

Home

Jack Johnson

I've gotta get home there's a garden to tend
There's food on the ground and the birds have all moved back
Into my attic, whistling static and the young learn to fly
I will patch all the holes up again

Well, I can't believe that my lime tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping, I guess it got fed up with not being
fed
And I would be too, I keep food in my belly
And hope that my time isn't soon

And so I tried to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And wherever we are home is there too
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrown into waxing moon
Home is wherever we are if there's nothing too

In the back of our house there's a trail that won't end
We were walking so far that it grew back again
There's no trail at all only grass growing taller
Get out my machete battle with time once again
But I'm bound to lose 'cause I'll be down if time don't win

I've gotta get home there's a garden to tend
All the seeds from the fruits buried and begin their
Own family trees teach them, thank you and pleases
They spread their own roots, then watch their young fruit grow
again
And this old trail will lead me right back to where it begins

And so I tried to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And whatever I find I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrown into waxing moon
Home is wherever we are if there's nothing too