

# Home

Jack Johnson

I've gotta get home there's a garden to tend  
There's food on the ground and the birds have all moved back  
Into my attic, whistling static and 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 keep food in my belly  
And hope that my time isn't soon

And so I tried to understand what I can't hold in my hand  
And wherever we are home is there too  
And if you could try to find it too  
'Cause this place is overgrown into waxing moon  
Home is wherever we are if there's nothing too

In the back of our house there's a trail that won't end  
We were walking so far that it grew back again  
There's no trail at all only grass growing taller  
Get out my machete battle with time once again  
But I'm bound to lose 'cause I'll be down if time don't win

I've gotta get home there's a garden to tend  
All the seeds from the fruits buried and begin their  
Own family trees teach them, thank you and pleases  
They spread their own roots, then watch their young fruit grow  
again  
And this old trail will lead me right back to where it begins

And so I tried 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 into waxing moon  
Home is wherever we are if there's nothing too