Come Home Billy Bird

The Divine Comedy

William wakes with his clothes on.
The morning call has been and gone,
And he might not make the flight but he will try.
Bit by bit it comes back to him,
A bunch of Belgian business men
And a strange drinking game, oh God why?

Come home Billy Bird, international business traveller.
Come home Billy Bird.

He hails a cab but the driver sucks.
He drives so slowly and he talks so much
That it hurts Billy Bird's aching brain.
He runs from the cab to the check-in desk.
She says, "no wayÃ¢??, but William begs on his knees,
"Please, please, pleaseÃ¢??. "Well OKÃ¢??.

Come home Billy Bird, international business traveller.
Come home Billy Bird.

Drenched in sweat he finds his seat
And with the luggage squeezed down beneath his feet
He begins to think that things can't get no worse.
But then a voice says, "bags that can't be stowed
In the overhead locker must go below in the hold,
Please let go, thank-you sirÃ¢??.

Come home Billy Bird, international business traveller.
Come home Billy Bird.

He runs on past the carousel
Screaming, "damn my luggage all to hell.
I can buy a new shirt and tie any dayÃ¢??.
He rides from the airport into town,
To the high-school football ground
Where his son has just begun his big football game.
Come home Billy Bird, international business traveller.
Come home Billy Bird.

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