

# Home

Billy Bragg

I walked down from the station 'cause I wanted to see,  
The kind of things that you might miss from the back of a taxi,  
There's just no way to tell you what these things mean to me  
This is home.

The place I threw my guts up outside the old wine bar,  
The junk shop on the corner where I bought my first guitar,  
The grass verge by the pig flats where we sat and revved our cars,  
This is home.

Home, nothing ever changes.  
Home, and I wouldn't want it to.  
Home, everything's the same as I left it when I went away to make myself anew.

The local team don't really have no local players now,  
The glory days are far away but we're getting by somehow,  
You'd think we'd won the champions league if you listen to the crowd at home.

This place always gets to me like an old familiar song,  
Stirring up old feelings that I thought were long gone,  
I guess that you can move away but you cannot escape where you're from.

Home, nothing ever changes.  
Home, and I wouldn't want it to.  
Home, everything's the same as I left it when I went away to make myself anew.

The old familiar wallpaper and a battered old settee,  
The china doll that dad brought back from the war in Germany,  
The faintest smell of creosote and a cup of milky tea,  
This is home.