

Toya

"Homeward"

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Geballe/Willcox)
I drive away
As far as I can
Town to spire to peak
I dissect the fields and the old country
Homeward bound
Homeward bound
Into the concrete
Past the M4, 5 and the big 6
Watching the stars with a satellite dish
21st century chapels
Crucified our land lies flat
TV monsters ridicule
Each and everything incongruous pap
I get so oh
Yes I get so
Overwhelmed by it all
It's all untrue
It's all a lie
It's just too surreal
I close my eyes
Go with my mind
I soar high up
Like a baby satellite
Flying flying away
Flying away
Stranger stranger
In a strange land
Stranger stranger
In a strange land
This immaculate misconception
Shoe polished and treacle black
Conveyor belt disciples
There's no peeling back the tarmac
I feel so
Oh yes I feel so
I'm no use at all
I get so
Oh yes I get so
Overwhelmed by it all
I close my eyes

Go with my mind
I soar so high
Like a baby satellite
Flying flying away
Flying away
I close my eyes
Go with my mind
I soar so high
Like a baby satellite
I'm a stranger
Born of a good family
And I'm not afraid of the stranger in me
Homeward bound
Homeward bound
Homeward bound

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