

# Long Way Home

Wretch 32

Rolling through London, I've been cruising a while  
I see a man in a feud with his girl  
Yeah about losing his child  
She was crying him a river I guess she's in denial  
And the car ain't tinted, and this aint none of our business  
So we aint trying to stare too long  
Me and the driver look like there aint one of us listening  
And not one of us listening,  
Probably both had a row with our sisterin,  
While the whole street witnessed  
Just gotta turn a blind eye, no winking  
We still rolling, we shoulda took the other way  
I'm still moaning  
I shoulda kept that to myself, still told him  
So now he's going all the way, real sulkish  
Clubs are closed, I'm gettin mad  
Like would you take a look at these lads  
Trying to stop a cab like they can't see man  
Alcohol got em feeling like they can't be slapped  
And one of them's vomitting kebab  
And the other one's hoppin on his back  
And his girl tryin to pick him up  
That's the one time that she's gotta be the man

Taking the long way home again  
Watching the world drag, in the rain  
There's motion but there's no change  
It's the same old, same old  
Race till it's over yeah

Rolling through London, where we slipped on a junction  
I don't wanna see any more drunkards  
And I'm talking to myself cause  
I wanna conversation with a little more substance  
And it's alright, it's in the brain  
And what a surprise it's gonna rain  
And we still speed past the homeless  
And still act like we ain't got enough change  
I guess summat's gotta change,  
traffic light he stuntin in a range

Imagine I'm sat lusting at the paint  
While the prostitute screamed that she never got paid  
Cuz she thinks that she never got raped  
She's still got the mind of a child  
That only happens when you never get raised  
Trapped in a cycle that you can never escape  
(woahh)  
And this shit used to burn me  
(burn me yeah)  
And that's why it's part of my verse B  
Sitting in a back of a cab, guess this is part of my journey  
(part of life)  
Cuz this shit used to burn me  
(oh yeah)  
And that's why it's part of my verse B  
(Ba ba ba la la)

Sitting in the back of a cab, guess this is part of my journey yeah  
(Oh oh oh woah)

Taking the long way home again  
Watching the world drag, in the rain  
There's motion but there's no change  
It's the same old, same old race till it's over yeah

And these things used to burn me, but now they just part of my journey  
And these things used to burn me, but now they just part of my journey  
And these things used to burn me, but now they just part of my journey  
And these things used to burn me, but now they just part of my journey  
(Oh oh oh woah)

Taking the long way home again  
Watching the world drag, in the rain  
There's motion but there's no change  
It's the same old, same old race till it's over yeah  
Taking the long way home again  
Because there's no way home from here  
Show me a side,  
I'll start making my own way back when it's over, over, over  
I'm making my own way