

# Pearl Jam, Thumbing My Way

i have not been home since you left long ago  
i'm thumbing my way back to heaven  
counting steps, walking backwards on the road  
i'm counting my way back to heaven  
i can't be free with what's locked inside of me  
if there was a key, you took it in your hand  
there's no wrong or right, but i'm sure there's good and bad  
the questions linger overhead  
no matter how cold the winter, there's a springtime ahead  
i'm thumbing my way back to heaven  
i wish that i could hold you  
i wish that i had  
thinking 'bout heaven  
i let go of a rope, thinking that's what held me back  
and in time i've realized, it's now wrapped around my neck  
i can't see what's next, from this lonely overpass  
hang my head and count my steps, as another car goes past  
all the rusted signs we ignore throughout our lives  
choosing the shiny ones instead  
i turned my back, now there's no turning back  
no matter how cold the winter, there's a springtime ahead  
i smile, but who am i kidding?  
i'm just walking the miles, every once in a while i'll get a ride  
i'm thumbing my way back to heaven  
thumbing my way back to heaven  
i'm thumbing my way back to heaven...