

# 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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