JT

Jon Bellion

A song a day for six years Seems like light years away from today (Hey, hey, hey, hey) Too many coincidences and instances Of God's hand, it's insane (Hey, hey, hey, hey) I thought my way to greatness I could claim this, but he gave me the brain (Hey, hey, hey, hey) You know what I'm saying? And those thoughts can get confusing, it's amusing But tonight, we celebrate (Hey, hey, hey, hey) Lay me down, put me out Call me home, let me know I'm ready to go 'Cause I was down, now, I've flown Oh, what's reality lately? Remember dreams seemed far away Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John Travolta Remember dreams seemed far away Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John Travolta And I don't mean John Travolta (yeah) And I don't mean John Travolta Dancing under sunset, in the mountains Just reflecting for the day (Hey, hey, hey, hey) I've seen this in my head a million times But to see it come to life is just insane (Hey, hey, hey, hey) Champagne and orange juice Mimosas were Pulp Fiction in the way (Hey, hey, hey, hey) That all can get confusing, it's amusing, but tonight (Celebrate)Lay me down, put me out Call me home, let me know

I'm ready to go
'Cause I was down, now, I've flown
Oh, what's reality lately? (Oh)Remember dreams seemed far away

Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John Travolta Remember dreams seemed far away Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John TravoltaPut me out Call me home, let me know I'm ready to go 'Cause I was down, now, I've flown Oh, what's reality lately? (Oh)Remember dreams seemed far away Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John Travolta Remember dreams seemed far away Was pinching pennies like Lane and Hardaway Now my beats make feasts for holidays in Greece And I don't mean John TravoltaFar away, Hardaway Holiday, don't mean John Travolta Far away, Hardaway Holiday, don't mean John Travolta Lay me down, put me out Call me home (Holiday—don't mean John Travolta) (Don't mean John Travolta) Call me home I'm ready to go

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/