Home

Marc Broussard

Rolling down the road
Going no where, guitar packed in the trunk
Somewhere around mile marker 112
Papa started humming the funk
I gotta Jones in my bones
Before I know, we be singing this melody
Stop the car, pull out the guitar
Halfway to New Orleans
Said take me home, home, home, home
Take me home, home, home, home
Could feel sun about to rise
When I realized we had nothing to fear
Just me and my daddy and a kid named Cole
Playing music that nobody could hear
And then the sun let up and it split the night
Spilling over our jubilee
10,000 cars by the side of the road
Grooving far as the eye can see
Said take me home, home, home, home
Take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
This greyhound is delta bound mama
Baby boy done finally found
Said this greyhound is delta bound mama
Baby boy done finally found his way home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Here we go
Hot damn you should've 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 loose control
My daddy turned his face up towards the sky
And I knew that there was nothing to loose
I felt the crowd breathe in and I closed my eyes
And we disappeared into the groove
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Take me home, home, home, home

Said take me home, home, home, home
Straight 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 nothing about this
Take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home, home, home, home
Said take me home
Said take me home
Take me home
Said take me home
Said take me home

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