

# Lonestar, You're Like Comin' Home

Ridin' restless under broken sky,  
Weary traveller, somethin' missin' inside,  
Always lookin' for a reason to turn around.  
Desperate for a little peace of mind.  
Just a little piece of what I left behind:  
Well, I found it now: you're like coming home.

You're like a Sunday mornin', pleasin' my eyes;  
You're a midsummer's dream under a star-soaked sky.  
That peaceful easy feelin' at the end of a long, long road.  
You're like coming home;  
You're like coming home, all right.

Go head an' let your hair fall down.  
This wanderlust: it's gone now.  
I'm here in your arms; I'm safe from the road again.  
These are the days that can't be erased:  
Baby, there isn't a better place;  
You're like heaven: you're like coming home.

You're like a Sunday mornin', pleasin' my eyes;  
You're a midsummer's dream under a star-soaked sky.  
That peaceful easy feelin' at the end of a long, long road.  
You're like coming home;

You're that innocence, that serenity,  
That long-lost part of me.

You're like a Sunday mornin', pleasin' my eyes;  
A midsummer's dream under a star-soaked sky.  
That peaceful easy feelin' at the end of a long, long road.

You're like a Sunday mornin', pleasin' my eyes;  
You're a midsummer's dream under a star-soaked sky.  
That peaceful easy feelin' at the end of a long, long road.  
You're like coming home, yeah.  
You're like coming home;  
Baby, like coming home;  
You're like coming home.