

Home

Marc Broussard

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Rolling down the road, going nowhere,
Guitar packed in a trunk
Somewhere around mile marker 1-12,
Papa started hummin' the funk
I gotta jones in my bones before they know,
We were singing this melody
Stop the car pulled out the guitar,
Halfway to New Orleans Said take me home
Take me home Could feel the sun about to rise,
When I realized we had nothing to fear
It's just me and my daddy and a kid named Cope,
Making music that nobody would hear
And then the sun let up and it split the night,
Spillin' over our jubilee
Ten thousand cars by the side of the road,
Groovin' far as the eye can see Said take me home
Take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home This Greyhound is delta bound mama,
Baby boy finally found,
Said this Greyhound is delta bound mama,
Baby boy done finally found his way home
Said take me home Here we go,
Hot damn you should have felt the groove,
Like I was swimming in a sea of soul
The sun was rising and the day was hot,
And we was all about to lose control
My daddy turned his face up towards the sky,
And I knew that there was nothing to lose
I felt the crowd breathe in and I closed my eyes,
And we disappeared into the groove Said take me home
Said take me home

Take me home
Said take me homeStraight from the water
Straight from the water, children
Straight from the water
Straight from the water, children
Straight from the water
Straight from the water, children
Straight from the water
You don't know nothin' about thisTake me home
Said take me homeSaid take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home
take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home

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