

# Shawn Mullins, Home

The funniest girl I ever knew  
had hair as orange as Halloween  
The bluest eyes that saw right through  
all the b.s. in everything  
She was an artist from the start  
and she always sang from the bottom of her heart  
And through her road was so long  
she finally made her way back home  
yeah she finally made her way back home  
The loneliest kid I ever saw  
owned and old man's callused hands  
sitting barefoot in front of an dime store  
in a place some called the promised land  
he had hollow sunken eyes  
but he was smiling big like he'd won some kinda prize  
he was ragged, he was rolling like a stone  
in the dirty city streets that he called home  
yeah the dirty city streets that he called home  
Hobos, tramps and troubadours  
don't ride in boxcars like they did before  
seems like most of heroes just ain't around no more  
I know I'm lucky to sing my songs  
and if you want to you can sing along  
We've been on this road so long  
Won't you help me find my way back home?  
Help me find my way back home