## Phone Calls From Home "Coming Back To The World"

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Woah oh
I'm coming back to the world.
I'll start it over again.
Woah oh
I'm falling down by the wayside
I'll get up and sing it again.

She locks up all those tears on her bed, The door closed so she's all alone. Halfway through her sophmore year The pressures cut to the bone.

Overwelmed with the feelings she couldn't express
She paints red all over her fragile wrists.
Did she think she would be alright?
Did she think she could live like this?
So she prays to God to believe in trust, in hope, in life, in love.

She said
Woah oh
I'm coming back to the world.
I'll start it over again.
Woah oh
I'm falling down by the wayside
I'll get up and sing it again.

Another day, It's she same habit she tries to break. It doesn't go away. Her thoughts still say There's more to life than this.

She's always had a choice. Saturday she's found the inner strenght to say

Woah oh
I'm coming back to the world.
I'll start it over again.
Woah oh
I'm falling down by the wayside
I'll get up and sing it again.

(Get up and sing it again, and again, and again, and again)
(Get up and sing it again)

Woah oh
I'm coming back to the world.
I'll start it over again.
Woah oh
I'm falling down by the wayside
I'll get up and sing it again. [x2]

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