Boney M, We Kill The World

Two of us riding nowhere Spending someones Heard earned pay You and me Sunday driving Not arriving on our way back home we're on our way home we're on our way home we're going home Two of us sending postcards Writing letters on my wall You and me burning matches Lifting latches on our way back home we're on our way home we're on our way home we're going home You and I have memories Longer than the road That stretches out of here Two of us wearing raincoats Standing solo in the sun You and me chasing paper Getting nowhere on our way back home we're on our way home we're on our way home we're going home