Home

Marc Broussard

Rolling down the road Going no where, guitar packed in the trunk Somewhere around mile marker 112 Papa started humming the funk I gotta Jones in my bones Before I know, we be singing this melody Stop the car, pull out the guitar Halfway to New Orleans

Said take me home, home, home, home Take me home, home, home, home

Could feel sun about to rise When I realized we had nothing to fear Just me and my daddy and a kid named Cole Playing music that nobody could hear And then the sun let up and it split the night Spilling over our jubilee 10,000 cars by the side of the road Grooving far as the eye can see

Said take me home, home, home, home Take me home, home, home Said take me home, home, home, home Said take me home, home, home, home

This greyhound is delta bound mama Baby boy done finally found Said this greyhound is delta bound mama Baby boy done finally found his way home, home, home, home Said take me home, home, home, home

Here we go

Hot damn you should've felt the groove Like I was swimming in a sea of soul The sun was rising and the day was hot And we was all about to loose control My daddy turned his face up towards the sky And I knew that there was nothing to loose I felt the crowd breathe in and I closed my eyes And we disappeared into the groove

Said take me home, home, home, home Said take me home, home, home, home Take me home, home, home, home Said take me home, home, home, home

Straight from the water Straight from the water children Straight from the water Straight from the water children Straight from the water Straight from the water children Straight from the water You don't know nothing about this Take me home, home, home, home Said take me home Take me home Said take me home