

HOME SWEET HOME

You must have a dream, but this is not it,
So maybe change your expectations a bit –
You in your small corner, and I in mine,
A place to chill out and to rise and shine.
This is my home sweet home, it's where I am in –
Unless I am out, this is my home sweet home,
Home sweet home.

It needs attention in so many ways –
The decoration has seen better days,
A leak in the roof, and if I am candid
The insulation is not up to standard.
This is my home sweet home, it's where I come back
When I've been away, this is my home sweet home...

And when I have an identity crisis,
Hand in my pocket – the one thing that's nice is
Finding my key, stepping inside.
It may not be much but it's somewhere to hide.
This is my home sweet home, it's where I live –
If I am living at all, this is my home sweet home....

Soon as I can I'll take it in hand -
Extend it and mend it until it looks grand.
Parts I'll replace and some I'll improve
Then when it's perfect I'll sell it and move.
This is my home sweet home, it's where I live –
If I am living at all. This is my home sweet home,
Home sweet home.

Written for an Act one Revue of the same title.

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