

Calling Home

Ray Davies

Phoenix, Arizona
Albuquerque, New Mexico
The Navajo
The American Indians
The first inhabitants of Americana

I miss my baby, I miss my wife
I miss my home and the quiet, quiet life
All the things we love seem so far away
But here temptation stares me in the face

Go back to the room turn Johnny Carson on
It's early morning there but I think I'm gonna phone

Home
Calling home
Calling home

I left my country, but now I'm torn
I miss the place where I was born
Grew tired of lying politics
New spin doctors same old tricks
Now I'm restless born to roam
Destination still unknown

Home
Calling home
Calling home

Every time I hear that lonesome train roll down the track
Going away to unknown destinations

Now, I was in New Orleans by the Mississippi river
It seems that all the music that inspired me started here
Then drifted up the big river to become rock 'n' roll
There was a voice starting to emerge in the songs
That came from within me, pushing me somewhere
But I missed home
The calls back home
And time and place didn't seem to matter anymore

And is the shadow on the sidewalk
Someone like you
It's time you made your getaway