

Keep the Home Fires Burning

The Bluetones

Can I stay at you house?
I'll sleep on the floor,
My home is war zone,
I've no stomach for more.
You can't hold a candle,
To what I saw today,
More than I can handle,
So I'm running away
And those Home fires burn scorching a hole through me,
And I am welcome no more.
It's the harrowing story,
Of one mans mistake,
And the names have been left out,
For the innocents sake.
And that man who would save us,
From the hurt the world brings,
Neglected to mention,
Who would save us from him?
And those Home fires burn scorching a hole through me,
It's like the third degree.
Now I've no one to turn to,
I guess I'm at my wits end,
I'm beginning to learn who,
Are really my friends.
And those Home fires burn scorching a hole through me
It's like the third degree,
And I am welcome no more

Songwriters

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