

No Roots

Straight No Chaser

I like digging holes and
Hiding things inside them
When I grow old I hope
I won't forget to find them
'Cause I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

I build a home and wait for
Someone to tear it down
Then pack it up in boxes
Head for the next town running
'Cause I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road
A thousand times

I've got no roots
But my home was never on the ground
I've got no roots
But my home was never on the ground
I've got no roots
I've got no roots

I like standing still for
That's just the wishful plan
Ask me where I come from
I'll say a different land
But I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

I count gates and numbers
Then play the guessing game
It's just the place that changes
The rest is still the same
But I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road
A thousand times

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I like digging holes, hiding things inside them
When I grow old, I won't forget to find them

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