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 ťake 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