

# Going Home

Sara Groves

I've been feeling kind of restless  
I've been feeling out of place  
I can hear a distant singing  
A song that I can't write  
And it echoes of what I'm always trying to say

There's a feeling I can't capture  
It's always just a prayer away  
I want to know the ending  
Things hoped for but not seen  
But I guess that's the point of hoping anyway

Of going home, I'll meet you at the table  
Going home, I'll meet you in the air  
And you are never too young to think about it  
Oh, I cannot wait to be home

I'm confined by my senses  
To really know what you are like  
You are more than I can fathom  
And more than I can guess  
And more than I can see with you in sight

But I have felt you with my spirit  
I have felt you fill this room  
And this is just an invitation  
Just a sample of the whole  
And I cannot wait to be going home

Going home, I'll meet you at the table  
Going home, I'll meet you in the air  
And you are never too young to think about it  
Oh, I cannot wait to be going, to be going home

Face to face, how can it be  
Face to face, how can it be  
Face to face, how can it be

'cause this is just an invitation  
Just a sample of the whole  
And I cannot wait to be going home