

# Home From Home

Everything But the Girl

Oh, I wish you could be here  
To see the flowers, they only smell so sweet  
Since you've been gone,  
And all the day you left they bloom for hours  
To compensate me for what you've had done  
Oh, and I don't wish misfortune on your head  
For I'm ask much to blame on, only stay

So wherever you'll may be and in which ever land you  
roam  
I hope there always be here a place you can call, oh

And I wish you could be here to see the baby  
She is growing and she is walking in all its own  
And I'm a working woman now, and maby  
The child don't need a daddy much at all  
And yes I've got a front door and a back  
Oh but runs more than the roof above your head

So wherever you'll may be and in which ever land you  
roam  
I hope there always be here a place you can call, oh  
Home from home  
And whoever you love  
And how many good friends you know,  
I hope you'll always have a place you can call  
Oh, Home from home  
Home from home