

# Wont You Come Home Disraeli

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+Won't You Come Home, Disraeli  
When Benjamin Disraeli was Prime Minister of England,  
And good old Queen Victoria was the Queen,  
Whenever she would need him for official palace business,  
Disraeli, he was nowhere to be seen.  
She went down to 10 Downing Street,  
The doorbell there she rang,  
And when there was no answer,  
This is what the good Queen sang:  
Won't you come home, Disraeli. Won't you come home.  
Come home to Queen Victoria.  
Don't leave that House of Commons, and that House of Lords.  
Just sittin' waitin' for ya.  
I'm gettin' awful lomesome, 'cause all I do  
Is sit here reading Ethan Frome.  
Now don't leave me flat,  
The key to the palace is under the mat.  
Disraeli, won't you please come home.  
Won't you come home, Disraeli. Won't you come home.  
Come home to Queen Victoria.  
Don't leave that House of Commons, and that House of Lords.  
Just sittin' waitin' for ya.  
You claim official business took you away  
To Egypt, and Bombay, and Rome.  
Well, I ain't so certain,  
'Cause you're the Nineteenth Century Richard Burton,  
Disraeli, won't you please (I miss you, Dizzy)  
Disraeli, won't you please,  
Disraeli, won't you please,  
Disraeli, won't you please come home.