

Saint Deamon

"Home"

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Transcribed by scott tucker

I walk home everyday from my jobs
And the pay's not so good
To two rooms, it's not that much, where I keep my stuff
But I call it home
Caroline whispers every monday morning....

I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home

Lunch break, prescott street, where the people meet
And life seems so good
They're like the 45's
When I dream I'm dreaming of you
Watching tv every friday evening

Just like you were home
Just like you were home
Just like you were home
Just like you were home

I'm alright if you're alright
I'm alright if you're alright

Caroline whispers every monday morning
Looking out her window
At the snow shapes falling

I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home
I wish that he'd come home
(fadeout)

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