

Homesick

Kings of Convenience

I lose some sales and my boss won't be happy
But I can't stop listening to the sound
Of two soft voices blended in perfection
From the reels of this record that I found Every day there's a boy in the mirror
Asking me, "What are you doing here?"
Finding more that previous motifs
Growing increasingly unclear I've traveled far and I burned all the bridges
I believed as soon as I hit land
All the other options held before me
Wither in the light of my plan So I lose some sales and my boss won't be happy
But there's only one thing on my mind
Searching boxes underneath the counter
On a chance that on a tape I'd find A song for
Someone who needs somewhere
To long for Homesick
'Cause I no longer know
Where home is

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