

Pink

"San Tropez"

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As I reach for a peach
Slide a rind down behind
The sofa in San Tropez
Breakin' a stick with a brick on the sand
Ridin' a wave in the wake of an old sedan

Sleepin' alone in the drone of the darkness
Scratched by the sand
That fell from my love
Deep in my dreams
And I still hear her callin'
If you're alone
I'll come home
Backward and homebound
The pigeon
The dove
Gone with the wind
And the rain on the airplane
Owning a home with no silver spoon
I'm drinking champagne
Like a good tycoon
Sooner than wait for
A break in the weather
I'll gather my far-flung
Thoughts together
Speeding away
On the wind to a new day
If you're alone
I'll come home

And I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to the things they say
Diggin' for gold
With a hoe in my hand
Open a book
Take a look at the way things stand

And you're leading me down
To the place by the sea
I hear your soft voice

Calling to me
Making a date for
Later by phone
And if you're alone
I'll come home

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