

Walter Egan, Happy Home

by Supe Granda and Walter Egan

I've got a leaky ceiling rain keeps pouring on my head
This old house of mine's 'bout run out of time
I've got to find a better stead.

The winter winds whistle in my window
Boards keep creaking on the floor
This run-down old place's bout run out of space
Got boxes piled up to the door

I've been looking high I've been looking low
Been turning over every stone
I've been looking here I been looking there
Been searching for my happy home

I've been going round in circles looking for a for rent sign
I've been making circles in the classifieds
Reading 'til my eyes go blind
I'll tell you why I'm in such a hurry
I just got the news today
That baby of mine's gone and changed her mind
Now she's coming back to stay

I've been looking high I've been looking low
Been turning over every stone
I've been over here
I've been over there
Been looking for my happy home

Scrape me off this ole ceiling
The sky's the limit today
I've got a sneaky feeling
that things are gonna come my way

I've been looking up I've been looking down
Been turning over every stone
I've been looking in I've been looking out
Been searching for my happy home