

Homesick

Deacon Blue

That's me and daddy, out at Lunan Bay
Now looking dandy, stepping out, Saturday
I can still see the buses
Lined up to take the dancing home That's me on the stairs, suitcase in hand
Kidding on, but knowing, one day he planned
To leave all that behind
See what the big smoke's saying These are just some photographs talking
They make it look easy
To imagine just walking
Back into someone's arms And feeling
Homesick
Homesick
Homesick Maybe you have a question too
You recognize a face in unfamiliar shoes
Don't see a man, just someone broken down
Standing in front of you This could be just a photograph talking
I make it look easy
To get up, start walking
Back out of these arms And make me
Homesick
Homesick
Homesick I'm just
Homesick
Homesick
Homesick Homesick
Homesick
Homesick
Homesick

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