Walking the Long Miles Home

Richard Thompson

Oh, the last bus has gone
Or maybe I'm wrong, it just doesn't exist
And the words that flew between me and you
I must be crossed off your list
So I'm walking the long miles home
I don't mind losing youIn fact I feel better each step of the way
In the dark, I rehearse all the right things to say
I'll be home, I'll be sober by break of day
Walking the long miles homeNot a soul is around
As I put more ground, between me and you
And the whole town's asleep
Or maybe they're deep in the old voulez vous
So I'm walking the long miles home
And I don't mind losing youGot the moon there for company, each step of the way
And the rhythm in my shoes keep the blues all away
When you ride Shanks' Pony, you don't have to pay
Walking the long miles homeOh, the party was grand
But I hadn't quite planned on staying so long
And while you accused me
The hours confused me and my friends had all gone
So I'm walking the long miles home
And I don't mind losing youAh, there's nobody out but the cop on the beat
He's snoring so loud, I don't hear my feet
I just laugh to myself and move off down the street
Walking the long miles home
I'm walking the long miles home
Oh, walking the long miles home

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