

# Walking Back Home

Deacon Blue

The stars and satellites  
Are quiet over the hills tonight  
And the cats' eyes and white lines  
Are heading out for miles  
The frost on the embankment  
Keeps my feet on the road  
But the tunes and beers  
Are walking us back home

And we stopped any travellers  
And wished them good new year  
And we sang and we drunk  
And we quarrelled and we cheered  
And we felt the earth below  
And we knew how good it was  
Just walking back home

La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La

I left them at the circle  
As the sun began to rise  
And we walked the last few hundred yards  
Back to my own house  
I pulled my coat still closer  
'Cause now I'm on my own  
I've struck out for the first time  
And now I'm walking back home

Warbeck sang  
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La  
The Stacy's sang  
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La  
Linda sang  
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La