

A Song For Jenny

Humble Pie

Where you goin' now, flower?
Scarf around your head
Walking in the morning mist
While I lay still in bed

When I woke up this morning
The sky was old and grey
I'm wonderin' how you think of me
When I'm so far away

There's icy fingers in the air
I feel them on my cheeks
It amazes me that I'm still here and you're still there
'Cause I ain't been home in weeks

Ain't been home in weeks (Ooh)
Ain't been home in weeks (Find my way home)
Ain't been home in weeks (Ooh, hey)
Ain't been home in weeks

Oh yeah (Come 'ere)
Ooh-ooh (Singin')
Oh yeah
Ooh-ooh

Well, my head needs air conditionin'
My eyes are plain and pearled
Today, it's Albuquerque, tomorrow
It's the world