

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
It's not the answer
Searching for truth inside it all
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