

Where I Belong At Christmas

The High Kings

Left my home a young lad
Said goodbye to me poor Mam and Dad
Walked away with my chest torn apart from the one who'd stolen my heart

Followed the lads down below
No job and no prospects had forced me to go
Ten hour days on a mate's building site
At least the future looked bright
But the load wasn't nearly as heavy
As the ache in my heart that was gnawing at me calling me home

And they'll all rise to meet me and greet me
And tell me the tales of the years I've been gone
Pour me a pint of black velvet
And raise up your glass when I'm singing my song
Back home is where I belong boys and girls
Back home is where I belong

Glad of the wages I've made
Proud of every foundation I've laid
Spent a few good weekends with the gang
And we laughed as loud as we sang
Phone calls from mother to say
Why'd ya have to go so far away
Lit a candle and sent out a prayer
Let me know when it reaches you there
Now I know that this won't be forever
And I know where I'm bound when my two feet are back on the ground

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