

Groovie Ghoulies, To Go Home

Hope maybe (baby) my mind don't slip sailing on a sinking ship into the sunset in bed.
Dark night on a long highway.

Little lights in a house that say somebody's staying up late.

I'll be true to you, oh yeah, you know I will.

I'll be true to you forever or until ... I go home.

If I ever treated you mean you know that it was only because I was sorry I couldn't have you for my

I guess it's sort of funny now.

Sort of like a plastic bunny; imagination all twisted with the past.

I have a deep respect for you, usually reserved for the dead.

Hanging on every word that you said.

It's nice to have a friend like you.

Even though you're not around, you're closer to me than most.

Kids can say the darndest things.

Hollow hopes and golden dreams leave everything empty in the end.