

Don Henley, Long Way Home

Oh It's cold and lonely here in this telephone booth
There's three sides to every story, baby
There's yours and there's mine and the cold, hard truth
I think there's somethin' missin' 'round here I don't know where it's gone
And it's a long way back home
The heat don't work, the toaster don't work, the car don't work
I guess I know why
This house don't work and this dream don't work no more
Lover neither do you and I
I fall asleep with colors flyin'
Over sand and foam
But it's a long way back home

BRIDGE:

I know your heart is breaking
Maybe my heart's breaking, too

.....and it's a long way back home

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-doo-don-day
Sha-la-la-la