

# Home

Smash Mouth

Well here I am at my front door  
And oh what an odor is rising  
It seems I've stood at this porch at lesser times  
Now I've been down the road  
You know the one you've dreamed about  
And that's surprises you  
And I'm sure you'll chalk it up to sell out crime  
Home  
What do you do when opportunity knocks  
When success stalks and along comes fame  
Do you open the door or watch in horror  
Through the peep hole as they all go away  
Lottery or poverty you're a commodity so what's it gonna be  
I'm moving on I'm moving on  
Home I'm going home I'm going home  
Sitting in that same spot  
There with the other lot whining  
And you know this must be just a mirage  
Ain't no doubt I ain't got the clout that's defined by you  
But oil stains are all you're gonna find in my garage  
Hey whatcha gonna do when the fun stops  
When the boat rocks and the crew gets old  
Make up your mind it's about time  
Because at this time you're staying  
Home