

LONGING FOR HOME

When I was young . . . I was a dreamer.
I thought this world . . . was mine to own.
And every day . . . was an adventure,
All mine to claim . . . I'd make a name
That all would know.

Then as I grew . . . I longed for comfort.
To taste the things . . . this world affords.
But at their best . . . those things were fleeting,
A gnawing grew . . . inside I knew
There must be more.

And now I find . . . myself here thinking
How sweet this life . . . has been to hold.
But through it all—the pain, the blessings,
There's been a pull . . . to leave this world
For streets of gold.

Now I'm long-ing for home.
Yes, I'm long-ing to-be where I belong.
I love the life I've lived but I know soon it will be gone.
That's why I'm long-ing for home.

Come home, Come home . . . it's suppertime,
That's why I'm long-ing for home.