

No Place Like Home

by Roland Albertson

There's an old man standing at the corner
And the rain's dripping in his shoes.
And he looks at you as you walk briskly by
And you think what to do.
Now his clothes are torn, bloodstained and worn
Still, he's staring at you.
And he puts out his hand to ask you for a dime
But sympathy's not for you.

I said oh

I said oh

Now ducking and diving and walking along
You hit the Saturday crowds.
Yeah the millions of faces that walk up ahead
All with their permanent frowns.
But just as you forget about how
You ended up in this town
There's a sign up ahead with a number to call
And sunny seas all around.

I said oh, there's no place like home
I said oh, there's no place like home
Yeah there's no place like home
Where it's sunny and it's warm
But now you've got be strong.
Yeah there's no place like home
Where it's sunny and it's warm
But now you've got be strong.

Now fame drives past
With his smiles and his charm
But you're left there all alone in the rain
Without your confidence on.
But when you're down and you're out and all feeling is gone
Don't forget where you're from.
Yeah the sun and the seas and the clear blue skies
A little place you call home.

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