

Good To Be On The Road Back Home Again

Cornershop

And by the time that she gets home
She'll re-a-lise that I am gone
I'll be sitting in a back bar drinkin'
Drinking to my friends

And drinking to my foes
For both keep a young heart moving.
It's good to be on the trail
From where my heart set sail

Puttin anchor down
For friends and good beer
So I'll have another one
Then I

ll be moving on.
It's good to be on the road back home again. Again
And by the time that he arrives
He will read, I have lied

He'll go drinking to his friends and to his foes.
But drinking in the devil
That tears one apart, leaving
Memories of what should have been and wasn't.

Son petit business
In Toki-yo town
Italy for the apples
To where mar heart is now.

Now it's giddy up or whoa
and I'm afraid it's good to be back on the road home.'
It's good to be on the road back home again. Again.
I swear I meant to leave Chattanooga, but'

But I had another one.
And I realised whar I'd gone
And I realised what I'd done
I need to be on the first bus back

Into her arms
It's good to be on rht road back home
Too many nights
In dirty London town

Italy for the apples
To where my heart is now.
For I've lost marself, searchin'
For what I ain't

It's good to be on the road back home again.
Leave Chattanooga
Walk in to New York City
Aeroplane down to Nippon ground

Meets some friends in Tokio-town
Across to West Maluva

Showboat to West Malay
Leave my foes to their woes

Sometimes 'that's how it goes'
It's good to be on the road back home again