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, mesasure 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 somethings 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

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