

## Paul Brandt "Home"

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Front porch light would be turned on  
And I was always gone too long  
Curfew was at 10pm  
And I'd sneak in trying not to wake him when I got  
Home  
Daddy always said "Son, you're half a bubble off'a  
plumb  
Head-strong and stubborn", and maybe I was  
And I couldn't wait to leave  
Last place in the world I wanted to be was  
Home  
Now I'm flying down that old dirt road  
But it seems these wheels are spinning slow  
I'd never left that way if I'd have only known  
But he's gone, so here I am  
Home  
I sat in my car and cried  
I wished to God he was still alive  
Inside, mama wiped my tears  
She said, He would have been so happy that you're  
here at  
Home  
Then I thought about my life  
And about my kids and about my wife  
And about how time just flies no matter what you do  
And every soccer game I have missed  
And every time I fight when I could forgive  
And how I just can't let it come to this When I get  
Home  
Now I'm flying down that old dirt road  
But it seems these wheels are spinning slow  
And it's taken me a while but now I finally know  
Everything that matters most is at  
Home

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