

# 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