

Roberta Flack (Mike Slott's Other Mix)

Flying Lotus

On our way home, we spoke of many things.
Are we allowed to make brand new beginnings?
Do we need to know where the journey starts?
On my way home, greener all the light. On my way home, I thought of many things.
Are we allowed to make brand new beginnings?
Well we want to move, we'll lose our strengths.
On my way home, I thought of many things. I dream of those lips, I dream of dreams.
I dream of those lips, I dream of dreams.
I feel the sun. On our way home, I thought of many things.
On our way home.
Do we need to know?

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