

Hum "Comin' Home"

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We're two points collapsing
Supercharged from the storm
Sun drench in our faces, too deformed
Bliss with intent to see us

Peeling locust skins from the locust tree
"Hang on to these places", she says to me

Living in this afternoon
Clearly we will have to turn and come home soon

She fell into me a point collapsing
With her loving face in the snow
The mission could be corrupted
And we wouldn't know
(And we wouldn't know)

My baby reads for the sound
I've got my feet against the ground
My baby reaches for the sound
I'll take you anywhere you want

Loving us more as you see us
Peeling locust skins from the locust trees
"Hang on to their faces", she screams to me

Living in this afternoon
Clearly we will have to turn and come home soon

Living in this afternoon
Clearly we will have to turn and come home soon

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