

Kris Kristofferson

"Long Way From Home"

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The clubs are all closed and the ladies are leaving,
There's nobody nobody knows on the street;
A few stranded souls standing cold at the station,
An nowhere to go but to bed and to sleep.

Chorus:

Lord, would you look at you
Now that you're here, ain't you
Proud of your peers
And the long way you've come?

All alone, all the way
On your own, who's to say
That you've thrown it away for a song?
Boy, you've sure come a long way from home.

So it's so long to so many so far behind you,

Fair-weather friends that you no longer know;
You've still got the same lonely songs to remind you
Of someone you seemed to be so long ago.

Lord, would you look at you
Now that you're here, ain't you
Proud of your peers
And the long way you've come?

All alone, all the way
On you own, who's to say
That you've thrown it away for a song?
Boy, you've sure come a long way from home.

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