

# Bianka Jackowska & Three times four, Callin' Home

I was callin', callin' home  
But I didn't get an answer  
So I tried to call some more  
And now I am callin' callin', callin' home  
And I wonder is sometimes you get left a bit alone  
I'll be callin' callin', callin' home  
Oh, the truth is such a rare thing  
I thought you might want some

I thought you might want some

Do you ever wonder if someone will call you his home?  
Do you ever wonder if he will be knocking on your door?  
Like you're the most precious thing  
Like you light up the world  
Could he take the wheel instead of letting you drown?

The time is passing  
It's passing by I might pass anyway with it  
I'll pack again my travel bag  
I have been here  
And I've been there  
Do you want to travel with me  
Or are you going by yourself?  
The night is coming  
It's getting dark  
Let's go and find a shelter  
The stars will lead us back

The stars will lead you back

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