

The Boxmasters

"The Last Place They Would Look"

Visit "[The Last Place They Would Look](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Stealing cars and doing dope
Not necessarily in that order
Has been my life since we last spoke
Before I headed south of the border

When we fell apart I fell apart
I'm not sue I know myself these days
I'm outlawed now there's no fresh start
This running games my live not just a phase

So I was thinking the other day
Maybe you could let me off the hook
And from what you told the law before
I'm sure home is the last place they would look

Let me come home, old friend, let me come home
Let me come home, old friend, let me come home
Since you're the one who helped them throw down the
book
I'm sure your bed is the last place they would look

I carried you you carried me
We never felt the burden that was our way
Back before my jealousy got heavy
And you left me where I lay

I know I killed your soul
And it must sound like I'm asking for the sky
I'm desperate for the truth be told
My head's that high my fear's about that wide

And I was thinking about some way
To buy a little time for this old crook
And from what you told the law before
I'm sure home is the last place they would look

Visit [The Boxmasters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.