

Write This Down

"The Road Back Home"

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Down to the crossroad with an open mind
Tails out tapes so please rewind
Do you mind if I me take a closer look
Add my name in blood and then close the book...

Now, I don't regret so much what I said
But it's sad some of it stayed inside my head
Jumped the garden wall, climbed the learning tree
Sleep the meadows green, high the memory

Like a slave to the grind
Of my own tortured mind
I just look for a road back home.

Wheels of life turning endlessly,
Like the rivers run to the sea.
Now I'm grateful to you and I tried to be true,
And after all, it's good to be alive

Bless my lucky star that you came my way
I picked up on most what you once said.
And it's always plain for the world to see
There's just one place where I long to be.

And I talked to the wind
Where am I to begin
I just pray for the road back home

Wheels of time turning endlessly...

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