

# Everything But The Girl, Come On Home (Acoustic)

Baby come home, I miss the sound of the door  
Your step on the stair's not there to wake me no more  
And every day's like Christmas Day without you  
It's cold and there's nothing to do

And it's mighty quiet here now that you're gone  
I've been behaving myself for too long  
'Cause I don't like sleeping  
Or watching TV on my own  
So please come on home

Baby, what's keeping you all this time  
You're wasting your days out there in the sunshine  
And who can I turn to if you believe still  
That England don't love you and she never will

For it's mighty quiet here now that you're gone  
And I've been behaving myself for too long  
I don't like Drinking  
or painting the town on my own  
So please come on home