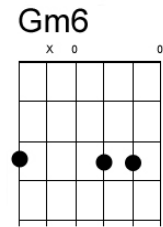


Homeward Bound (Simon & Garfunkel)

I'm sitting in the railway station,
 Got a ticket for my destination, mm . . .
 On a tour of one-night stands
 My suitcase and guitar in hand,
 And every stop is neatly planned
 For a poet and a one-man band.



<chorus>:

Homeward bound, I wish I was homeward bound.
 Home, with my thoughts escap ing,
 Home, where my mu sic's playing,
 Home, where my love lies waiting silently for me.

Every day is an endless stream
 Of cigarettes and magazines, mm . . .
 And each town looks the same to me,
 The movies and the factories,
 And every stranger's face I see
 Reminds me that I long to be . . .

<chorus>

Tonight I'll sing my songs again,
 I'll play the game and pretend, mm . . .
 That all my words come back to me
 In shades of mediocrity.
 Like emptiness and harmony,
 I need someone to comfort me.

<chorus>