

## Home For A Rest

Spirit of the West

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best  
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left  
These so called vacations will soon be my death  
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest...

We arrived in December and London was cold  
We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road  
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak  
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

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Euston Station the train journey north  
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth  
Past odd crooked dikes, through Yorkshire's green fields  
We were flung into dance as the train jiggled and reeled

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By the light of the moon she'd drift through the streets  
A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet  
She'd tease us and flirt as the pubs all closed down  
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

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The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb  
The spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room  
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon  
And don't lift up my head 'til the twelve bells of noon

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Take me home