

Homeward Bound

Petula Clark

I'm sitting in the railway station
Got a ticket for my destination

On a tour of one-night stands
My suitcase and guitar in hand
And ev'ry stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a one-man band

Homeward bound
I wish I was
Homeward bound
Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love is waiting
Silently for me

Ev'ry day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines

And each town looks the same to me
The movies and the factories
And ev'ry stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be

Homeward bound
I wish I was
Homeward bound
Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love is waiting
Silently for me

Tonight, I'll sing my songs again
I'll play the game and pretend

But all my words come back to me
In shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony,
I need someone to comfort me

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Homeward bound
I wish I was
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