

Mark Wayne Glasmire

"Going Home"

Visit "[Going Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Early November
Leaves turning colors of red
And faded brown
Autumn wind blowing from the east
Sun sinking in the west
As I headed out of town
Leaving behind memories,
Of how my life used to be
Not knowing what lies 'round the bend
Keeping my eyes on
A bright new horizon
Starting all over again

Going home
Back to the place where I'm sure I first felt your love
Going home
No matter how long you're away it still fits like a glove
I know that I've been away far too long
But I think my heart know the way
I am not sure if it's right or it's wrong
This time I think I might stay
Going home

Thirty-six years
Of doing my duty
Twenty-four hours a day
Gave all I had
Till there's no more to give
Lord knows the high price I paid
5:30 mornings and calls without warnings
Laying my life on the line
Postures and stances
And rare second chances
They say all things heal over time

Repeat Chorus

Visit [Mark Wayne Glasmire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

