

# Get Home

## Bâ†STILLE

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

We are the last people standing

At the end of the night

We are the greatest pretenders

In the cold morning light

This is just another night

And we've had many of them

To the morning we're cast out

But I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

There's a light in the bedroom

But it's dark

Scattered around on the floor

All my thoughts

This is just another night

And we've had many of them

To the morning we're cast out

But I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

The birds are mocking me

They call to be heard

The birds are mocking me

They curse my return

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay

How am I gonna get myself back home?

Ay-ay, ay-ay, ay-ay, I'm lost

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