

Bang

"Glad Your Home (For Returning POW's)"

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So now your home, and it's not the same
Every things different, things have changed
The TV will bore you, that tube's been a waste
You've seen destruction, watched death face to face
The Beatles have gone, they've gone their own way,
Music's transformed, it's got much more to say

How can we tell you all the changes you've missed
The way we've acting, the ass's we've kissed
You missed being hip and the phrases we'd chat
Like "doing my thing" and "that's where it's at"

We're sorry you suffered, you feel you've been had
You've missed quite a lot, some good mostly bad
We've been to the moon, felt it's dust in our hands
But what's that to you if you can't understand

You missed all the flares, the bell bottom blues
Hair is the fashion, you feel you've been used
Don't get me wrong, I'm sorry for you
For what you must face, I just couldn't go through
So try and understand, what's come and gone by
It's been for the best, so stop wondering why
And let me say this, before it's all shown
Welcome home man, we're glad that your home.

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