

Pop Will Eat Itself, Home

Good to be back home... in the pubs with the people that you love
And a crawl around the clubs getting high
GTBBH... all alone when you're running up the phone bill
Trying to raise the cents for the rent
GTBBH... with your kid and you ask him what he did
Well, he burned the house down to the ground
GTBBH... with the wife and to have some kind of life
And to wake up and break up again
Good to be back home... (x2)

GTBBH... on a love tip, gotta keep a grip
When the ship's going down, you can flip
GTBBH... off the junk food, seen as a clean dude
And instill a clean bill of health
GTBBH... hear the sounds of the city all around
And the music, the new licks you found
GTBBH... at the Lane for a relegation game
As the boys get caned once again
Good to be back home... (x4)

I'm not homeless, I'm just restless
I get itchy feet and reckless
I've been travelling so long, cracking
I don't really know what is happening
Here is there is anywhere and home is my ass on a chair
Then I wish I was gone and then I wish I was home
Then I wish I was gone (AWOL) then I wish I was home (AWOL)
AWOL, AWOL
Then I wish I was gone (AWOL) then I wish I was home (AWOL)
Hello home...