

# The American Life, Coming Home

Leaning my head against  
Your own bedroom door again  
I listen for lost deep undertones  
Of my fathers voice so loud  
It keeps calling out  
I'm pulling out your dresser drawer  
And opening the closet door  
Hoping to catch that familiar scent  
That used to keep me safe at night  
I could scream but you'd never hear me  
Searching for truth inside it all  
Whoa, where did you go that night?  
I'll catch a glimpse of you sometimes  
Whoa, where did you go to?  
Thinking back to the past  
While searching through photographs  
I scatter these old memories  
Painting all of the harder scenes  
In the hardest dreams  
Knowing you were always right  
And wishing for that last goodbye  
You may be gone now but I know  
That you still keep me safe at night  
I have cried and broken to pieces  
Searching for truth inside it all  
Whoa, where did you go that night?  
I'll catch a glimpse of you sometimes  
Whoa, where did you go to?  
Searching for truth inside it all  
Whoa, Whoa, Oh, Oh  
I'll catch a glimpse of you sometimes  
Whoa, I'll always remember  
We take for granted all this time  
We live a life we call a lie  
It's not the answer  
It's not the answer  
We take for granted all this time  
We live a life we call a lie  
It's not the answer  
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