

# Gotta Get Home

## 77 Bombay Street

Walking in the shadows of mankind  
Drinking from the dust in the streets  
Living through the seasons having 1000 reasons  
Trying to make ends meet  
Flipping coins and lights in September  
Dancing with the leaves of July  
February pavements seem to hold resentments  
Against me as time's flying by  
Gotta get home, gotta get home in December  
When the lights are shining bright  
Gotta get back to what I remember  
And then everything's alright  
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December  
I have seen the Eiffel Tower in Paris  
And I have seen the squares of New York  
I been sleeping next to towers, singing songs for hours  
Finding comfort in being a dork  
Playing with the whales in the ocean  
Climbing on a mountain with blue eyes  
And under porches and bridges I've learned that all the riches  
Are waiting for me in disguise  
Gotta get home, gotta get home in December  
When the lights are shining bright  
Gotta get back to what I remember  
And then everything's alright  
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December  
I want to go back, I need to go back home  
My friends are waiting for me to come back home  
And everybody's there and we have things to share  
And the family prayer, something is in the wind and I know for sure  
Deep down in the core, now it's time to go  
To my loved ones, I need to go back home  
Gotta get home, gotta get home in December  
When the lights are shining bright  
Gotta get back to what I remember  
And then everything's alright  
Tell my mum I'm coming home in December  
I want to go back home  
I want to get back home

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