

Ass Back Home (Panic City Remix)

Gym Class Heroes

Oh, it's so sexy, yo I don't know, where you're going
Or when you're coming home
I left the keys under the mat to our front door
For one more chance to hold you close
I don't know, where you're going
Just get your ass back home We both knew this type of life didn't come with instructions
So I'm trying to do my best to make something out of nothing
And sometimes it gets downright shitty in fact
When you call and I don't even know what city I'm in at
Or what day of the week in the middle of the month
In a year I don't recall
It's like my life's on repeat and the last time we spoke
I told you I wouldn't be long,
That was last November, now December's almost gone
I'd apologize but I don't realize what I'm doing wrong I don't know, where you're going
Or when you're coming home
I left the keys under the mat to our front door
For one more chance to hold you close
I don't know, where you're going
Just get your ass back home And you've been nothing but amazing
And I never take that for granted
Half of these birds would have flew the coop
But you, you truly understand it
And the fact you stood beside me,
Every time you heard some bogusness
You deserve a standing o 'cause they'd a just been over it
Let em talk, let em talk, let em talk, let em talk
Like we don't hear what they saying
Let em walk, let em walk, let em walk, let em walk
We'll just drive by and keep waving
'Cause you and I above all that
Just let them wallow in it
Now they all choked up, yuck
'Cause they be swallowing it I don't know, where you're going
Or when you're coming home
I left the keys under the mat to our front door
For one more chance to hold you close
I don't know, where you're going
Just get your ass back home No one holds me down like you do sweetheart

You keep doing that, I keep doing this
We'll be alright in the end
Trust that
We put the us in trust, baby
Let's go I don't care what you're after
As long as I'm the one, no
I don't care why you're leaving
You'll miss me when you're gone I don't know, where you're going
Or when you're coming home
I left the keys under the mat to our front door
For one more chance to hold you close
I don't know, where you're going
Just get your ass back home.

Songwriters

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MCGINLEY, DANIEL OMELIO, ERIC ROBERTS, DAVID SILBERSTEIN Published by
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