

# Home

Alison Moyet

Does no one here have any place to go?  
Can there be time for such reclining  
In your social to and fro  
Have you no paramour  
No dogs to walk  
No early morning shift  
That calls you like a whore and  
begs you make it swift?  
Does no one here have anything to show?  
For every hour you devour  
In pursuit of letting go  
Where is your suckling brood?  
Your easy mood  
'Kick up the fire and let the  
flames break loose'Home, go home  
Your dreams are yours alone'  
all buffered nail and whittled heel  
like clothes and skin the dance floor peelsHome, go home  
The Masquerade is done  
from here on in, tomorrow's canned  
in each dear disappointed handDoes no one here have anything to say?  
Would it be treasonous to reason with  
a heart so young and gay  
It is the perfect frock, exquisite locks  
and nothing comes to rain on your paradeHome, Go home  
Your dreams are yours alone  
What care i for your cobbled life  
Your talent turn, your status wife  
Go Home, Go Home, to valance,  
flock and drone  
Your lovers writhe like eels inside  
Your neighbour's sheets - squealing  
Bleating Haste - quick turn  
The pyro lives to burn  
The pelmet catches, batten hatches  
all is gone that no-one snatchesHome, go home and govern you  
your own  
Make your love and keep it warm  
It won't be precious very long

GO HOME

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