

Ark "The Homecomer"

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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
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
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.

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