

Chris Cummings

"It's Such A Long Way Home"

Visit "[It's Such A Long Way Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sitting by the window of this broken-down hotel,
Trying to write a letter just to show you that I'm well,
But I've been watching all the people as they cross the
marketplace,
And though there really is no reason, I've been looking
for your face,

It's such a long way home,
It's such a long way home;
It's such a long way;

Standing by the aeroplane she held me in her arms,
And then she whispered "Oh dear Lord don't let him
come to any harm"
And as we turned to fly away I saw her standing on her
own,
It seemed her hand was waving not goodbye but
"Please come home",

It's such a long way home,
It's such a long way home,
It's such a long way;

Oh so many people have to travel away,
From the ones that they love and they need,
But I want to tell you that all your life,
You can depend on me;

Far away a saxophone lingers on a tune,
And it's the kind of song that someone wrote for lovers
and a moon,
And as the band begins to play it, with a shock I realize,
That it's a song we sang together and it nearly makes
me cry,

It's such a long way home,
It's such a long way home,
It's such a long way home
It's such a long way, yes, such a long way home.

