

Murder By Death "Comin' Home"

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By the light of the moon, I'm comin' home
Howlin' all the way, I'm comin' home
On my hands and knees, I'm comin' home
I know when I've been beat, yeah, I'm comin' home

By the skin of my teeth, I'm comin' home
By the sound of my feet, you'll know I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home but I ain't comin' home for you

I'm ridin' out the wind, I'm comin' home
It don't matter where I've been, I'm comin' home
Crawlin' on all fours, I'm comin' home
Turnin' brick walls into doors, I'm comin' home

I got that taste in my mouth, I got a hunger in my gut
My skin has turned to leather, my hair is banded rope
My knees have buckled beneath the weight of doubt
But now I miss the things that I have done without

I'm comin' home but I ain't comin' home for you
I'm comin' home and there ain't nothin' you can do
about it
Ain't nothin' you can do about it

Don't leave the light on, don't need you anymore, my
old friend
Put a cross above the door, lay up the boards, I'm on
my way
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home

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