

Smash Mouth, Home

Well here I am at my front door
And oh what an odor is rising
It seems I've stood at this porch at lesser times
Now I've been down the road
You know the one you've dreamed about
And that's surprises you
And I'm sure you'll chalk it up to sell out crime
Home
What do you do when opportunity knocks
When success stalks and along comes fame
Do you open the door or watch in horror
Through the peep hole as they all go away
Lottery or poverty you're a commodity so what's it gonna be
I'm moving on I'm moving on
Home I'm going home I'm going home
Sitting in that same spot
There with the other lot whining
And you know this must be just a mirage
Ain't no doubt I ain't got the clout that's defined by you
But oil stains are all you're gonna find in my garage
Hey whatcha gonna do when the fun stops
When the boat rocks and the crew gets old
Make up your mind it's about time
Because at this time you're staying
Home
Chorus
Chorus