

Come Home

Pere Ubu

Go on home. Don't you know I was the spy in the heart
Of our home?
The double life of a provocateuris like the doctor who
Won't provide the cure.
Come home. Nobody's waiting.
Come home. Somebody cares.
Come home. I left the light on.
Come home. Nobody's there.

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Of our home?
The double life of a provocateuris like the doctor who
Won't provide the cure.
Come home. Nobody's waiting.
Come home. Somebody cares.
Come home. I'm at the freeway.
Come home. Nobody's there.
In the backseat of a blue fin mystery I hang my head
And cry.
Outside the night birds call. Early morning mists swim
Free.
I'm at the bridge and the river's enraged.
I'm a bird but that bird's encaged.
I'm a free man otherwise engaged.

I'm a fool.
I'm a fool.

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Of our home?
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Won't provide the cure.

Come home. Nobody's waiting.
Come home. Somebody cares.
Come home. I left the light on.
Come home. Nobody's there.
In the dim light of the New Dawn I shake the cold out
Of my hands.
The radio is on and I look for the lights of the road.
I say to myself, I'm at the bridge and the river's
Enraged.
I'm a bird but that bird's encaged.
I'm a free man otherwise engaged.
I'm a fool.
I'm a fool.

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Of our home?
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Won't provide the cure.