

Jack Johnson, Home

I gotta get home there's a garden to tend
All the fruits on the ground and the birds have all moved back
Into my attic whistling static
When the young learn to fly I will patch all the holes up again.

Well I can't believe that my lime tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping, I guess it got fed up with not being fed
And I would be too
I need food in my belly and hope that my time isn't soon.

And so I'll try to understand what I can't hold in my hands
And whatever I find I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrowing to whacks and bloom
Home is wherever we are, if there's love there too.

In the back of my house there's a trail that won't end
I went walking so far that it grew back in
Now there's no trail at all only grass growing tall
I'll get out my machete and battle with time once again
But I'm bound to loose because I'll be damned if time don't win.

I gotta get home there's a garden to tend
All the seeds from the fruit buried and begin
Their own family trees teach them thank you and please
As they spread their own roots they watch their young fruit grow again.

And this old trail will lead me right back to where it begins.

And so I'll try to understand what I can't hold in my hands
And whatever I find I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrowing to whacks and bloom
Home is wherever we are, if there's love there too.