

Chris Pureka

"Come Back Home"

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Maybe I won't give you a chance
to untangle all your stories...
I'll be as graceful as a bird now,
following the skyline...

and I'll land resting on the first thing
that doesn't bear your name...
I already took all the pictures down.

It's record highs out on the west coast,
it's another week of snow here,
oh how quickly we've forgotten,
just how we ended up here...

You know I dared you like a child
and then you only upped the ante,
and now you're stealing summer kisses
and I am freezing in my bed sheets,
and that's why, that's why...

I've got walls, I've got wings,
I am ready for the fire...
I've got trust in nothing,
see I lost it by and by,
but I've got something shining somewhere,
honey I dream on the sly...
won't you come back home?
Won't you come back home?

There are terrors deep inside me
that are screaming bloody hell
and I'm trying to keep my hands from shaking
while you tell me where you've been,

darlin' what is it you're doing,
with that hammer to my heart?
You tell me you don't know,
but there you are again,
you tell me you don't know...

So take another breath,

open your eyes,
see this is what you get,
yeah it serves you right,
and when it's all said and done,
it always seems so predictable, predictable
and that's why, that's why....

I've got walls, I've got wings,
I am ready for the fire...
I've got trust in nothing,
see I lost it by and by,
but I've got something shining somewhere,
honey I dream on the sly...
that you'll come back home,
that you'll come back home,
that you'll come back home....

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