

# Not Home Today

## Madness

She says, he's gone away on a short holiday  
He won't be back for awhile  
The twelve from the bench stood up and hesitated  
He'll be leaving right after this trial  
Circumstance, evidence, who can cheat providence?  
He wished he could go back again  
A flick of the wrist, he wished that he missed  
Not guilty is all he can say  
Pass 'round the gossip now, let's wait and see  
Pass 'round the tray now, let's have some tea  
My boys haven't seen him, he's been working away  
Don't bother looking, he's not home today, not home today  
T-shirts and badges with free tickles and smudges  
In the end, you'll believe what you feel  
When ten hands are aiming and no one is complaining  
In a sense, it could be more real

Lyrics provided by

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