

Split Enz, Home Sweet Home (P Judd, T Finn) 3:

Willows weep, the pillows they do sleep
Home sweet home, to each his own
I always say

He's a man of few words
A bundle of nerves, wait and see
And while his mind works best in darkness
Coming up from behind
The frightened keep on running
While he just hangs around

Home sweet home
To each his own I always say
Martin tries to use his eyes in every way

Help ease the situation
He's happy with what he's got
The kid with his candy, finger painting and blocks
In pitch black he's taking action
What is the cause?
Then came the applause

It was a cold and windy afternoon and through the tumbling clouds you could see the moon, all the mums and dads had come to see the things their kiddies had done; and out jumped Martin dressed to his tens in the Campbells tartan. All eyes watched him, skipping and dancing, everyone laughed but Martin was deaf and couldn't hear a thing, he just kept dancing the highland fling.

Now he's proud of his efforts
That young lad Martin
From the local kindergarten

Home sweet home to each his own
I always say
Martin tries to use his eyes in every way
Home sweet home to each his own
I always say
Home home on the range...