

Barenaked Ladies, Go Home

Well let me tell you if you're feeling alone,
Instead of whining and moaning,
Just get on the phone, tell her you're coming home
If you need, you should be there
If you scream in your sleep, or collapse in a heap
And spontaneously weep, then you know you're in deep
If you need her, you should be there
Go Home

There's nothing better than affairs of the heart
To make you feel so good then tear you apart
Make up your mind and stick it out or start again

You can't imagine what an effort it takes
When you make a mistake
And you know in the wake that a heart's going to break
If you need her, you should be there
If you're flummoxed and flushed
And your heartbeat is rushed
Then get out of the slush, tell your dog team to mush
If you need her, you should be there
Go Home

If you think of her as Joan of Arc
She's burning for you, get your car out of park
If you think of her as Catherine the Great
Then you should be the horse to help her meet her fate
If you need her, you should be there,
Go Home

You can't believe it, but it's true
She's given everything to you
Now take a moment to be sure
Before you give it all to her

Well now you're thinking that it's over at last,
All your woes in the past
But you've got to be fast; put your foot on the gas
If you need her, you should be there
so now you're out from under the gun
And it's over and done
I won't spoil all the fun but if you ever wonder
She'll be there if you need her
Go Home

If you're lucky to be one of the few
To find somebody who can tolerate you
Then I shouldn't have to tell you again
Just pack your bags and get yourself on a plane
If you need her, you should be there
Go Home
If you need her, you should be there
Go Home