

# Haircut 100, 40 - 40 Home

Think in time  
Early evening light will start to fade  
And we'll be called inside  
To wait for chance to say  
Can I stay out late or maybe just an hour  
But when you call I know that all I have to say is...  
Forty forty home  
You never could catch me  
With a stocking and a ball  
Around the world a yo-yo spun  
You would skip and I would run  
Those long days are slipping away

Days will pass  
Taking turns to hide and lose our way  
And beats will change the rhythm of the year  
A worn out gate will swing along as sister  
And running out calling to a friendly teaser  
Forty forty home  
You never would catch me  
My ball against the wall  
But around the world a yo-yo spun  
Dodge the conkers one by one  
But yours always came my way

Cross my path was something  
I could not expect again  
From beast to beauty, beautiful remain  
Slide this way  
Don't leave your past in shadow  
And paper plane will fly your way on golden wings of...  
Forty forty home  
So now you have caught me  
Your stocking said it all  
Played the game and won, two, three  
Made your move and captured me  
So never let me go

Counting the spots on the lino  
It seemed such a waste of time  
But can't you stick to your side of the garden?  
And I to mine!  
Forty forty home  
You never would catch me  
My ball against the wall  
But around the world a yo-yo spun  
Dodge the conkers one by one  
But yours always came my way