

Chicago

Mr Hudson

You'll be back
You'll see soon or later you'll run home
You'll run home
You said you wanted time
But we've only got so much and it's weighed in gold
I weigh my time in gold

So that's how you're going on
You pack your bags and cut me off
And now you're doing it on your own
Chicago must be getting cold
This time of year
Well I fear that you'll be running back
I'll be here

The days and the weeks go by
Will you start to miss what you'd left behind?

You'll be back
You'll see soon or later you'll run home
You'll run home
You said you wanted time
But we've only got so much and it's weighed in gold
I weigh my time in gold

So that's how you're going on
You leave me crumbs to let me know
That you're happier alone
Chicago must be so much fun
This time of year
Well I fear that you'll be running back
And I'll be here

The days and the months go by
Do you start to miss what you'd left behind?

You'll be back
You'll see soon or later you'll run home
You'll run home
You said you wanted time
But we've only got so much and it's weighed in gold
I weigh my time in gold

I weigh my time, I weigh my time

I shoulda left your ass in Chicago
Miss Misery, you ain't shit to me
Know you love company but you know how the business be
One day you in love with me, the next day we enemies
String me along then try to play me like a symphony
Shitting on me publicly, you do it just to fuck with me
Cut me then be cuffing me, like I was in custody
I can tell you judging me, I see it in your eyes
It's something like Sia, I can see in your disguise
And I know you want back that old thing
I just want a love that's supreme like Coltrane
We both know I'm always on the road, ballin' outta control

But I guess I'll see you at my next home game
Chicago

You'll be back
You'll see soon or later you'll run home
You'll run home