

Clark Griswold

Hilltop Hoods

I've always tried to do
The right thing in my life
Take care of my house, my picket fence
My children and my wife
On my way home
On my way home
I'm on my way home
Clark Griswold, here I go

Cheah
You could walk a mile in my shoes, but could not
Mope around for a day in my socks, wakin' up
Coughin' up a whole range of crap
Coffee mug, 'World's Greatest Dad'
Livin' life in a bathrobe or some cargos
On borrowed time, worry lines like a barcode
Wearin' my Chicago Bears cap, feelin' like Clark
My family fillin' my heart, I try to do right
(Oh) Try to do good
I try to do the best I can, man, all of my life
(Oh) I've done all I could
To try and be a better man, but I've realised
Hey, I gotta be clever now
(Hey) I gotta go get it now
I took a look at the way that I'm livin'
Mistakes are better never made than forgiven, right?

Whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh

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Yeah, they say a real man's a family man
Pays the bills, has a travel plan, a caravan
That way it feels like everywhere that I am
Trouble follows till I unravel and crash the van
Always managin' in damage control
Count my blessings like casualties and add up the toll
And matters resolve, I plan on gettin' back to my goals
But this life a getaway, so grab on and hold
When I'm away (Oh) this world leads me astray
Everything starts breakin' apart, so I'm spendin' my days
(Oh) Tryna carve out a place
That'll fill that empty space in my heart
To say that I'm a beautiful mess, I'd say the truth is a stretch
I confess I'm only human, but I'm doin' my best
Uncertain if all the hurtin' is worth it
Yeah, I know I couldn't be further from perfect

Whoa, whoa, whoa

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh

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Life can be so beautiful
But sometimes I feel
I make a mess of things
Life can be so beautiful
But sometimes I fear
I make a mess of everything
Life can be so beautiful (Oh-ahh)
But sometimes I feel
I make a mess of things
Life can be so beautiful (Yeah, yeah)
But sometimes I fear
I make a mess of everything

Woo
Oh!
Uh, I'm on my way home
Clark Griswold, here I go