

O.C. Supertones, Welcome Home

Well, It's times like these
And it's days like this that remind me I'm living in the wilderness,
And you don't know when trouble's gonna come you way
Or when God's gonna give or take it away.

This life,
This life is fleeting everything,
Everything's dyin',
But one day I'll awake,
All my problems and my sin,
The won't matter to me then,
"Son, welcome home."

The day doesn't guarantee to come again,
And life only promises that it will end,
And we all gotta stand before the Lord one day,
And I don't wanna die but I don't wanna stay down here
I feel like a stranger,
I know, I don't belong here,
I wanna run and I'll fall down at Jesus' feet and lay.
I can't way to here him say,
"Son, welcome home."

(bridge)
But I'm still here,
And I'm tired,
tired of sin and struggling,
tired of almost everthing
and sometimes,
small and clear
I could swear that I could hear
angels voices in my ear
sayin' "welcome home."