

Take You Home

Don Johnson Big Band

seems like times just get harder (ooh, every day)
and my bruised up mind won't get smarter (just stays the same)
 yet I can't help but smile
 at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (who's taking you home)these rough times just get harder (ooh, every day)
 and my bruised up mind won't get smarter (just stays the same)
 yet I can't help but smile
 at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)
 Oh, I guess it's been a rough few hours
 Mu jaw's taken nothing but blows
 the coffee ran out I had to grab a cool shower
 and my car got stuck in the snow
 someone suffered a stroke on my subway train
 and I swore I'd never have a smoke again
and if it's all the same I'd rather not be taking any calls today
 some fellow on the corner goes: the end is here!
 and there's a fair amount of trouble in the atmosphere
 don't you forget about it, brother
 be prepared if you discover that
 it's better not to bother with pretenders cheers
and oh oh oh it will be a tremendous yearseems like times just get harder (ooh, every day)
 and my bruised up mind won't get smarter (just stays the same)
 yet I can't help but smile
 at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)
 well, I guess it's been a rough few days now
 got me feeling bout a hundred yeard old
 my stomach's on a knot, I keep hearing a strange sound
 trying to keep it all under control
how's a man supposed to concentrate when evertime he's close to something great
 there has to be some twist and turn
 clench your fist and learn that disappointment is a constant plague
 now there's a monster rain on the weather forecast
 I think I lost my way, I'm getting cynical fast
 all the worries in the world and a killer aching tooth
 that girl is looking at me like "when will he make a move"
 it's a positive dilemma, really nothing to lose
 for a man of words reduced to staring at his shoes

if you need a sucker to call, call on me
seems like times just get harder (ooh, every day)
and my bruised up mind just won't get smarter (just stays the same)
yet I can't help but smile
at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)I guess it's been a rough few years, huh
all that hasn't gone wrong yet, will
but I can smile at the taste of a teardrop
and shake it all off, keep pushing uphill
'cos life is an emotional film
a choice between a bucket or an ocean to fill
this low blow tragedy is all I can imagine even when
it's greeting me with an evil grin
and everyone's a bum until they learn it's a mistake
to keep asking for shit you can simply go take
and if mine was a biblical fate, it would be job's
except for the fact I never dressed up in robes
I could be bankrupt and broke and be homeless and sick
banged up and hopelessly old and unfit
but none of it could hurt me
as long as I'd deserved being yours
when the curtain fallsseems like times just get harder (ooh, every day)
and my bruised up mind just won't get smarter (just stays the same)
yet I can't help but smile
at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (who's taking you home?)these rough times just get harder (ooh every day)
but my bruised up mind wont get smarter (just stays the same)
yet I can't help but smile
at the thought of five corners
as long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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