

Eric Burdon & War "Home Dream"

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Oooo yea.

Somethin' pretty bad,
Has got a hold on me.
Somethin' pretty bad, people,
Has got a hold on me.

At night, I just can't sleep,
I can't even close my eyes.
I just lay awake and think, people,
'Bout that place, way across the sea.

Oh I just lay awake and dream, people,
About that place, way across the sea, oh yea.
Where I was raised, where I was born,
Place that means so much to me.

Well, I dreamed I saw the city, baby,
With its castles as old as time.
I held hands with my baby, yes,
I could hardly keep from crying.

Something pretty bad,
Has got a hold on me,
Got a hold on me.
I just dream and dream and dream and hope and pray,
'Bout that place way across the sea,
Well, it means so much to me.

Oh yea tell 'em.
Yea, all right.
Oh you'll get there, I know.
So I'll just lay down in this gutter, baby,
And ease my spinnin' head.
Well, I'll just lay down in this gutter, people,
And ease my spinnin' head.
I've got to have someone to ease the pain, baby,
Please help me to my bed. Yea, yea.

You know somethin' pretty bad,
I believe, has got a hold on me, Yea.
I said somethin' pretty bad,

I know, has got a grip on me.
I just dream and dream and dream,
Â'Bout my home way across the sea.

Yea, yea, yea, yea,
IÂ'm cominÂ' home.

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