

Flight Home to Dallas

warm Americana / soft-pop homecoming — mid-tempo, ~112 BPM, gratitude with an exhale

[Verse 1] Boarding pass and a paper cup of coffee going cold, the whole trip folded up and tucked into my carry-on. I did the thing I came to do, I'm worn down to the gold — that good kind of tired that only comes when the good work's done.

[Pre-Chorus] And the engines start to hum, and the runway lets me go —

[Chorus] Take me home, take me home to Dallas, where the porch light's on and the sky goes wide. I've got nothing left to prove tonight, just an aisle seat and a window sky — Lord, it's a good kind of tired, carrying me home.

[Verse 2] Somewhere over Texas the map turns into a name, the little towns like embers strung along the dark below. I'll trade these borrowed rooms for a door that knows my name, and a bed that's mine, and the morning coming slow.

[Pre-Chorus] And the city starts to climb, comin' up beneath the wing —

[Chorus] Take me home, take me home to Dallas, where the porch light's on and the sky goes wide. I've got nothing left to prove tonight, just an aisle seat and a window sky — Lord, it's a good kind of tired, carrying me home.

[Bridge] Every mile I flew out there was a mile I meant to come back from — now I'm leaning on this window watching Dallas turn to gold, turn to gold.

[Final Chorus] So take me home, take me home to Dallas, where the porch light's on and the sky goes wide. I don't need the world tonight, just the ground beneath a Texas sky — Lord, it's a good kind of tired,

[Outro] and it's carrying me home. Carrying me home.