

Cinders - Call It Home

Tom: A

I hope you miss your flight
 And never leave this town
 Why don't you try tonight
 To stay on solid ground
 Oh my darlin i caught you running
 Where are you off to this time
 Your momma?s calling and i am stalling
 I can?t keep up this old lie
 You are a big girl now
 No more marry go rounds
 Get that ticket and
 Come on fly home
 You can have your old room
 Still smells like your perfume
 A place to call your own
 Its not much to brag about i know
 But i wish that you could call it home

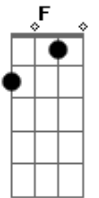
(A)

I hope you call tonight
 And tell me what you?re up to
 I hope you find that life
 That i couldn?t give you
 Oh my darlin this is exhausting
 Where are you off to this time
 Your momma?s crying i?m still trying
 I can?t keep up this old lie
 You are a big girl now
 No more mary go rounds
 n.c
 Get that ticket and
 Come on fly home
 You can have your old room
 Still smells like your perfume
 A place to call your own
 Its not much to brag about i know
 But i wish that you could call it home

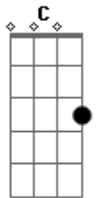
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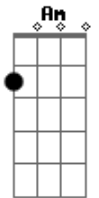
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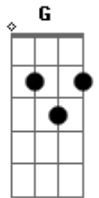
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