

Don Johnson Big Band "Taking You Home"

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Seems like times just get harder (ooh every day)
And my bruised up mind wont get smarter (just stays
the same)
Yet I can't help but smile
At the thought of five corners
As long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)

These rough times just get harder (ooh every day)
But my bruised up mind wont get smarter (just stays
the same)
Yet I can't help but smile
At the thought of five corners
As long as I'm taking you home (just taking you home)

I guess it's been a rough few hours
My jaws taken nothing but blows
The coffee ran out, I had to grab a cool shower
And my car got stuck in the snow
Someone suffered a stroke on my subway train
And I swore I'd never have a smoke again
And if it's all the same
I'd rather not be taking any calls today
Some fella on the corner goes: the end is here!
And there's a fair amount of trouble in the atmosphere
Don't you forget about it, brother
Be prepared if you discover
That it's better not to bother with pretenders cheers
And oh oh oh it will be a tremendous year

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I guess it's been a rough few days now
Got me feeling bout a hundred years old
My stomachs in a knot, I keep hearing a strange sound
Trying to keep it all under control
But hows a man supposed to concentrate
When every time he's close to something great

There has to be some twist and turn, clench your fist
and learn
That disappointment is a constant plague
Now there's monster rain on the weather forecast
I think I've lost my way, I'm getting cynical fast
All the worries in the world and a killer aching tooth
That girl is looking at me like when will he make a move
It's a positive dilemma, really nothing to lose
For a man of words reduced to sharing at his shoes
If you need a sucka to call, call on me

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I guess it's been a rough few years, huh?
All that hasn't gone wrong yet will
But I can smile at the taste of a teardrop
And shake it all off, keep pushing uphill
Cause life is an emotional film
A choice between a bucket or an ocean to fill
This low blow tragedy is all I can imagine even when
It's greeting me with an evil grin
And everyones a bum until they learn it's a mistake
To keep asking for shit you can simply go take
And if mine was a biblical fate, it would be jobs
Except for the fact I never dressed up in robes
I could be bankrupt and broke, could be homeless and
sick
Banged up and hopelessly old and unfit
But none of it could hurt me
As long as I deserve being yours
When the curtain falls

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