

# Boney M, Two Of Us

Two of us riding nowhere  
Spending someones  
Hard earned pay  
You and me Sunday driving  
Not arriving on our way back home  
we're on our way home  
we're on our way home  
we're going home

Two of us sending postcards  
Writing letters on my wall  
You and me burning matches  
Lifting latches on our way back home  
we're on our way home  
we're on our way home  
we're going home

You and I have memories  
Longer than the road  
That stretches out of here

Two of us wearing raincoats  
Standing solo in the sun  
You and me chasing paper  
Getting nowhere on our way back home  
we're on our way home  
we're on our way home  
we're going home

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