

Jackie Lomax, Won't You Come Back

Hanging onto photographs, scenes of better days
Self-explaining silhouettes of games I used to play
I don't think I'll ever get around to throwing them away
Nothing seems to happen baby since you've been away

Crossword puzzle, half completed, lying on the floor
Cigarette butts seem to lead me nearer to the door
I don't think you're ever coming round any more
I have never felt this bad at any time before

Won't you come back
Baby won't you come back
I need you
Oh how I need you

Oh won't you come back
Baby won't you come back
I need you

All my sins can't be as bad as you make out they are
Is it because I don't have a house and shiny car?
I will bring you anything you want, from near or far
I will write a song and be a rock-and-rolling star

Ah won't you come back
Baby won't you come back
I need you
Oh how I need you

Won't you come on home baby
I need you