

Get Home

Bastille

How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...

We are the last people standing
At the end of the night
We are the greatest pretenders
In the cold morning light

This is just another night
And we've had many of them
To the morning we're cast out
But I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...

There's a light in the bedroom
But it's dark
Scattered around on the floor are
All my souls

This is just another night
And we've had many of them
To the morning we're cast out
But I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...

The birds are mocking me
They call to be heard
The birds are mocking me
They curse my return

How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...

Oh, how am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I, I...
How am I gonna get myself back home?
I, I...
I'm lost