

# The Day I Get Home

Squeeze

When this young man comes rolling home  
The lamp posts move and in the road  
I sing and dance in falling rain  
It's good to be back home again  
The roads of air that map the globe  
Take me away to places new  
I'm lucky I can get around  
I'm taking off and touching down  
When I get home it's much the same  
The tax returns return again  
The news is on it isn't good  
I see the trees but not the wood

The road stretches out as far as I can see  
And I eat the lines ahead of me  
It's experience  
As the days unfold  
But there's nothing quite like  
The day I get home

When this young man comes rolling home  
The cheese on toast is in the grill  
Memories are filed away  
I come and go, it's fun that way  
The roads of air that map the globe  
Go east and west and north and south  
I like to look and see the sights  
I stay up late and hit the heights

When I return things haven't changed  
Neither have I, I like to think  
The world's an oyster on a plate  
I get around and get up late