

Happy Home

Walter Egan

by Supe Granda and Walter Egan I've got a leaky ceiling rain keeps pouring on my head

 This old house of mine's 'bout run out of time

I've got to find a better stead. The winter winds whistle in my window

 Boards keep creaking on the floor

 This run-down old place's bout run out of space

Got boxes piled up to the door I've been looking high I've been looking low

 Been turning over every stone

 I've been looking here I been looking there

Been searching for my happy home I've been going round in circles looking for a for rent sign

 I've been making circles in the classifieds

 Reading 'til my eyes go blind

 I'll tell you why I'm in such a hurry

 I just got the news today

 That baby of mine's gone and changed her mind

Now she's coming back to stay I've been looking high I've been looking low

 Been turning over every stone

 I've been over here

 I've been over there

Been looking for my happy home Scrape me off this ole ceiling

 The sky's the limit today

 I've got a sneaky feeling

that things are gonna come my way I've been looking up I've been looking down

 Been turning over every stone

 I've been looking in I've been looking out

 Been searching for my happy home

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