

Guns N' Roses

"Bring It Back Home"

Visit "[Bring It Back Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sweet little lady, don't you get crazy.
Bring it back home to me.
Woman little standing, dreaming to forget him.
Bring it back home to me.
When? Why wonder?
Brown-eyed stunner, come on,
Bring it home to me.
Kiss a little, fishing for your lover,
Won't you bring it down home to me.

See a sky lit on fire, seen the dog in here.
She lift her lips, with a passion, in the third degree.
See a dirty old lady, with a schoolgirl's grin
Break a back for the daddy all, when she does her
thing.

You can see the love, like check an ounce for pain,
Darling won't you wanna;
Sorry to resent, you said; gimme back,
Keep your teeth
Never wanna hold you,
Never wanna kiss you,
I bet she's taking away from me.
Never will repeat it, or never reprimand it,
Will you bring it back home to me.

Take care before my baby,
When your baby gives it up for free.
She just puts around, being lazy,
But since she brings her lover to me.
Don't need nothing to save me, say for a piece of your
luxury.
Like the doorfoot, you'll never gage it.
I'll tell you just how it's gonna be.

I call your lover in the morning,
When you have your cup of tea.

You never give me your warning,
So you better give her right up for me.
Guess who's coming over, on your thinks;
That's such a surprise.

If you're saying you never known her,

Honey, you better open your eyes.
Look out.

See a real long fire, she's the dog in here.
She lift her lips, with a passion, in the third degree.
See a dirty old lady, with a schoolgirl's grin.
Break a back for her daddy, when she does her thing.

Can't take care before my baby,
When your baby gives it up for free.
She just gets around being lazy,
Until she brings her loving to me.
I don't need nothing to save me,
Say for a piece of your luxury.
Lock the door, but you'll never gage me.
I tell you just how it's gonna be.

I call your lover in the morning,
When you have your cup of tea.
You never give me a warning,
So get yourself a letter from me.
Ohhhh, where're you going, tell me; who're you to see?
I've been sleeping on your doorstep,
Baby, won't you bring it back home to me.

Get me something for my jealous mind,
You don't get something for free.
You just bring it down home to me.
Ha-Ha-Ha

Visit [Guns N' Roses](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.