

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