

## **Nits Bis**

# **"Villa Homesick"**

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(Peters)

She lives in villa homesick  
The climate is her skin  
She spends her time playing solitaire  
Although she'll never win  
She reads her Daily Mirror  
A brief glance at the sun  
She's walking by the seaside  
Kicking the shells for fun  
She spends her days with kinfolk  
Understatements in the sun  
She spends her nights in clubland  
Old kinfolk on the run  
Great big benevolant sun  
Shining down on everyone  
On everyone  
Her skin is tight and wrinkled  
Especially in her neck  
Each day her body bronzes  
Her mind is wandering back  
To England's greenest pastures  
To Blackpool's bingo halls  
Though she likes to ignore it  
The homefront seems to call  
England's on the horizon  
England is forever home

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