

Invitation

Status Quo

I got an invitation from a girl I used to know back home
It was an invitation asking me to telephone
She said, it's getting lonely here
And I've been gone for close a year
I took the first flight out to meet the girl I used to know back home

She met me off the flight, a million dollars in her long red gown
With a man in a black hat just to drive us back to town
Now the faces all look the same
And all the places have the same old names
But in a year you've changed just like the girl I used to know back home
Yes, in a year you've changed just like the girl I used to know back home

Maybe it's true that I go on and on and on
Maybe it's true that I'm the lonely one alone
What can I say to you, what can I say to you?
Yes, in a year you've changed just like the girl I used to know back home

It took another year before I started getting itchy toes

And then I had to leave, but that's the way the story goes
Well I reckon if she'd made me stay
I'd never live to see another day
I took the first flight out and left the girl I used to know back home

Maybe it's true that I go on and on and on
Maybe it's true that I'm the lonely one alone
What can I say to you, what can I say to you?
I took the first flight out and left the girl I used to know back home
Back home, I left the girl back home
I left the girl back home
I left the girl back home