# Two of Us

## Boney M.

Two of us riding nowhere
Spending someones hard earned pay
You and me Sunday driving
Not arriving on our way back home
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going homeTwo of us sending postcards
Writing letters on my wall
You and me burning matches
Lifting latches on our way back home
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going homeYou and I have memories longer than
The road that stretches out of hereTwo of us wearing raincoats
Standing solo in the sun
You and me chasing paper
Getting nowhere on our way back home
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going homeYou and I have memories longer than
The road that stretches out of hereTwo of us riding nowhere
Spending someones hard earned pay
You and me Sunday driving
Not arriving on our way back home
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going home

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