

The Divine Comedy, Come Home Billy Bird

William wakes with his clothes on
The morning call has been and gone
And he might not make the flight but he will try. (yeah)
Bit by bit it comes back to him
A bunch of Belgian businessmen
And a strange drinking game - why oh why?

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller
Come home Billy Bird, Billy Bird.

He hails a cab but the driver sucks;
He drives real slowly and he talks so much
That it hurts Billy Bird's aching brain.
He runs from the cab to the check-in desk
She says "no way" but William begs
On his knees "please please please" , "well okay."

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller
Come home Billy Bird.

Drenched in sweat he finds his seat
And with the luggage squeezed down beneath his feet
He begins to think that things can't get no worse.
And then a voice says "bags that can't be stowed
In the overhead lockers must go below
In the hold - please let go. Thank you, Sir."

Come home Billy Bird, (Come home William) International Business Traveller
Come home Billy Bird,
Come home William,
Come home, William.

He runs on past the carousel
Screaming "damn my luggage all to Hell
I can buy a new shirt and tie anyday!"
He rides from the airport into town
To the highschool football ground
Where his son has just begun the big football game.
"Come on Billy Junior!"

Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller
Come home Billy Bird, International Business Traveller
Come home, come home, come home to where you once belonged.
Come home Billy Bird, Billy Bird, Billy Bird, Billy
Bird, Billy Bird.
Ooh.