

# 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