

## Eddie Meduza

### "Walking on home"

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Walking down an empty road, feeling dead inside  
But I have to carry on, hoping for a ride  
Every day I'm breaking up from some lonely place  
So my destination now is written in my face  
Walking on home, walking on home  
End of the road that I have roamed  
I'm walking on home

When I left my good old town I was so big and strong  
And the world was waiting there for me  
And it took me too much time to realize I'm wrong,  
Now I'm not so proud and fancy-free

I'm fed up with hitching rides in nights without a bed  
Spending time on dirty roads is going to my head  
Walking on home, walking on home

When you're young you're always strong, you can  
never loose  
But one day you're standing there with your worn-out  
shoes  
Buddy, you were really sure, you were doing great  
Suddenly you turn around and hope it's not too late  
Walking on home, walking on home  
End of the road that I have roamed  
Walking on home

You might think the grass is greener on the other side  
And that all the world belongs to you  
But it takes a lot of pain to slowly realize  
That the dreams you had were never true

'Cause you end up carrying loads or begging in the  
streets  
Then you realize that you must get up on your feet  
Walking on home, walking on home  
Walking on home, walking on home  
I've gotta go home

Walking on home, walking on home  
Walking on home, walking on home

Walking on home

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