

St. Thomas, I'm Coming Home 2

You're walking the miles
That's needed to see her
But you're not allowed
By her, she's free
Trembling around
To find the valley
But you're not allowed
By her, she's free

You're buying a bottle
Of the nicest wine
Trying to seduce her
You self-obsessed sleaze
You're walking the miles
That's needed to see her
But she has forgotten
Your beautiful face

I'm coming home
Long to go
I'm coming home

I'm coming home
Long to go
I'm coming home

A story is written
A new child is born
Some houses are built
A new town grows up
The beautiful girl
That you used to know
Has made up her trace
She's ready to go

La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la