Yeah

Kassidy

Yeah

Go back to where you came from,
And leave all the things you wanted,
And have all the things you needed,
Just go back to where you came from.

Let me tell you bout a story bout a man,
War always fashing an gerro at a tan (?),
Tired and troubled he ran for his life,
Husband of money and darkness for a wife.

Go back to where you came from

Let me tell you bout ahow I got my friends,
Caught up with money wouldn't last me till the end,
A silent man would rather regret,
So back to his pocket and without a cigarette.

Go back to where you came from

Let me tell you about ahow this story ends,
Lost all his money with nothing left to spend,
This ain't his style smothered in red,
Pulled in his brother and this is what he said.

He said, go back to where you came from,
And leave all the things you wanted,
And have all the things you needed,
Just go back to where you came from.

I had to get into you,

Don't you think about it, don't you worry bout it,
I had to see it in you,
Don't you think about it, well don't you worry bout it,
I want to get in to you,
Don't you think about it, well don't you worry bout it,
I had to see it in you - woo-oooo,
Don't you think about it, well don't you worry bout it.

Go back to where you came from.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!