Bryan Adams, Coming Home

All those nights I've spent alone,
Uninspired, so tired and wasted.
There's lots of times I'd have telephoned,
I couldn't find the words to say,

I'm coming home,
Lord I'm coming home
I'll make it short,
I'll make it sweet,
Make it up to you and me.
I'm not the same guy I used to be,
What can I do to make you believe,

I'm coming home,
Oh I'm coming home.
I'm coming home,
Yeah I'm coming home.
Only seems like yesterday,
You and I were sayin' goodbye,
Now I'm just a few miles away
Gonna see you tonight.

I've been alone and I live the pain,
Reach for you in desperation.
I was wrong, I'll take the blame,
I need you back now I just can't wait,

I'm coming home
Yeah I'm coming home.
Coming home,
I'm just coming, coming,
Waiting it out.
I'm just coming home.