

## Back Home

Zuco 103

In the middle of the street,  
I'm late; cars come but don't go  
People's eyes are lost or glassy  
Looking in the same direction

And if I ask you what's going on nobody  
Says yes or no  
The busses go by, full,  
all in the same direction

I'm trying to find my way home

Nobody makes a mistake  
Nobody sees anybody  
It even seems  
That nobody can feel anything any more  
I'm looking for the way home  
I'm looking for the way home

I just arrived  
Full of longing  
Ah, Tim Maia  
I'm going to call  
To ask William to come get me