

# Honeycomb Child

[Natalie Imbruglia](#)

Melting honeycomb  
Tie my shoelace on my own  
That boy laughing  
Where are your warm hands  
To pull me back in Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love Climb down the oak tree  
Feeling the dry grass under my feet  
I'm here without you  
Holding on, holding on  
Nothing to lose Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love And I don't mind  
You pretending to the others  
And I don't mind  
You protecting all the others You, you carried me in  
To bed from the car  
I painted your face  
But I had to ask Permission to go  
But don't go to far  
And we like to watch  
All the flickering stars You don't like your face  
But that's who you are  
I got all those shells  
And put them in a box How far would you go  
If I didn't want to stop  
I looked in your eyes  
And it was all gone Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love

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