Saint Etienne, Home

Transcribed by scott tucker

I walk home everyday from my jobs And the pay's not so good To two rooms, it's not that much, where I keep my stuff But I call it home Caroline whispers every monday morning....

I wish that he'd come home I wish that he'd come home I wish that he'd come home I wish that he'd come home

Lunch break, prescott street, where the people meet And life seems so good They're like the 45's When I dream I'm dreaming of you Watching tv every friday evening

Just like you were home Just like you were home Just like you were home Just like you were home

I'm alright if you're alright I'm alright if you're alright

Caroline whispers every monday morning Looking out her window At the snow shapes falling

I wish that he'd come home (fadeout)