Blues Traveler, When Johnny Comes Marching H

Take a look out to the east, where the sun will rise
And think of all the possibility it brings
And it's that which makes it seem a hope that life dead lies
With it's rationale that enslaves kings

But now I can't escape the fact that it feel wrong to me
And though the sun shines all the same I still feel lost
Because illumination doesn't mean you get to see what matters
Sometimes you buy the fear and know the cost
Sometimes you have to buy the fear to know the cost

And when I come marching home
When I come marching home
When johnny comes marching home again to you
I swear it'll be the last time

I close my eyes and I can see a thousand scenes of happy ending
But I'm relieved to wake up to the darkest sky
The night feels clear, the course unchanged
And a lonely wind gives call
The darkest sky allows the brightest stars to steer your own ship by

But now I can't escape the fact those dreams feel real to me
And though before I've laid my siege and faced attack
In the end, I must admit, I'm just the least bit terrified
For the first time I look for home and I think of starting back
For the first time, I think of starting back

The heart that beats

Is a heart that grows
And through torrid gale
I hold it wheel, because I know
Where you are
Is where I'll be
But it's who you are
That already gives comfort to me

And should the dawn ever decide to set me free
Perhaps in a new way by the light of day
I could learn to face the sunrise
But that still remains for you and I to see
Cause now I'm able to escape that I'm alone in this
And though before I've always taken it that way
And though I'm not used to the exercise
I can offer you my hand
I might even learn to love the light of day
I might even learn to love the light of day

And when I come marching home
When I come marching home
When johnny comes marching home again to you
I swear it'll be the last time

Because this time I want to stay
I won't ever want to go away
And when I come marching home again to you
I swear it'll be the last time