

# The Divine Comedy, Come Home Billy Bird

William wakes with his clothes on  
The morning call has been and gone  
And he might not make the flight but he will try. (yeah)  
Bit by bit it comes back to him  
A bunch of Belgian businessmen  
And a strange drinking game - why oh why?

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller  
Come home Billy Bird, Billy Bird.

He hails a cab but the driver sucks;  
He drives real slowly and he talks so much  
That it hurts Billy Bird's aching brain.  
He runs from the cab to the check-in desk  
She says "no way" but William begs  
On his knees "please please please" , "well okay."

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller  
Come home Billy Bird.

Drenched in sweat he finds his seat  
And with the luggage squeezed down beneath his feet  
He begins to think that things can't get no worse.  
And then a voice says "bags that can't be stowed  
In the overhead lockers must go below  
In the hold - please let go. Thank you, Sir."

Come home Billy Bird, (Come home William) International Business Traveller  
Come home Billy Bird,  
Come home William,  
Come home, William.

He runs on past the carousel  
Screaming "damn my luggage all to Hell  
I can buy a new shirt and tie anyday!"  
He rides from the airport into town  
To the highschool football ground  
Where his son has just begun the big football game.  
"Come on Billy Junior!"

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller  
Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller  
Come home, come home, come home to where you once belonged.  
Come home Billy Bird, Billy Bird, Billy Bird, Billy  
Bird, Billy Bird.  
Ooh.