Everything But The Girl, Come On Home (Acoust

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