

Bomb

Band of Skulls

All that you do, all that you say
To get to home is to get away
You can stay home or go away
To get to home is to get away I hear it, oh, oh, oh, I hear it Always a rich, never the cold
Don't take the pain now, hold out for more
And when you wake up your dying days
To get to home, still to get away I hear it, oh, oh, oh, I hear it I hear it, I hear it, I hear it
I hear it, I hear it I hear it, I hear it
I hear it

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