

# Bethany Joy Lenz, Songs In My Pocket

Honey I just can't  
Get around it anymore  
You make me feel like  
Home is where you are  
And baby I just can't  
Run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it  
Home is where you are  
Notes in my drawers  
Songs in my pockets  
Fragments of letters that you've sent  
Leftover phone calls  
Cologne in the bath  
I still have that bottle of Ros  
Starring at your photograph  
Trying to take it down  
There's still a stirring in my heart  
And Honey I just can't  
Get around it anymore  
You make me feel like  
Home is where you are  
And baby I just can't  
Run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it  
Home is where you are  
I've never been to  
Half of these places  
But your postcards collection makes me crave  
A little space, a little waves, out of the city to the grace of  
Another land, another tongue, another time  
Starring at your photograph  
I can't take it down  
There's still fire in me yet  
Honey I just can't  
Get around it anymore  
'Cause you make me feel like  
Home is where you are  
And baby I just can't  
Run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it  
Home is where you are  
Oh, honey I just can't  
Get around it anymore  
You make me feel like  
Home is where you are  
Baby I just can't  
Run around it every morn'n  
It's time that I believe it  
Home is where you are  
Honey I just can't  
You better believe  
Yeah, yeah...yeah