

# Cinderella, Back Home Again

I hit the road wide open at seventeen  
Mama cried herself to sleep  
Lost a dad I'd never seen  
Took all my childhood friends  
Guitar, and a dream  
Some say I got it bad  
I say I've got the cream

No, no, no  
I roll into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black  
Go, go, go  
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back

I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home

I worked from nine to five at twenty-two  
Felt good to stay alive  
Good times were far and few

Trustin' my hopes and dreams  
With someone who said they knew  
Just how to make ends meet  
They haven't got a clue

No, no, no  
I rolled into town and I'm spinnin' my wheels to black  
Go, go, go  
I hit the stage and you make me feel like I'm back

I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home  
Take me back

I'm back  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home again  
I'm back  
Back home