

Papa Roach

"Not Coming Home"

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I fell asleep, to the sound
of the church bells ringing out
In this quiet little town
I am dreaming.

I woke up to the sound
of an angel crying out
Gotta leave this little town

Gotta move on

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone
Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone
Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Gotta phone-call from my son
he said, dad, you're number one
Mommy's going nuts, she thinks she's crazy
put your mother on the phone
I've gotta tell her she's not alone
She's sick of waiting around
Then I tell her these words

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone

Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone
Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Keep holding on,
It wont be long

but for now

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone
Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Im not coming home, not coming home
This Christmas I am all alone
Im not coming home, not coming home
I am out here on the road

Keep holding on,
It wont be long,
but for now

I'm not coming home

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