

Home

Cliff Richard

Home, when all of the world goes wrong it's
Home, the pull on your heart is strong
For home, you know that's where you belong
It's h o m e, anywhere that you may be

Home will be calling you
Telling you you're overdue
Where old friends say "how do you do"
You're doing fine
But somewhere along the line
You feel the sun might used to shine
More brightly in your home town

So you grab up that battered case
And go, a smile on your weary face
You know that there is no better place
Than h o m e, home

Home, is the dance hall on a Saturday night
Home, where everybody starts out being polite
Home, until the mugs and the rockers had a fight
H o m e, that is where we wanna be

There eating fish and chips
Out of the racing tips
They gave us in last night's news
Pass the salt!

When we would run around
In the London Underground
Hold tight, mind the door squeeze

There's nothing quite the same as London Town
Especially when the rain is pouring down
Wear something warm
Besides the rain can't drown
H o m e, home

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Telling you you're overdue
Where old friends say "how do you do"
You're doing fine
But somewhere along the line
You feel the sun might used to shine
More brightly in your home town

So you grab up that battered case
And go, a smile on your weary face

Talking of home, yeah
It may be a palace or run down shack
Anywhere from Helsinki to Hackensack
As long as friends are waiting for you to come back

It's just like the man said in the poem
2 3 4, h o m e, Home
So you keep Lisbon

H o m e, home
No Paris is bonne
Keep Copenhagen
H o m e, home
We'll say it again
H o m e, home
I don't mean New York
H o m e, home
It's too far to walk
H o m e, home