

# Lazarus, Ze Gitan

## Gym Class Heroes

Let's go My first love was a chick from the sticks, named Geneva  
Had to take the 88 upstate just to see her  
My mama never liked her  
My father didn't either  
After 22 years I got eager and had to leave her  
Now I'm realizin' how much I really need her  
But somethin' told me follow my heart and head eastward  
That's when I met Brooklyn, but Brooklyn was a cheater  
The second I turned my back  
Jay and Weezy tag-teamed her  
So I started packin'  
She asked me what happened  
Told her I was leavin' her for her older sister Manhattan  
Manhattan was into rap and so we started chit-chatting  
She was Chinese, Italian, Black and a quarter Latin  
Super high maintenance and way too into fashion  
Didn't even tell her peace, I left a number on a napkin  
Damn, but back then was back then  
Now I heard she went Hollywood and began actin'

[Chorus]

Oh, I've been lookin' for love  
In all the wrong places  
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)  
I've been fallin' in love  
With all the wrong faces  
Oh somebody take me home Please take me home And after Manhattan, I was actin' silly  
Messin' with this thick body joint named Philly  
But that ain't work out too great  
I'm vegetarian and all she ate was cheese steak  
I went to Baltimore more for Mary Ann  
And almost got married man  
But she was self-centered always stuck in Maryland  
I knew a slim thing named Virginia  
Swear to God her body's smoking but she keep gettin' thinner  
And I'll never forget my first trissie  
In the Benz with the Carolina twins gettin' busy  
I know they miss me but I had to leave early  
On the 85 doin' 85, ridin' dirty  
And my Georgia peach Savannah  
Used to stay in Atlanta  
Accent so thick I couldn't even understand her  
And that's when I realized

I damn near ran through the whole I-95 (Whoa)[Chorus]  
Oh, I've been lookin' for love  
In all the wrong places  
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)  
I've been fallin' in love  
With all the wrong faces  
Oh somebody take me home Please take me home Yeah, then I met Miami, she was Spanish  
Miami te amo, me llamo Travie  
She could tell that I wasn't bilingual  
I said I don't know todito, but I know un poquito  
We can hit south beach and drink Mojitos  
And maybe you can introduce me to your peoples  
Ha, yo no voy paidra  
My first love, keep on callin'  
Yo no voy paya  
I think I finally found where Imma stay, at I-95 But never forget the 88, No[Chorus]  
Oh, I've been lookin' for love  
In all the wrong places  
Oh somebody take me home (Oh)  
I've been fallin' in love  
With all the wrong faces  
Oh somebody take me home Please take me home

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