

# 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