

Alice Merton, No Roots

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them
When I'll grow old I hope I won't forget to find them
cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night
I built a home and wait for someone to rear it down
then pack it up in boxes
head for the next town running
cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night
and a thousand times I've seen this road
a thousand times

I got no roots
but my home was never on the ground
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I like standing still, boy that's just a wistful plan
ask me where I come from, I'll say a different land
but I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night
I can't get the number, and play the guessing name
it's just the place the changes, the rest is still the same
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