

# The Ark, The Homecomer

The homecomer with a sun-tan  
smoking cigarettes from another land  
that look so neat  
and smell so sweet

Funny how the kids so dressed up and fine  
are standing in a line  
for the homecomer to say  
they look so sweet,  
measure them from head to feet

The Homecomer  
with a strawhat  
showing colour-slides of a viper and a bat  
and where to go  
and where it's at

Sitting drinking wine with the grown-ups by the fire  
telling all night 'bout the places he's been  
and the people there  
Oh, the kids would love to hear  
so they sneak up near

I'll come home  
with a mind of my own  
and a rucksack full of secrets I can show  
While everyone tries to picture  
what the homecomer's eyes have seen  
A Homecomer  
is what I always wanted to be

The Homecomer  
with a strawhat  
finds his way without a map  
on the countryside  
or in London town

Looking at the children  
with love in his face  
telling them softly that  
When I was your age  
I longed to be  
someone like me

The Homecomer  
with a sun-tan  
touches his own face  
with the hands of a man  
something has changed  
he's not the same

after an appointment  
with a very old friend  
all good days must come to an end  
so he goes to bed  
and he closes his eyes

I'll come home  
with a mind of my own  
and a rucksack full of secrets I can show  
While everyone tries to picture  
what the homecomer's eyes have seen  
A Homecomer  
is what I always wanted to be.

