

# Fine Young Cannibals, Johnny Come Home

Nobody knows the trouble you feel  
Nobody cares, the feeling is real

Johnny, we're sorry, won't you come on home  
We worry, won't you come on  
What is wrong in my life  
That I must get drunk every night  
Johnny, we're sorry

Use the phone, call your mom  
She's missing you badly, missing her son  
Who do you know, where will you stay  
Big city life is not what they say

Johnny, we're sorry, won't you come on home  
We worry, won't you come on  
What is wrong in my life  
That I must get drunk every night  
Johnny, we're sorry

You'd better go, everything's closed  
Can't find a room, money's all blown  
Nowhere to sleep, out in the cold  
Nothing to eat, nowhere to go

Johnny, we're sorry, won't you come on home  
We worry, won't you come on  
What is wrong in my life  
That I must get drunk every night  
Johnny (Johnny), we're sorry, won't you come on home  
We worry, won't you come on home  
Johnny, won't you come on home