

I see you from the sky  
And I wonder how long it will take me to get home  
I wait for an hour or so at the carousel  
I have a cigarette to pass the time  
Cause the traffic's hell

I don't want anything more  
Than to see your face when you open the door  
You'll make me beans on toast and a nice cup of tea  
And we'll get a Chinese and watch TV  
Tomorrow we'll take the dog for a walk  
And in the afternoon then maybe we'll talk  
I'll be exhausted so I'll probably sleep  
And we'll get a Chinese and watch TV

You wipe the tears from my eye  
And you say that all that it takes is a phone call  
I cry at the thought of being alone and then  
I wonder how long it will take til I'm home again

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And we'll get a Chinese and watch TV  
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I know it doesn't seem so fair  
But I'll send you a postcard when I get there

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