

David Mead

"Going Home"

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It should feel so good
It should be so right
Going home again
To find the years that shaped my life
But shadows line the streets
They whisper endlessly
And all I see are ghosts
Of my most painful memories

Going home, going home
Lord someday I'm going home
To a place where I know I belong
Where the ghosts and the fears
And the shadows disappear
Oh His angels bare us there
Going home

If somewhere in the night

You see a distant light
Lifting up my soul
To meet the God who gave us life
Mama don't you cry
Children don't you weep
For all the ghosts have vanquished
And my journey is complete

Oh going home, going home
Lord someday I'm going home
To a place where I know I belong
Where the ghosts and the fears
And the shadows disappear
Oh his angels bear us there
Going home

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