- 1. As I reach for a peach Slide a line down behind a sofa in San Tropez Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand Riding a wave in the wake of an old Sedan Sleeping alone in the drone of the darkness Scratched by the sand that fell from my love Deep in my dreams and I still hear her calling If you're alone, I'll come home
- 2. Backward and homebound, the pigeon, the dove Gone with the wind and the rain on an airplane Born in a home with no silver spoon I'm drinking champagne like a good tycoon Sooner than wait for a break in the weather I'll gather my far flung thoughts together Speeding away on a wind to a new day If you're alone, I'll come home
- 3. And I'll pause for a while by a country stile
 And listen to the things they say
 Digging for gold in a hole in my hand
 Open the book, take a look at the way things stand
 And you're leading me down to the place by the sea
 I hear your soft voice calling to me
 Making a date for later by phone
 And if you're alone, I'll come home