



Iomie My Homie

[Litmus A Freeman](#)

We met at Foz do Lizandro, on the boardwalk there
Outside bar Barbatana, at the Espiga Fayre
We must have talked four hours, she said she lived alone
But looking at other options, I guess I must have known

I said "Fiona, if you don't want to live alone-a
You may have heard a rumour, I've got a big spare room-a
If you need a place now, come and check out my space now
Once you get to know me, you might like to be my homie
You never know..."

She came to the apartment, she liked what she saw
In a lovely blue summer dress that I liked even more
She was a sweet ray of sunshine, brightened up my place
I said "when you're done planting trees let's try out sharing space"

I said "Fiona, you don't need to live alone-a
You heard the rumour, I've got a big spare room-a
Come try out that room-a, a-living with a baby-boomer
Come and get to know me, you might like to be my homie
You never know..."

So she moved in for a season and then for a season more
But by the end of the quarter we both knew for sure
Now we talk for hours in the kitchen, sharing philosophies
And when she bakes 'Beetroot Brownies' I fall to my knees

And I sing "Fiona, we no longer live alone-a
You heard that rumour, now you've got the big bedroom-a
All your cakes taste yum yeah, and you've got a sexy bum yeah!
Now you've got to know me, I'm so glad that you're my homie"

"Oh Fi-omie, wherever I roamie
Can't wait to get back homie, to see my lovely I-omie
Oh yeah Iomie, you're my homie
Now you really know me, and you really show me

Iomie, you're my homie, oh yeah
Iomie, you're my homie, yeah yeah
Iomie, you're my homie, yeah yeah
Iomie, you're my homie, yeah yeah
Iomie my homie, Iomie my homie, Iomie my homie