

Home (Live in Honolulu, HI)

Jack Johnson

I gotta get home, there's a garden to tend
All the fruit's on the ground
And the birds have all moved back into my attic whistling static
When the young learn to fly I will patch all the holes up again Well, I can't believe that my lime
tree is dead
I thought it was sleeping, I guess it got fed up with not being fed
And I would be too I need food in my belly
And hope that my time isn't soon, isn't soon So I try to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And whatever I find, I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place has overgrown into waxing mood
Home is wherever we are if there's love there too
In the back of our house there's a trail that won't end
We were walking so far that it grew back in
Now there's no trail at all, only grass growing tall
Get out my machete and battle with time once again
But I'm 'bout to lose 'cause I'll be damned if time don't win I gotta get home there's a garden to
tend
All the seeds from the fruit buried and began
Their own family trees, teach them thank you and please
As they spread their own roots then watch the young fruit grow again
This old trail will lead me right back to where it begins
So I try to understand what I can't hold in my hand
And whatever I find, I'll find my way back to you
And if you could try to find it too
'Cause this place has overgrown into waxing mood
Home is wherever we are if there's love here too

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