

Jack Johnson

"Home"

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I gotta get home there's a garden to tend
There's fruit on the ground and the birds
Have all moved back into my attic
Whistling static when the young learn to fly
I will patch all the holes up again

Well, I can't believe that my lime tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping
I guess it got fed up with not being fed
And I would be too I need food in my belly
And hope that my time isn't soon

So I try to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And where ever we are, home is there too
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrown into with works in bloom
Home is wherever we are if there's love there too

In the back of our house there's a trail that won't end
We were walking so far that it grew back in
There's no trail at all, only grass growing tall
Get out my machete and battle with time once again
But I'm 'bout to loose because I'll be damned if time
don't win

I gotta get home theirs a garden to tend
All the seeds from the fruit buried again
There own family trees teach them
Thank you and please as they spread their own roots
They watch their young fruit grow again
And this old trail will lead me right back to where it
begins

So I try to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And whatever I find, I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place is overgrown with works in bloom
Home is wherever we are if there is love there too

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