

Robin Williamson, I See Us All Get Home

By Robin Williamson

Robin Williamson: Piano, mandolin and vocals.

Stan Lee Buttons: Organ.

You treat me so kindly
how can I repay
seeing your lips talking
so lovely takes my breath away
you make me restless
but you give me words to say
and if I don't get it wrong
I see us all get home

let me be your fantasy
let me kiss your wary foot
let me be your cameraman
your confidant your preacher and your prostitute
let me be your enemy
but over all let me be your friend
cause if I don't get it wrong
I see us all get home

I see us hew great mountains down
I see us in a lovely place
I see us naked of lies together
I see us naked of disgrace
I see trust born in us through honour
and I see peace come
and if I don't get it wrong
I see us all get home.