

I see your pictures in windows round town  
Your features fall from you like a Pierrot clown  
what got inside you babe, who let you down  
D'ya get what you went for, or is there still more to be found?  
like you're proving the world's round

Will there be a return from this prodigal son  
or is he consumed by the fight and the run  
Wish you'd come back and see me babe, cos time's pushing on  
And I'll tell you stories of all you missed while you were gone  
,  
proving the world wrong.

Wandering troubadour, young libertine  
Your blue eyes betraying the trouble you've seen  
I see you struggling betwixt and between  
The steel and the shipyards eclipse your Parisian dream,  
least you're keeping the girls keen

Wish you'd come back and see me babe cos time's pushing on  
And I'll tell you stories of all you missed while you were gone  
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