Going Home

Dr. Dog

I love to speak with Leonard
Heâ€™s a sportsman and a shepherd
Heâ€™s a lazy bastard
Living in a suit

But he does say what I tell him
Even though it isnâ€™t welcome
He just doesn't have the freedom
To refuse

He will speak these words of wisdom
Like a sage, a man of vision
Though he knows heâ€™s really nothing
But the brief elaboration of a tube

Going home
Without my sorrow
Going home
Sometime tomorrow
Going home
To where itâ€™s better
Than before

Going home
Without my burden
Going home
Behind the curtain
Going home
Without the costume
That I wore

He wants to write a love song
An anthem of forgiving
A manual for living with defeat

A cry above the suffering
A sacrifice recovering
But that isnâ€™t what I need him
To complete

I want him to be certain
That he doesnâ€™t have a burden
That he doesnâ€™t need a vision
That he only has permission
To do my instant bidding
Which is to say what I have told him
To repeat

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