

# I'm Coming Home

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 2004

When the week is over, when the job is done  
I strap on my Toyota to greet the morning sun  
And take the Northeast Passage, no longer to remain  
I'm finally on that road back home, again

*Chorus:*

I'm coming home, where my love lies waiting for me  
I'm coming home, and I'll see my son there, too  
I'm coming home, under sunny skies or stormy  
I'm coming home; I'm coming home to you

This much is for certain, dawning of the day,  
Like dusk, is not a curtain, just shifting shades of grey  
And me, I miss you madly, the longer I remain  
I'm longing for that road back home, again

*Chorus*

Monday makes me crazy, Tuesday's pretty tough  
Wednesday winds up hazy, Thursday things get rough  
And Friday falls the hardest, while hours still remain  
Until I'm on that road back home, again

*Chorus*

When the week is over, when the job is done  
I strap on my Toyota to greet the morning sun  
And take the Northeast Passage, no longer to remain  
I'm finally on that road back home, again

*Chorus*

I'm coming home!