

# I HAVE GOT - I'VE GOT

Alice Merton

"No Roots"

OLD

NIGHT

'VE  
GOT

HOME  
GYPSIES

GOT

LIKE

I'VE

I ..... digging holes and  
Hiding things inside them  
When I grow ....., I hope  
I won't forget to find them  
Cause, I..... got memories and  
Travel like gypsies in the .....

I build a ..... and wait for  
Someone to tear it down  
Then pack it up in boxes  
Head for the next town running  
Cause, ..... memories and  
Travel like .....in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road  
A thousand times

## CHORUS: x2

I've ..... no roots  
But my home was never on the ground  
I've got no roots  
But my home was never on the ground  
I've got no roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots

# I've got no roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots

I like standing still for  
That's just the wishful plan  
Ask me where I come from  
I'll say a different land  
But I've got memories and  
Travel like gypsies in the night

I count gates and numbers  
And play the guessing game  
It's just the place that changes  
The rest is still the same  
But I've got memories and  
Travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road  
A thousand times

## CHORUS x2

I like digging holes, hiding things inside them  
When I grow old, I won't forget to find them  
I like digging holes, hiding things inside them  
When I grow old, I won't forget to find them

## CHORUS x2

## Alice Merton

### "No Roots"

I like digging \_\_\_\_\_ and  
Hiding \_\_\_\_\_ inside them  
When I grow old, I \_\_\_\_\_  
I won't \_\_\_\_\_ to find them  
Cause, I've got \_\_\_\_\_ and  
\_\_\_\_\_ like gypsies in the night

I build a \_\_\_\_\_ and wait for  
Someone to tear it down  
Then pack it up in \_\_\_\_\_  
Head for the next town running  
Cause, I've got \_\_\_\_\_ and  
\_\_\_\_\_ like gypsies in the night

And a \_\_\_\_\_ times I've seen this road  
A \_\_\_\_\_ times

## CHORUS: x2

I've got no roots  
But my home was never on the \_\_\_\_\_  
I've got no roots  
But my home was never on the \_\_\_\_\_

I've got no roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots  
I've got no roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots

I like standing still for  
That's just the wishful plan  
Ask me where I \_\_\_\_\_ from  
I'll say a \_\_\_\_\_ land  
But I've got \_\_\_\_\_ and  
\_\_\_\_\_ like gypsies in the night

I count gates and \_\_\_\_\_  
And play the guessing \_\_\_\_\_  
It's just the place that changes  
The rest is \_\_\_\_\_ the same  
But I've got \_\_\_\_\_ and  
\_\_\_\_\_ like gypsies in the night

And a \_\_\_\_\_ times I've seen this road  
A \_\_\_\_\_ times

**CHORUS x2**

I like digging \_\_\_\_\_, hiding \_\_\_\_\_ inside them  
When I grow old, I won't \_\_\_\_\_ to find them  
I like digging \_\_\_\_\_, hiding \_\_\_\_\_ inside them  
When I grow old, I won't \_\_\_\_\_ to find them

**CHORUS x2**