

Deacon Blue, Walking Back Home

The stars and satellites
Are quiet over the hills tonight
And the cats' eyes and white lines
Are heading out for miles
The frost on the embankment
Keeps my feet on the road
But the tunes and beers
Are walking us back home

And we stopped any travellers
And wished them good new year
And we sang and we drunk
And we quarrelled and we cheered
And we felt the earth below
And we knew how good it was
Just walking back home

La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La

I left them at the circle
As the sun began to rise
And we walked the last few hundred yards
Back to my own house
I pulled my coat still closer
'Cause now I'm on my own
I've struck out for the first time
And now I'm walking back home

Warbeck sang
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La
The Stacy's sang
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La
Linda sang
La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La.....La La La La