

# Happy Home

Lukas Graham

Mama called about the paper turns out,  
They wrote about me,  
Now my broken heart's the only thing,  
That's broke about me,  
So many people should have seen,  
What we got going on,  
I only wanna put my heart,  
And my life in songs,  
Writing about the pain I felt,  
With my daddy gone,  
About the emptiness I felt,  
When I sat alone,  
About the happiness I feel,  
When I sing it loud,  
He should have heard the noise,  
We made with the happy crowd.

Did my granddaddy know he taught me,  
What a poem was,  
How you can use a sentence,  
Or just a simple pause,  
What will I say when my kids ask me,  
Who my daddy was,  
I thought about it for a while,  
And I'm at a loss,  
Knowing that I'm gonna live,  
My whole life without him,  
I found out a lot of things,  
I never knew about him,  
All I know is,  
That I'll never really be alone,  
Cause we gotta lot of love,  
And a happy home.

Magazines are writing stuff,  
But I don't ever read them,  
Some of the folks I used to know,  
Would see and start believing,  
That I would pass them by on streets,  
And never reach to greet them,  
I still remember folks even though,  
I rarely meet them,  
Don't you know I miss the times,  
When we used to hang,  
Before twenty deep depended,  
On a single man,  
Before a single heart was broken,  
By a single blow,  
Before all our careers depended,  
On a single show.

I grew up with a lot of love,  
In a happy home,  
Now I got a lot of cash,  
And I'm on a road,  
I realize privacy's,  
Becoming difficult,

It's all right now,  
But what about when I'm old,  
I know my good friends now,  
They'll last,  
The same ones that stood by me,  
When my daddy past,  
All I know is,  
That we'll never really be alone,  
Cause we got a lot of love,  
And a happy home.

I write a lot of songs,  
Will anybody ever read them,  
You hear them on the radio,  
But will you really read them,  
Why do we have our idols,  
And why do we wanna be them,  
After we see them on TV,  
We really wanna meet them,  
Don't you think they miss the time,  
When they used to hang,  
Before a fan base depended,  
On a single man,  
Before a single heart was broken,  
By a single show,  
Who's gonna stand, who's gonna fall,  
I really wanna know.

I grew up with a lot of love,  
In a happy home,  
My daddy use to play me vinyl,  
But now daddy's gone,  
I used to practice with my mommy,  
On the piano,  
I still get nervous every time,  
I know she's at a show,  
Now my family comes first,  
Before everyone,  
I had the perfect dad,  
I wanna be the perfect son,  
Though I really feel sometimes,  
I am on my own,  
I know I got a lot of love,  
And a happy home.