

Honeydogs

"Come On Home"

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If we sit here in silence the rain will never come
This bone dry desert land, it beats us like a drum
And these unspoken words
Are swimming in our bellies drowning love

Won't you come on home, my love
Won't you come on home

You used to wake me gently, softly calling out my
name
The simple bed we'd lie on held our hearts up with it's
frame
Weeds out on the front porch
Dying leaves down in the basement drain

Won't you come on home, my love
Won't you come on home

Now we're looking down on silent streets for roses in
the dirt
We'll kick this like a dead horse but it only makes it
worse
We're hitching for a ride one at a time
You know damn well I'm going first

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