



Home

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Who knows why people do what they do.
I can't even say why I keep coming round to you.
It's an unspoken drive. I like it but it's an unspoken drive.

I had a dream last night. I crashed my car again.
All I could see was white; snow blind, I crashed my car again
And there you go. There you go.

And people keep marching on to their own different drums.
Days and the years go by and we all keep tryin
To find a way back home, back home.

It's not for you or me to say who's right or wrong.
We're all down here just trying to hang on.
Hang on.

We're on the level again, my dear sweet friend.
And no one has to ask why. It's just that unspoken drive.
And there you go. There you go.

And the people keep marching on to their own different drums.
Days and the years go by and we all keep trying.
Everybody's trying
To find a way back home, back home, back home.
Everybody's just trying to get on home. Home.