

Ark, The "The Homecomer"

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The homecomer with a sun-tan
Smoking cigarettes from another land
They look so neat
And smell so sweet

Funny how the kids all dressed up and fine
Are standing in a line so the homecomer can 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 to
And the people there
Oh, the kids would love to hear
So they sneak up near

And 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
The 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 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

And 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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