

# Carry Me Home

by Ali Matthews (c) 2010



This song is an orphan, it's sweet and its blue  
This song tells a story too sad to be true  
It lies on my pillow and it calls out for you  
and soon it will carry me home

These boots came from Europe, made of leather so fine  
Oh the miles they have travelled, oh the hills they have climbed  
They're scuffed and they're worn but they're favorites of mine  
and soon they will carry me home

(chorus)

Home, with eyes closed and heart open  
Home, though my spirit is broken  
well maybe I was wrong  
maybe I wasn't lost all along

Hold on to this moment, it's a bird in your hand  
'cause this life will get stolen and turn to water and sand  
but I have a Love, a Love so much more than I am  
and soon it will carry me home

Home, with eyes closed and hearts open  
home, with a spirit thats broken  
well maybe I was wrong  
maybe I wasn't lost all along  
well maybe I was wrong  
maybe you were right here all along

This song is an orphan, it's sweet and its blue  
This song tells a story too sad to be true  
It lies on my pillow and it calls out for you  
and soon it will carry me home

