™ your light in the dark,
Your breath of fresh air,
The love of your life,
The answer to all your prayers.
No,
I am just your
Long way home.
I know it.
You'll™ know it soon.
I am just your
Long way home.
You're™ welcome.
That morning
The day had finally come
For somebody to lose.
You kissed me hard
And walked out of my door
To give him the bad news.
But I followed you there
Like the sick f__k I am
To see what he'd™ do
When you said good-bye again.

You opened the door,
And he opened his arms,
And you fell into them
Like a baby.
I left for my car.
I became your
Long way home.
I knew it.
You know it now.
I was just your
Long way home.
I knew it.
He knows it now.
I was just your
Long way home.
Youâ€™re welcome.

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