

Split Enz "Home Sweet Home"

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Willows weep, the pillows they do sleep
Home sweet home, to each his own
I always say

He's a man of few words
A bundle of nerves, wait and see
And while his mind works best in darkness
Coming up from behind
The frightened keep on running
While he just hangs around

Home sweet home
To each his own I always say
Martin tries to use his eyes in every way

Help ease the situation
He's happy with what he's got
The kid with his candy, finger painting and blocks
In pitch black he's taking action
What is the cause?
Then came the applause
It was a cold and windy afternoon and through the
tumbling clouds you
could see the moon, all the mums and dads had come
to see the things
their kiddies had done; and out jumped Martin dressed
to his tens in the
Campbells tartan. All eyes watched him, skipping and
dancing, everyone
laughed but Martin was deaf and couldn't hear a thing,
he just kept
dancing the highland fling.

Now he's proud of his efforts
That young lad Martin
From the local kindergarten

Home sweet home to each his own
I always say
Martin tries to use his eyes in every way
Home sweet home to each his own
I always say

Home home on the range...

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