

Petula Clark, Homeward Bound

I'm sitting in the railway station
Got a ticket for my destination On a tour of one-night stands
My suitcase and guitar in hand
And ev'ry stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a one-man band
Homeward bound
I wish I was
Homeward bound
Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love is waiting
Silently for me Ev'ry day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines And each town looks the same to me
The movies and the factories
And ev'ry stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be
Tonight, I'll sing my songs again
I'll play the game and pretend
But all my words come back to me
In shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony,
I need someone to comfort me CHORUS
Homeward bound
I wish I was