

Well Well Well

Grace Jones

Get this right, on the road again
Keep on blinking in my eyes
And I think I might go home again
Another own my memories
Almost scattered in the stars
And I think I might go home again. Well well well, I'm on a tightrope
Well well well, I think I'm falling
Well well well well well well. Well well well, I'm on a tightrope
Well well well, I think I'm falling
Well well well well well well. Getting high and staying out late
I've a heart that's big and strong
And I think I might go home again
Now I'm losing time and sleep
And I can't tell right from wrong
And I feel like I'm alone again. Well well well, I'm on a tightrope
Well well well, I think I'm falling
Well well well well well well. Well well well, this ain't the first time
Well well well, won't be the last time
Well well well well well well. Got one hand in the stirring wheel
And the other on my eyes
Trying to make some kind of sense
Throw logic in my life. Well well well, I'm on a tightrope
Well well well, I think I'm falling
Well well well well well well. Well well well, this ain't the first time
Well well well, won't be the last time
Well well well well well well. I'm on a tightrope, I think I'm falling
Coming home, coming home
This ain't the first time, won't be the last time
I'm coming home now.

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