

Down Home Again

Humble Pie

Well, the show's all over, I'll just pack my guitar
Well, what am I doing here, girl ?
Get up, c'mon make for your car
Head on back to where the air is clear.

There's a young girl there who's part of my life
She says I'm her only, I call her my wife
I'm so glad to be back home again.

Well, let me sit down slowly, put my feet up somewhere
I let it all out of my head
Well a day-dreamin' guitar-pickin', nothin'-doin' pint of milk
Wakes up with the horrors of a hotel bed.

But it's alright, there's a hand on my cheek
And it belongs to the girl that makes my will power weak
I'm so glad to be back home again.

Oh, get on home.

Well, there's a young girl there who's part of my life
She says I'm her only but I call her my wife
I'm so glad to be back home again, ooh, ooh.

Get on home, yeah.

I'm so glad to be back home again
(I don't want your money but I just want your lovin')
Well, I'm so glad to be back home again
(I don't want your money but I just want your lovin')
I'm so glad to be back home again
(I don't want your money but I just want your lovin')
I'm so glad to be back home again
(I don't want your money but I just want your lovin')
I'm so glad I'm back home again
(I don't want your money but I just want your lovin')