

Alison Moyet, Home

Does no one here have any place to go?
Can there be time for such reclining
In your social to and fro
Have you no paramour
No dogs to walk
No early morning shift
That calls you like a whore and
begs you make it swift?
Does no one here have anything to show?
For every hour you devour
In pursuit of letting go
Where is your suckling brood?
Your easy mood
'Kick up the fire and let the
flames break loose'

Home, go home
Your dreams are yours alone'
all buffered nail and whittled heel
like clothes and skin the dance floor peels

Home, go home
The Masquerade is done
from here on in, tomorrow's canned
in each dear disappointed hand

Does no one here have anything to say?
Would it be treasonous to reason with
a heart so young and gay
It is the perfect frock, exquisite locks
and nothing comes to rain on your parade

Home, Go home
Your dreams are yours alone
What care i for your cobbled life
Your talent turn, your status wife
Go Home, Go Home, to valance,
flock and drone
Your lovers writhe like eels inside
Your neighbour's sheets - squealing
Bleating Haste - quick turn
The pyro lives to burn
The pelmet catches, batten hatches
all is gone that no-one snatches

Home, go home and govern you
your own
Make your love and keep it warm
It won't be precious very long
GO HOME