

Bethany Joy Galeotti

"Songs In My Pocket"

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Honey I just can't get around it anymore
You make me feel like home is where you are
And baby I just can't run around it every morn
It's time that I believe it
Home is where you are

Notes in my drawers
Songs in my pockets
Fragments of letters that you sent
Leftover phone calls
Cologne in the bath
I still have that bottle of RosÃ©

Staring at your photograph
Trying to take it down
There's still a stirring in my heart

And honey I just can't get around it anymore
You make me feel like home is where you are
And baby I just can't run around it every morn
It's time that I believe it
Home is where you are

I've never been to half of these places
But your postcard collection makes me crave a little
space
A little ways out of the city to the grace of another land
Another tongue
Another time

Staring at your photograph
I can't take it down
There's still a fire in me yet

Honey I just can't get around it anymore
You make me feel like home is where you are
And baby I just can't run around it every morn
It's time that I believe it
Home is where you are

Oh
Honey I just can't get around it anymore

You make me feel like home is where you are
And baby I just can't run around it every morn
It's time that I believe it
Home is where you are

Honey I just can't
You better believe
Yeah
Yeah

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