

Going Home

Murray Head

I am going back home,
I don't suppose you'll miss me when I've gone.
I am tired and worn,
I am sorry, I'm retreating on my own.
I've been fighting for years,
Waiting for the "all clear" on the phone.
Don't we all need a break,
When survival's at stake, we're alone.
I am going back home, I hope you're still here,
To meet me when I return.
I am going home.
I am going home, going home,
Yes I am going back home,
To speak the truth again, and common sense.
To the woman who greets me,
With eyes lit to treat me to a feast.
To a child whose beauty
Reminds me how much I'm still a beast.
And those family friends,
Fresh like a wind from the East,
I hope they're still there to meet me when I come home.
I am going home, yes, I am going home.
I am going home,
I am going back home.
I am coming home, Yes, I am coming home
There's nothing like the day you're welcomed home.