

## Amy Millan

# "Come Home Loaded Roadie"

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It's too cold by the window  
And too hot by the fire  
The porch light is burnt out  
And the sky looks tired

It's all wrong while your gone  
It's all wrong while your gone  
The bedroom is like a Monday  
And the phone is my only song

The nights a broken radio  
Even the dogs face is long  
It's all wrong while your gone  
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey  
Come home and flowers will bloom  
Come home are you as lonesome  
Come home soon

I can hear your wheels  
Turn on the lonely highway  
Ice kicked up in the February sun  
Of the town Thunderbay

It's all wrong while your gone  
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey  
Come home and flowers will bloom  
Come home are you as lonesome  
Come home soon

East to west, north to south  
Blind in the pines of highway 69  
Thirty loads in thirty nights  
Thirty cities and dirty dashboard days

It's all wrong while your gone  
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey

Come home and flowers will bloom  
Come home are you as lonesome  
Come home soon, come home soon  
Come home soon

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