

# Marlon Roudette, Riding Home

Gimme the tune and love me  
Even if it don't mean the same  
But every time I'll sing for you  
But every time I'll sing for you  
Will see you bought and sold, and sold, riding home  
I don't know... ain't no home...

Really?

Yea, yes problems solved aka Mattafix.

Wait, the same little boy with the cassette tape?  
The big foot jeans, awaiting at the school gate  
Late night thoughts, he's tearing up the paper  
And here's the soundbite ten years later  
He took the yard to the city an he mixed it  
Mattafixed it, now he's on some sick shhh  
So keep your money and your cars and your deals  
I'm riding home on the same two wheels

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But every time I'll sing for you  
(x2)

Wait the same little boy they used to underestimate?  
Made a great escape with only practice  
An attic and a mattress  
This same man is trying to hatch this game plan  
And catch a vibe make it world wide  
Spirals of idols and rivals labelled as a dreamer  
Stroll as the world rolls by you in a beamer  
Now empathize if you know how it feels  
Riding home on the same two wheels  
I made my best friends  
From the West Indies to the West End  
In every corner in every section  
Perfection, long lasting connection  
The little boy with the clear skin complexion  
Afternoons and I'm scrubbing old sneakers  
In time to the vibes from my makeshift speakers  
An assortment laments from my Walkman  
I'm still trying to walk good though  
I'm slightly awkward

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So, things didn't work out exactly how I planned it  
No matter how you brand it I'm still the same bandit

Essentially the story of the 21st century  
Kid make your music cause it's meant to be  
Music cause it's meant to be  
I'm making music cause it's meant to be  
You never know what it meant to me  
Now if you're bought and sold, and sold you're riding home

I don't know... ain't no home...

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