

Hometime

[Alison Moyet](#)

Gone is the last stain of ink from the sky
Somebody's talkin' and I 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
(Hometime)
Oh 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
Gone is the last stain of ink from the sky
Somebody's talkin' and I 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

Songwriters

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