

Lazarus, Ze Gitan

Gym Class Heroes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let's go
My first love was a chick from the sticks, named Geneva
Had to take the 88 upstate just to see her
My mama never liked her
My father didn't either
After 22 years I got eager and had to leave her
Now I'm realizin' how much I really need her
But somethin' told me follow my heart and head eastward
That's when I met Brooklyn, but Brooklyn was a cheater
The second I turned my back
Jay and Weezy tag-teamed her
So I started packin'
She asked me what happened
Told her I was leavin' her for her older sister Manhattan
Manhattan was into rap and so we started chit-chatting
She was Chinese, Italian, Black and a quarter Latin
Super high maintenance and way too into fashion
Didn't even tell her peace, I left a number on a napkin
Damn, but back then was back then
Now I heard she went Hollywood and began actin'[Chorus]
Oh, I've been lookin' for love
In all the wrong places
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)
I've been fallin' in love
With all the wrong faces
Oh somebody take me home
Please take me home
And after Manhattan, I was actin' silly
Messin' with this thick body joint named Philly
But that ain't work out too great
I'm vegetarian and all she ate was cheese steak
I went to Baltimore more for Mary Ann
And almost got married man
But she was self-centered always stuck in Maryland
I knew a slim thing named Virginia

Swear to God her body's smoking but she keep gettin' thinner
And I'll never forget my first trissie
In the Benz with the Carolina twins gettin' busy
I know they miss me but I had to leave early
On the 85 doin' 85, ridin' dirty
And my Georgia peach Savannah
Used to stay in Atlanta
Accent so thick I couldn't even understand her
And that's when I realized
I damn near ran through the whole I-95 (Whoa)[Chorus]
Oh, I've been lookin' for love
In all the wrong places
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)
I've been fallin' in love
With all the wrong faces
Oh somebody take me home Please take me home Yeah, then I met Miami, she was Spanish
Miami te amo, me llamo Travie
She could tell that I wasn't bilingual
I said I don't know todito, but I know un poquito
We can hit south beach and drink Mojitos
And maybe you can introduce me to your peoples
Ha, yo no voy paidra
My first love, keep on callin'
Yo no voy paya
I think I finally found where Imma stay, at I-95 But never forget the 88, No [Chorus]
Oh, I've been lookin' for love
In all the wrong places
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)
I've been fallin' in love
With all the wrong faces
Oh somebody take me home Please take me home

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