Homesick

Lovebugs

When I sit down and try to remember
What my home is like
I seem to be drifting in water
No land in sight
All my friends become nothing but names
In my old adress book
Oh yes, there was that funny little girl
Her love I tookWhere is the place I do belong
That little spot where I was born
Where is the garden in my mind
It turns to stoneWhat do I know ?When I walk the streets of london
I see a face I know
But I knew it on a different body
A long time ago
A back yard or a house on the corner
Bring back a time
Where I could say without a doubt
That this place is mine

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