# Hometime

## Canterbury

Gone is the last stain of ink from the sky
Somebody's talking and won't tell you why
So you ask them to stay when you want them to fly
And you try not to think of tomorrow's goodbye
Hometime hometime
Oh how I long to see a friend of mine
Somewhere he's still waiting
Somewhere his heart's saying
She will be coming for me
She'll be coming for me
Hometime hometime
I'll know his name and he'll remember mine
Let him be just for me
Let him be poetry
Wait for me patiently
Wait for me
Hometime hometime
Oh how I long to see a friend of mine
Somewhere he's still waiting
Watching the door for his "she"
To be calling?it's me
And this morning is free
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