I'm Going Home

Concrete Blonde

Mama please don't go
Won't you stay here for one more day
I've been your boy for so long now
There's so much I've, I still have to say
Sky rips open and I held my heart in my hand
Like a soldier on his very last day
Cried myself to sleep that night and I listened
As I heard the angels sing, "Sha la la"
Sha la la la, sha la la la, I'm going home
Sha la la la, la la la la, I'm going home
Oh, something inside of me makes me scream, oh
How could God take you from a little boy
He'll be alright, he's by my side
He's not a little boy, he's my pride and joy, sha la la la
Sha la la la, sha la la la, I'm going home
Sha la la la, la la la la, I'm going home
Summer on the radio and the phone rings
And it was Jeanette
She said, "Boy we had to let her go
I begged no, no not yet"
You left six of us to fend for ourselves
Guess it's just part of someone's master plan
We see you laughing 'cause you're my best friend
You're the light of the lamb and I cried when the angels sing
Sha la la la, sha la la la, take me home
Sha la la la, la la la la, I'm going home
Sha la la la, la la la la, I'm going home
Sha la la la, la la la la, I'm going home
Sha la la la, la la la la
Sha la la la, la la la la

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