

## Whimsical

### "Coming Home"

Visit "[Coming Home](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, listen.  
Yo girl, just keep going back  
We can take it easy  
Chit chat  
And sip cognac  
It's all good, don't worry tonight  
'Cause you and me just met and there's no hurry  
tonight  
I respect that you  
Already got a man you like  
That you need to get back to  
We don't need to hump  
We can talk instead  
Sometimes I want the brain, I ain't talkin' head.  
Your gorgeous legs, holy mother  
I'll keep it to myself while we get to know each other  
Let's smoke to the new day dawn, I'll be takin' it off  
for you  
Just so you stay warm  
Got my new shades on, but  
That don't impress you  
I can't lie, it'll be nice to undress you  
But I ain't a fool ma'  
And for now I'll be a gentleman and play you cool,  
ma'

(coming home, coming home with me?)  
This is a man's world, don't you worry  
(aaah hold me)  
Don't wait if you got to go away  
(coming home, coming home with me?)  
This is a man's world, don't you worry  
(aaah hold me)  
Don't wait if you got to go away

It ain't love, it's the weed you're feelin'  
We started off a little awkward, now at least we're  
chillin'  
Trying to reach the ceiling  
And touch the stars, only thing between us is fare and  
untoucheble

Don't fight the dro  
Yeah it really turns me on, the way you look into the ice  
and jo  
Let's share this fried rice to go  
I can tell you love that let the skin above your nikes  
Oh, I don't mean to stare  
But you give me the feel I haven't felt since my  
teenage years  
Like a diva yeah, the way you strut  
I don't even dare to think about the way you, uh.  
I'm a smart boy, and it's clear you're a smart chick  
Like to chill, drink beer at the sparks splifs  
The type I'll hang out with, but I wouldn't hesitate a  
sec,  
To pull my thing out quick

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Yeah we've been smoking a few flowers  
And it really feels like I've known you for longer than  
two hours  
We can wait till the sunrise fallin'  
Talk shit until the Sunday morning  
Listening to slow jams  
And rubbin' my chest against both of your tits while  
we slowdance  
We can hold hands, this is romance  
Thinkin' that I wanna see you with no pants  
You're so fine and playful  
You can't really see, but I know your mind's  
unfaithful  
So we can stay and flirt,  
or pretend we're the last ones left to save the earth

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