

The Day I Get Home

Squeeze

When this young man comes rolling home
The lamp posts move and in the road
I sing and dance in falling rain
It's good to be back home again
The roads of air that map the globe
Take me away to places new
I'm lucky I can get around
I'm taking off and touching down
When I get home it's much the same
The tax returns return again
The news is on it isn't good
I see the trees but not the wood

The road stretches out as far as I can see
And I eat the lines ahead of me
It's experience
As the days unfold
But there's nothing quite like
The day I get home

When this young man comes rolling home
The cheese on toast is in the grill
Memories are filed away
I come and go, it's fun that way
The roads of air that map the globe
Go east and west and north and south
I like to look and see the sights
I stay up late and hit the heights

When I return things haven't changed
Neither have I, I like to think
The world's an oyster on a plate
I get around and get up late