Marlon Roudette, Riding Home

Gimme the tune and love me
Even if it don't mean the same
But every time I'll sing for you
But every time I'll sing for you
Will see you bought and sold, and sold, riding home
I don't know... ain't no home...

Really?
Yea, yes problems solved aka Mattafix.

Wait, the same little boy with the cassette tape?
The big foot jeans, awaiting at the school gate
Late night thoughts, he's tearing up the paper
And here's the soundbite ten years later
He took the yard to the city an he mixed it
Mattafixed it, now he's on some sick shhh
So keep your money and your cars and your deals
I'm riding home on the same two wheels

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Even if it don't mean the same
But every time I'll sing for you
But every time I'll sing for you
(x2)

Wait the same little boy they used to underestimate?
Made a great escape with only practice
An attic and a mattress
This same man is trying to hatch this game plan
And catch a vibe make it world wide
Spirals of idols and rivals labelled as a dreamer
Stroll as the world rolls by you in a beamer
Now empathize if you know how it feels
Riding home on the same two wheels
I made my best friends
From the West Indies to the West End
In every corner in every section
Perfection, long lasting connection
The little boy with the clear skin complexion
Afternoons and I'm scrubbing old sneakers
In time to the vibes from my makeshift speakers
An assortment laments from my Walkman
I'm still trying to walk good though
I'm slightly awkward

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So, things didn't work out exactly how I planned it
No matter how you brand it I'm still the same bandit

Essentially the story of the 21st century
Kid make your music cause it's meant to be
Music cause it's meant to be
I'm making music cause it's meant to be
You never know what it meant to me
Now if you're bought and sold, and sold you're riding home

I don't know... ain't no home...

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