

Coming Home

Vlasta Horvath

Sometimes I feel, the wind is blowing, but in a while, my heart goes down.
Don't make a fuss, it's cool, honey, it's paradise, so many lies.
Sometimes I feel, that was a near go, don't want to say.
I'm nearly proud.
I've tried enough, my God knows better, my God and you, so many lies.
Yes, I've tried, really hard, now I'm coming home, thank you, Nowhere.
I'm Coming home, coming home, coming home, coming home, coming home.
Sometimes I feel, the wind is blowing.
I play around. I tell you now.
Don't make a fuss, it works, honey, it's paradise, so many lies.
Yes, I've tried, really hard, now I'm coming home, thank you, Nowhere.
Coming home, coming home, coming home, coming home, coming home, yes, I'm coming home my sweet babe.
Coming home, here we go again, coming home, yeh, yeh, coming home.