

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Bring It On Home

If you ever change your mind
About leaving me behind
Well baby, bring that lovin', mmm
Bring it on home to me

I know I laughed when you left
Now I only hurt myself
But baby, bring that lovin', yeah
Bring it on home to me

I'll give ya jewelry and money, too
But that ain't all I'll do for you
Baby, just bring that lovin', bring that lovin'
And bring it on home to me

You know I'll always, I'll be your slave
Till I'm buried, buried in my grave
But oh baby, just bring it to me
Bring that sweet lovin' home to me

You know I tried to treat you right
But then you stayed out all the night
Lord, I forgive you, bring it to me
Just bring that sweet lovin' home to me, yeah

So if ya ever, you change your mind
About leavin', leavin' me behind, yeah (Bring it home)
Just bring it to me, baby
Bring that sweet lovin' home to me, home to me (Bring it home, bring it home)

(Bring it home, bring it home)
Baby, give me that sweet lovin'
Home to me, bring it home to me (Bring it home, bring it home)

You know I tried, to treat you right
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Bring it home, bring it home)
Bring it home, bring it home
Just bring it on home