

home

[morgxn](#)

You had a bed made
And all these precious memories
You had to run away
You're looking for that bigger stage
For all those, all those blinding lights
There's something, something I won't find
I'm going back home to the place where I belong
There's nothing like it
No, nothing like it
Take me back home
Where the blood runs through my soul
I can't describe it, there's nothing like it
You were my vagabond
You swam across the devil's pond
Let the comfort of your family
Deliver all your fantasies
And for all those, all those stars that shine
It's a different, different kind of light
I'm going back home to the place where I belong
There's nothing like it
No, nothing like it
Take me back home
Where the blood runs through my soul
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