

# Home

Cliff Richard

Home, when all of the world goes wrong it's  
Home, the pull on your heart is strong  
For home, you know that's where you belong  
It's h o m e, anywhere that you may be

Home will be calling you  
Telling you you're overdue  
Where old friends say "how do you do"  
You're doing fine  
But somewhere along the line  
You feel the sun might used to shine  
More brightly in your home town

So you grab up that battered case  
And go, a smile on your weary face  
You know that there is no better place  
Than h o m e, home

Home, is the dance hall on a Saturday night  
Home, where everybody starts out being polite  
Home, until the mugs and the rockers had a fight  
H o m e, that is where we wanna be

There eating fish and chips  
Out of the racing tips  
They gave us in last night's news  
Pass the salt!

When we would run around  
In the London Underground  
Hold tight, mind the door squeeze

There's nothing quite the same as London Town  
Especially when the rain is pouring down  
Wear something warm  
Besides the rain can't drown  
H o m e, home

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Telling you you're overdue  
Where old friends say "how do you do"  
You're doing fine  
But somewhere along the line  
You feel the sun might used to shine  
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So you grab up that battered case  
And go, a smile on your weary face

Talking of home, yeah  
It may be a palace or run down shack  
Anywhere from Helsinki to Hackensack  
As long as friends are waiting for you to come back

It's just like the man said in the poem  
2 3 4, h o m e, Home  
So you keep Lisbon

H o m e, home  
No Paris is bonne  
Keep Copenhagen  
H o m e, home  
We'll say it again  
H o m e, home  
I don't mean New York  
H o m e, home  
It's too far to walk  
H o m e, home