

# Rude Buddha, No Place Like Home

I'm living outta suitcase, i packed my bags and ran just as far away, as i can, yeah, now a days, i d  
much better believe me when i say

chorus

count on me to try and make amends with you, i wanna talk awhile, believe in me cause life ain't lif

you and i had a place, a place where we could rest our heads, and talk for hours, as we fall asleep,  
someone take just a little time and walk with me, through stormy weather, believe me when i say

chorus

there's no place like home, and it's you that i miss so believe me when, i say, i'm trying to make am  
feels like hell. so believe me when i say

chorus

count on me to try and make amends with you, count on me, yeah