

Cornershop, Good To Be On The Road Back Home

And by the time that she gets home
She'll realise that I am gone
I'll be sitting in a back bar drinkin'
Drinking to my friends
And drinking to my foes
For both keep a young heart moving.
It's good to be on the trail
From where my heart set sail
Puttin anchor down
For friends and good beer
So I'll have another one
Then I
I'll be moving on.
It's good to be on the road back home again. Again
And by the time that he arrives
He will read, I have lied
He'll go drinking to his friends and to his foes.
But drinking in the devil
That tears one apart, leaving
Memories of what should have been and wasn't.
Son petit business
In Tokiyō town
Italy for the apples
To where my heart is now.
Now it
is giddy up or whoa
and I'm afraid it's good to be back on the road home.
It's good to be on the road back home again. Again.
I swear I meant to leave Chattanooga, but
But I had another one.
And I realised what I'd gone
And I realised what I'd done
I need to be on the first bus back
Into her arms
It's good to be on the road back home
Too many nights
In dirty London town
Italy for the apples
To where my heart is now.
For I've lost myself, searchin'
For what I ain't
It's good to be on the road back home again.
Leave Chattanooga
Walk in to New York City
Aeroplane down to Nippon ground
Meets some friends in Tokio-town
Across to West Malaya
Showboat to West Malay
Leave my foes to their woes
Sometimes that's how it goes
It's good to be on the road back home again