

Coretta Scott "The Way Home"

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I can't believe she's finally here
Two weeks and I dread this whole damn trip
(how awkward this will be)
Smoke that take three of these, and go to sleep
I'll see you when you wake up, if you wake up...

On her way home
harsh winds blow the metal from wings
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky day
Way home, I'm breaking her heart, breaking her heart
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky

Tears and make-up smear conveyor belts at security
gates
I'm incognito as I'm checking plastic bags
full of body parts, please pay no attention to moving
limbs
Her time of death, our time of death was long ago

On her way home
harsh winds blow the metal from wings
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky day
Way home, I'm breaking her heart, breaking her heart
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky

It's her lucky day
It's her lucky day
Way home
harsh winds blow the metal from wings
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky day
Way home, I'm breaking her heart, breaking her heart
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky

Way home
harsh winds blow the metal from wings
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky
Way home, I'm breaking her heart, breaking her heart
She knows her plane's not landing, it's her lucky

Way home
(it's her lucky)
Way home

(it's her lucky)

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