

(Hamill)

I thought I'd give it up for good,
'cause none of my actions are understood.
I thought I'd really leave,
and my coming back's something you'd never perceive.
I thought I'd make it;
Yes, I really thought I'd make it,
but then you smiled, you didn't rile me,
now I'm running back
running, running back.

I saw a vision of a love long deceased
and a chilly wind coming from East.
I know I can say I did my best,
but there were no more warm winds from the West.
Still I thought I'd make it;
Yes, I really thought I'd make it,
but then you smiled, you didn't rile me,
now I'm running back
running, running back.

I thought you'd never be missed,
and I really believed we'd never share another kiss.
And I thought for the last time I'd touched your hand,
but your love draws me back like quicksand.
Still I thought I'd make it;
Yes, I really thought I'd make it,
but then you smiled, you didn't rile me,
now I'm running back
running, running back.

And now I'm coming yes home.

I'm coming home.