

# Homeward Bound

## Fred Locks & The Creation Steppers

I'm sittin' in the railway station, got a ticket for my destination  
On a tour of one-night-stands, my suitcase and guitar at hand  
And every stop is neatly planned for a poet and a one-man band  
Homeward bound, I wish I was homeward bound  
Home, where my thoughts escape, at home, where my music's playin'  
Home, where my love lies waitin' silently for me  
Every day's an endless dream of cigarettes and magazines  
And each town looks the same to me, the movies and the factories  
And every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be  
Homeward bound, I wish I was homeward bound  
Home, where my thoughts escape, at home, where my music's playin'  
Home, where my love lies waitin' silently for me  
Tonight I'll sing my songs again, I'll play the game and pretend  
But all my words come back to me, in shades of mediocrity  
Like emptiness and harmony, I need someone to comfort me  
Homeward bound, oh I wish I was homeward bound  
Home, where my thoughts escape, where my music's playin'  
Where my love lies waitin' silently for me, silently for me

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