

Squeeze

"I'm At Home Tonight"

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Sitting here in my dressing gown
In my socks by the brass surround
Where the fire flickers flames
Outside I can hear the rain
Glass of wine by the reading lamp
Signing letters and licking stamps
I'm at home a quiet night
One more letter left to write

Nibbling on a mature cheese
Cracker crumbs fall around me
The fire sparks unexpected flames
Voices walk in a constant rain
In the bookcase I find a book
Never read must have overlooked
I'm at home a secret night
By the fire of the flickering light

Time to sleep when another yawn
Looks out to see a flooded lawn
As I stretch I can feel my chin
Expanding faces as I turn in
Pulling the pillow under my head
I turn the light out beside my bed
I'm at home a lazy night
Not a girl for me in sight

Only a mirror to talk to
Only a letter to write
Home of the brave and the lonely
Home for a one way goodnight

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