

Bianka Jackowska & Three times four, Callin' Home

I was callin', callin' home
But I didn't get an answer
So I tried to call some more
And now I am callin' callin', callin' home
And I wonder is sometimes you get left a bit alone
I'll be callin' callin', callin' home
Oh, the truth is such a rare thing
I thought you might want some

I thought you might want some

Do you ever wonder if someone will call you his home?
Do you ever wonder if he will be knocking on your door?
Like you're the most precious thing
Like you light up the world
Could he take the wheel instead of letting you drown?

The time is passing
It's passing by I might pass anyway with it
I'll pack again my travel bag
I have been here
And I've been there
Do you want to travel with me
Or are you going by yourself?
The night is coming
It's getting dark
Let's go and find a shelter
The stars will lead us back

The stars will lead you back

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