

This is home, and here I'll stay
Though storm clouds are massing now with every passing day
Where would we go? What else could I do?
Whatever weather throws at us, together we'll get through

As we ramble those rosy days of wine
Were any of us ever well aware we were living on borrowed time?
How we rolled and tumbled as seasons spent
Adrift within these city walls all daubed with discontent

Given strength to see beyond the turning
And the sense to recognise the signs
When you know which boats are built just for burning
You take a pinch of salt with what you hear – read between the lines

Walking these hills and the valley floors
In the mud beneath our boots there lies an older road than yours
That knows its shape and has given it form
It seems that we're just here and gone before we know we're born

Given hope against desperation
What a heavenly planet but in a hell of a state
And such small things by way of compensation
Like a dog on a rope and the sweet cherry wood smoking in the grate

This is home, and here I'll stay
Where I'm sheltered from the winds of change each strange and scary day
So let this be our piece of the sky
And tomorrow we may contemplate the sweet bye and bye