

NO ROOTS – Alice Merton

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them **pretend to dig, hide face with hands**
When I grow old, I hope I won't forget to find them **pretend to be old & can't remember**
'Cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night **hands on either side of head & swivel around**

I build a home and wait for someone to tear it down **use fingers to make a house outline in air: roof, walls, base – do this twice**

Then pack it up in boxes, head for the next town **running run on the spot**

'Cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night **hands on either side of head & swivel around**

And a thousand miles I've seen this road, A thousand times.....**walk to the beat around the room then stop**

CHORUS

I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground **clap for 3, outstretched arms, touch the floor**

I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground **clap for 3, outstretched arms, touch the floor**

I've got not roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots **turn in tight circle on the spot**

I've got not roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots **turn the other direction in tight circle on the spot**

I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground **clap for 3, outstretched arms, touch the floor**

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I've got not roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oots **turn the other direction in tight circle on the spot**

I like standing still, boy, that's just a wishful plan **stand tall and stiff, feet together, then wobble a bit**

Ask me where I come from, I'll say a different land **point to different spots in the distance**

But I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night **hands on either side of head & swivel around**

I count gates and numbers, then play the guessing game **counting on fingers to the beat**

It's just the place that changes, the rest is still the same **shrug shoulders**

But I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night **hands on either side of head & swivel around**

And a thousand miles I've seen this road, A thousand times.....**walk to the beat around the room then stop suddenly for next part**

CHORUS

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them **pretend to dig, hide face with hands**

When I grow old, I won't forget to find them **pretend to be old & can't remember**

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CHORUS – *same as before or they come up with own dance moves*