

# 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