

# Hometime

## Throbbing Gristle

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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