

Home (feat. Bahamas)

[Jack Johnson](#)

I gotta get home there's a garden to tend
There's fruit on the ground and the birds have all moved back into my attic
Whistling static
When the young learn to fly I will patch all the holes up again Well I can't believe that my lime tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping
I guess it got fed up with not being fed
And I would be too, I need food in my belly and hope that my time isn't soon So I, try, to understand, what I
can't hold in my hand, and where ever we are
Home is there too
And if you, could try to find it too,
Cause this place is overgrown into with works in bloom
Home is wherever we are, if there's love there too In the back of our house there's a trail that won't end
We were walking so far that it grew back in
There's no trail at all, only grass growing tall
Get out my machete and battle with time once again
But I'm bound to lose because I'll be damned if time don't win I gotta get home theirs a garden to tend, all the
seeds from the fruit buried again
There own family trees teach them thank you and please as they spread their own roots they watch their young
fruit grow again
And this old trail will lead me right back to where it begins So I, try to understand, what I can't hold in my hand
And whatever I find, I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too, cause this place is overgrown with works in bloom
Home is wherever we are if there is love there too

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