

Carole King, Sweet Adonis

Waiting on tables while waiting on fame
In a city filled with numbers, they've forgotten their names
Like a lonely, broken people without title, without claim
When every day's survival is one more night of shame, night of shame

Welcome home, sweet Adonis
Welcome home, my old friend
I'm glad to see you made it through your contests once again
Welcome home, sweet Adonis
Your heart needs time to mend
Welcome home, sweet Adonis, my old friend

Hoping for the promise, staying for the show
In a world of brief advantage, the victims come and go
Their faces seem so honest, their manners have such style
Oh, but when hunger means existence
There's a feast in every smile, every smile

So welcome home, sweet Adonis
Welcome back, my old friend
I'm glad to see you made it up that hard road once again
Welcome home, sweet Adonis
Your highway's found an end
Welcome home, sweet Adonis, welcome home