

Five miles off the ground, listenin' to the sound  
Of those jet engines pushin' me from California to JFK  
The sun's early mornin' light hits the steam off my coffee just right  
I look down at those little squares of farmland startin' their day  
Somewhere down there my friends are doin' those things I miss about them  
Will's makin' calls & KC's hangin' the We're Open sign in his old man's store  
Gina's oversleeping, Kate's out in the stable sweepin'  
Dave's blastin' Zeppelin in his busted up Ford with a coffee pot on the floor

And I can't help but wonder, did I choose right  
Leavin' all that behind to try my luck out on the coast  
Cause still I'm feelin' often that I'm caught in the middle  
Between where I'm at and that place I miss the most  
Place I miss the most

Home  
Sometimes getting's lost is what I need to find my way  
Home  
The city lights are pretty but they're just so far away

2 AM return flight, red-eye took off at midnight  
Flight attendant dims the lights and all the passengers dream away  
It's dark down there but I know one of those lights that still glows  
Is that old house full of people I love spinning stories about their days  
Do they know I'm up here, far away but my heart's still near  
I can almost hear the laughter from that screened-in porch out by the lake  
Man I wish that I could watch fireflies dance in those old woods  
I bet that ol'rope swing still hangs in the tree we were so afraid would break

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It's funny how as time goes by the things that matter most get crystal clear  
Whatever I was looking for has always been right here

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