

Honeycomb Child

Natalie Imbruglia

Melting honeycomb
Tie my shoelace on my own
That boy laughing you
Where are your warm hands
To pull me back in

Home
Home
Home
To your love
Home
Home
Home
To your love

Climb down the oaktree
Feeling the dry grass under my feet
I'm here without you
Holding on
Holding on
Nothing to lose

Home
Home
Home
To your love
Home
Home
Home
To your love

And I don't mind
You pretending to the others
And I don't mind
You protecting all the others

You, you carried me in
To bed from the car
I painted your face
But I had to ask
Permission to go
But don't go to far
And we like to watch
All the flickering stars

You don't like your face
But that's who you are
I got all those shells
And put them in a box

How far would you go
If I didn't want to stop
I looked in your eyes
And it was all gone

Home
Home

Home
To your love
Home
Home
Home
To your love
Home
Home
Home
Home
To your love
Home
Home
Home
To your love