

Bethany Joy Galeotti

"Songs In My Pockets"

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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'n
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 Ros'

Staring at your photograph, tryin' 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'n
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'n
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
Baby I just can't run around it every morn'n
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
Baby I just can't run around it every morn'n
It's time that I believe it, home is where you are

Honey I just can't
You better believe yeah

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