

# 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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