

Squeeze

"The Day I Get Home"

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When this young man comes rolling home
The lamp posts move and in the road
I sing and dance in falling rain
It's good to be back home again

The roads of air that map the globe
Take me away to places new
I'm lucky I can get around
I'm taking off and touching down

When I get home it's much the same
The tax returns return again
The news is on it isn't good
I see the trees but not the wood

The road stretches out as far as I can see
And I eat the lines ahead of me
It's experience as the days unfold
But there's nothing quite like the day, I get home

When this young man comes rolling home
The cheese on toast is in the grill
Memories are filed away
I come and go, it's fun that way

The roads of air that map the globe
Go East and West and North and South
I like to look and see the sights
I stay up late and hit the heights

When I return things haven't changed
Neither have I, I like to think
The world's an oyster on a plate
I get around and get up late

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