

John Hiatt, Come Home To You

There's a mad little kid at the top of the stair
And his eyes they gather no light
And his mom and his dad they're too high to care
As his cries drift off in the night

And I've been that kid yeah it's true
And I've been both of those parents too
I'm ashamed when I've lost my way
But I'd do anything just to come home to you

It's the twilight that captures the sorrow of time
In between the life and the lived
I press on through the darkness so thoroughly blind
To a light a new morning gives

And it sparkles like each new tomorrow
I drank up my last yesterday
Tasted sweet joy and bittersweet sorrow
And I'd do anything just to come home to you

There's a meanness inside and it shivers my bones
That's the thing about mercy I guess
There's no man so wicked he cannot come home
Nor so good he passes each test

As the fires of memories burn me
The grace of your love returns me
To this most traveled of highways
Where I'd do anything just to come home to you
I would do anything just to come home to you