

When I come home, you won't be there any more
When I come home, you won't be there any more
And you will tear off your clothes and kiss the floor
When I come home, home, home

When I see land you will conjure up a storm
When I see land you will conjure up a storm
And I will tie your hands to the highest mast
When I see land, land, land

And we will hustle, hustle, hustle to be free
Free from all the
Happy thoughts and smiles across the sea
In favour of the
Mean, mean, moves,
And back doors to the heart from where we
Always, always fall apart

And you will slide on the back of my bike
And you will slide on the back seat of my bike
And I will ride you home drunken in the rain
and you will win again and again

Now it's your turn you will tie me to the tree
Now it's your turn you will tie me to the tree
And you will sing and sing, forever you and me
And in the dark I wonder what you see

And we will hustle, hustle, hustle to be free
Free from all the
Happy thoughts and smiles across the sea
In favour of the
Mean, mean, moves,
And back doors to the heart from where we
Always, always fall apart