

Home

American Authors

I've got these letters tatooed to my arm,
that remind me each second of where I come from,
and the long hard road. to guide me back home.Back to my mama who raised me up right,
and back to my lady I held every night.
It's a long hard road trying get back home.I've been gone now, for to longI'm not trying to stop
a hurricane.
I'm not trying to shake the ground below.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.
I'm not trying to over throw the throne.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.
I'm just trying to get home.
I've got this image engraved in my mind
of a life that I had in a whole different time,
it still breaths and lives at the end of the road.
I've seen mountains and valleys through my missing days,
but I never once parted, with how you begged me to stay.
I will run down that long hard and treacherous road, to get home.I'm not trying to stop a
hurricane.
I'm not trying to shake the ground below.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.
I'm not trying to over throw the throne.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.
I'm just trying to get home.I've been gone for so long, but my heart it carries on, as it pounds
like a drum.
I've been gone for so long, but my heart it carries on.
I won't give up.
I'm not trying to stop a hurricane.
I'm not trying to shake the ground below.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.
I'm not trying to over throw the throne.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.
I'm just trying to get home.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>