

Gotta Get Home

Impellitteri

I got a camera round my neck
No money in my pocket
Here comes the "Tea a Wana" police
I'm running, guess I lost it
Then I heard "STOP" and I turned around
And saw that gun aiming at me

I gotta get home
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I never wanted to go there
But I was told "You got to see it"
If you can take all the verbal abuse
And the smell of the streets, it's worth it
Pharmacies like supermarkets
Photographs on painted donkeys
Real cheap booze to hold you prisoner

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