

(Mark Ward)

Called you up about an hour ago
No one answered guess you weren't home
Since you left I've had a lot of time to think

Been a month of Mondays since I took a drink
Poured what I had stashed down the kitchen sink
Bein angry it ain't no way to live
Takin more than I'll ever give
I only wish this pain would go away

Chorus

Cause home is where the hurt is
Still tryin to find myself
Stuck here in the middle of lonesome
Wishin I was somewhere else
And this achin heart wasn't filled with bitterness
So alone
Cause home is where the hurt is

Silence he ain't a stranger now
I've come to know him well somehow
Too often dreams echo with the shadows

All I know is I need a friend
Waitin on the bitter end
Bein angry ain't no way to be
Can you believe what's become of me
And all I want is to feel your skin again

Chorus

Home, Home
Home is where the hurt is
I'm so alone
Home is where the hurt is
The heart is gone
Home is where the hurt is