## Pere Ubu "Come Home"

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Go on home. Don't you know I was the spy in the heart Of our home?

The double life of a provocateuris like the doctor who Won't provide the cure.

Come home. Nobody's waiting.

Come home. Somebody cares.

Come home. I left the light on.

Come home. Nobody's there.

Go on home. Don't you know I was the spy in the heart Of our home?

The double life of a provocateuris like the doctor who Won't provide the cure.

Come home. Nobody's waiting.

Come home. Somebody cares.

Come home. I'm at the freeway.

Come home. Nobody's there.

In the backseat of a blue fin mystery I hang my head And cry.

Outside the night birds call. Early morning mists swim Free.

I'm at the bridge and the river's enraged.

I'm a bird but that bird's encaged.

I'm a free man otherwise engaged.

I'm a fool.

I'm a fool.

Go on home. Don't you know I was the spy in the heart Of our home?

The double life of a provocateuris like the doctor who Won't provide the cure.

Come home. Nobody's waiting.

Come home. Somebody cares.

Come home. I left the light on.

Come home. Nobody's there.

In the dim light of the New Dawn I shake the cold out Of my hands.

The radio is on and I look for the lights of the road.

I say to myself, I'm at the bridge and the river's

Enraged.
I'm a bird but that bird's encaged.
I'm a free man otherwise engaged.
I'm a fool.
I'm a fool.

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