

Amy Millan, Come Home Loaded Roadie

It's too cold by the window
and too hot by the fire

The porch light is burnt out
and the sky looks tired

It's all wrong while your gone
It's all wrong while your gone

The bedroom is like a Monday and the phone is my only song

The nights a broken radio even the dogs face is long

It's all wrong while your gone
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey
Come home and flowers will bloom
Come home are you as lonesome
Come home soon

I can hear your wheels turn on the lonely highway
Ice kicked up in the February sun of the town Thunderbay

It's all wrong while your gone
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey
Come home and flowers will bloom
Come home are you as lonesome
Come home soon

East to west, north to south, blind in the pines of highway 69

Thirty loads in thirty nights, thirty cities and dirty dashboard days

It's all wrong while your gone
It's all wrong while your gone

Come home and the birds will bring you honey
Come home and flowers will bloom
Come home are you as lonesome
Come home soon
Come home soon
Come home soon