

He smelt the briny ocean when he was seventeen,
just said goodbye, cause sailors never cry
When the life ashore became no more
Than just a point of dad, he tried to realize
The words the old man said:

Son, you'll never live in Clover,
But the last word's up to you
If you really thought it over,
Do what you must do.

Daddy, I don't know if I'm wrong
Dad, but it's there where I belong
Daddy, once I'll be back to see
If at home it's really better like you said to me.

He sailed across the seven seas from England to Japan
He saw all the places in the world.
But somewhere in his heart, there is a start of yearning
For the land he left behind, that he adored.

Son, you'll never live in Clover,
But the last word's up to you
If you really thought it over,
Do what you must do.

Daddy I know that I was wrong
Dad I'm coming back where I belong
Daddy, those words you used to say:
That at home it's really better - feel it every day.