

Home

American Authors

I've got these letters tatoed to my arm,
that remind me each second of where I come from,
and the long hard road. to guide me back home.Back to my mama who raised me up right,
and back to my lady I held every night.
It's a long hard road trying get back home.I've been gone now, for to longI'm not trying to stop
a hurricane.

I'm not trying to shake the ground below.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.

I'm not trying to over throw the throne.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.

I'm just trying to get home.

I've got this image engraved in my mind
of a life that I had in a whole different time,
it still breaths and lives at the end of the road.

I've seen mountains and valleys through my missing days,
but I never once parted, with how you begged me to stay.

I will run down that long hard and treacherous road, to get home.I'm not trying to stop a
hurricane.

I'm not trying to shake the ground below.
I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.

I'm not trying to over throw the throne.

I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.

I'm just trying to get home.I've been gone for so long, but my heart it carries on, as it pounds
like a drum.

I've been gone for so long, but my heart it carries on.

I won't give up.

I'm not trying to stop a hurricane.

I'm not trying to shake the ground below.

I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.I'm not trying to part the ocean waves.

I'm not trying to over throw the throne.

I'm just trying to find a way to make it back home.

I'm just trying to get home.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>