

# No Roots

Tom Walker

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them  
When I grow older, I won't forget to find them  
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  
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'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 but that's just a wishful plan  
Ask me where I come from, I'll say a different land  
I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night

Oh, I count gates and numbers, then play the guessing game  
It's just the place that changes, the rest, it stays the same  
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'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 digging holes and hiding things inside them  
When I grow old, I won't forget to find them  
I like digging holes and hiding things inside them  
When I grow old, I won't forget to find them

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'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've got no roots  
I've got no roots