

Fine Young Cannibals, Johnny Come Home (The

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