

Ginga, In The Stagelights

Come on home with me
There's no other place where I rather be
I'm just a night line bus kid
Looking for you between the seats

Mon amour et ma chrie
In your arms I want to be

I'd empty my pockets for you,
But baby, spend it wisely
No matter how high I sing
And no matter how much I bring
It won't get me to the stage lights of your scene

I googled your name thoroughly
Stared at you, you stared back at me
I'm just a world wide kid, baby
Looking for you behind the screen

Mon amour ma chrie
In your arms I want to be