

Chris Daughtry, I'm going home

I'm staring out into the night,
Trying to hide the pain.
I'm going to the place where love
And feeling good don't ever cost a thing.
And the pain you feel's a different kind of pain.
I'm going home,
Back to the place where I belong,
And where your love has always been enough for me.
I'm running from.
No, I think you got me all wrong.
I don't regret this life I chose for me.
But these places and these faces are getting old
So I'm going home.
Well I'm going home.
The miles are getting longer, it seems,
The closer I get to you.
I've not always been the best man or friend for you.
But your love, remains true.
And I don't know why.
You always seem to give me another try.
So I'm going home,
Back to the place where I belong,
And where your love has always been enough for me.
I'm running from.
No, I think you got me all wrong.
I don't regret this life I chose for me.
But these places and these faces are getting old.
Be careful what you wish for,
'Cause you just might get it all.
You just might get it all,
And then some you don't want.
Be careful what you wish for,
'Cause you just might get it all.
You just might get it all, yeah.
Oh, well I'm going home,
Back to the place where I belong,
And where your love has always been enough for me.
I'm not running from.
No, I think you got me all wrong.
I don't regret this life I chose for me.
But these places and these faces are getting old.
I said these places and these faces are getting old.
So I'm going home.
I'm going home.