

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