

Gotta Get Home

77 Bombay Street

Walking in the shadows of mankind
Drinking from the dust in the streets
Living through the seasons having 1000 reasons
Trying to make ends meet
Flipping coins and lights in September
Dancing with the leaves of July
February pavements seem to hold resentments
Against me as time's flying by

Gotta get home, gotta get home in December
When the lights are shining bright
Gotta get back to what I remember
And then everything's alright
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December

I have seen the Eiffel Tower in Paris
And I have seen the squares of New York
I been sleeping next to towers, singing songs for hours
Finding comfort in being a dork
Playing with the whales in the ocean
Climbing on a mountain with blue eyes
And under porches and bridges I've learned that all the riches
Are waiting for me in disguise

Gotta get home, gotta get home in December
When the lights are shining bright
Gotta get back to what I remember
And then everything's alright
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December

I want to go back, I need to go back home
My friends are waiting for me to come back home
And everybody's there and we have things to share
And the family prayer, something is in the wind and I know for sure
Deep down in the core, now it's time to go
To my loved ones, I need to go back home

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When the lights are shining bright
Gotta get back to what I remember
And then everything's alright
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December

I want to go back home
I want to get back home