

# Hootie And The Blowfish, Almost Home

Walking on the water in a van  
Tryin to think of everything I can  
But it's getting very late,  
And these tapes don't sound too good  
And my body just don't feel  
The way I wish it would.

I was driving when I heard you call my name.  
It was not like before not quite the same  
It's too late to be much good and I might as well confess  
That I have not got the nerve to borrow cigarettes.

When I'm almost with you music tries to play,  
When I'm almost home I almost hear you say,  
It would be all right if we could run away.

Deciding things for all my life  
No one ever tells you when or why  
But my heart can't seem to tell me  
What would satisfy my mind  
So I jump into the van one more time