Won't You Come Back

Jackie Lomax

Hanging onto photographs, scenes of better days Self-explaining silhouettes of games I used to play I don't think I'll ever get around to throwing them away Nothing seems to happen baby since you've been away

Crossword puzzle, half completed, lying on the floor Cigarette butts seem to lead me nearer to the door I don't think you're ever coming round any more I have never felt this bad at any time before

Won't you come back Baby won't you come back I need you Oh how I need you

Oh won't you come back Baby won't you come back I need you

All my sins can't be as bad as you make out they are Is it because I don't have a house and shiny car? I will bring you anything you want, from near or far I will write a song and be a rock-and-rolling star

Ah won't you come back Baby won't you come back I need you Oh how I need you

Won't you come on home baby I need you