

Sara Groves "Going Home"

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I've been feeling kind of restless
I've been feeling out of place
I can hear a distant singing
A song that I can't write
And it echoes of what I'm always trying to say

There's a feeling, I can't capture
It's always just a prayer away
I want to know the ending
Things hoped for but not seen
But I guess that's the point of hoping anyway

Of going home, I'll meet you at the table
Going home, I'll meet you in the air
And you are never too young to think about it
Oh oh, I cannot wait to be home

I'm confined by my senses
To really know what you are like
You are more than I can fathom
And more than I can guess
And more than I can see with you in sight

But I have felt you with my spirit
I have felt you fill this room
And this is just an invitation
Just a sample of the whole
And I cannot wait to be going home

Going home, I'll meet you at the table
Going home, I'll meet you in the air
And you are never too young to think about it
Oh oh, I cannot wait to be going, to be going home

Face to face, how can it be?
Face to face, how can it be?
Face to face, how can it be?

'Cause this is just an invitation
Just a sample of the whole
And I cannot wait to be going home

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