

# Alison Moyet, Hometown

Written by Moyet/Glenister

Gone is the last stain of ink from the sky  
Somebody's talking and won't tell you why  
So you ask them to stay when you want them to fly  
And you try not to think of tomorrow's goodbye

Hometown hometown  
Oh how I long to see a friend of mine  
Somewhere he's still waiting  
Somewhere his heart's saying  
She will be coming for me  
She'll be coming for me

Hometown hometown  
I'll know his name and he'll remember mine  
Let him be just for me  
Let him be poetry  
Wait for me patiently  
Wait for me

Hometown hometown  
Oh how I long to see a friend of mine  
Somewhere he's still waiting  
Watching the door for his "she";  
To be calling it's me  
And this morning is free