

Bush, Homebody

On our way home,
edging a smile,
thinking about it.
All of the while,
you never stop.
You're the traffic in my brain,
the lover that I got.

There's no way that you can see,
when you feel that far away from me.
You're coming home, yeah.

The steeper the climb,
the sharper the sides,
the better the summit.
Quietly drown,
losing my face,
I need you to find me.

It's so hard for you to see.
How come you feel so far from me?
You're coming home, yeah.

It's time to confess,
[I'm] dying for you.
You seem to life me.
So, you're the knife,
these are the worms.
Waiting for you,
it's all I can do.

You're coming home, yeah.