

Walkabouts, Home As Found

Well it should have been the first place
But instead it was the last
It was a place that only you could love

All the gin was spiked with water
From a fever or a storm
All the business went as usual
Ripped and forever torn

I'm going home as found
Going home as found
I'm going home as found
Going home as found

It was a good day for the panther
It was a bad day for the sheep
It was a shot of certain wisdom
That you could never keep

Threw some cash upon the table
Shot some noise into the phone
Saying all the guilty pleasures
Are not for you alone

I'm going home as found
Going home as found
I'm going home as found
Going home as found