

# Natalie Imbruglia, Honeycomb Child

Melting honeycomb  
Tie my shoelace on my own  
That boy laughing  
Wearing your warm hands  
To pull me back in  
Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love  
Climb down the oak tree  
Feeling the dry grass  
Under my feet  
I'm here without you  
Holding on holding on  
Nothing to lose  
Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home, home, home  
To your love  
And I don't mind  
You pretending to the others  
And I don't mind  
You protecting all the others  
You you carried me in  
To bed from the car  
I painted your face  
But I had to ask  
Permission to go  
But don't go too far  
And we like to watch  
All the flickering stars  
You don't like your face  
But that's who you are  
I got all those shells  
And put them in a box  
How far would you go  
If I didn't wanna stop  
I looked in your eyes  
And it was all gone  
Home, home, home  
To your love  
Home (to your love)  
Home (to your love)  
Home (to your love)  
To your love  
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