

# Richard Hawley, Coming Home

Going to the station, ticket in my hand  
Gonna see my lady, think she'll understand, my lord

Walkin to the river, take my rocking chair  
Let that feeling overtake me, drift away from here, my lord

I think I'm coming home to you, my lord  
I think I'm coming home, my lord

Got a situation, blowin in my head  
Got a short time to stay here, long time to stay dead, my lord

Goin to the station, it's time for me to go  
Don't think that I will miss you, when that whistle blows, my lord

I think I'm coming home to you, my lord  
I think I'm coming home, my lord  
I think I'm coming home, my lord

Don't know if it's the force, or the situation  
But something just bother's me  
Don't know if I can make it  
Somewhere else

Goin to the river, take my old chair  
Let that feeling overtake me, drift away from here, my lord  
Drift away from here, my lord  
Drift away from here, my lord  
Drift away from here, my lord.