

Two of Us

The Beatles

Two of us riding nowhere
Spending someone's
Hard earned pay
Two of us 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

Two 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 home

You and I have memories
Longer than the road that stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats
Standing so low
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 home

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