

Will I Be Welcome

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If they talk of me at home, what do they say?
Do some think I might have died, do some think I ran away?
Do they think I turned my back, on my people and their lack?
And if I should go back, will I be, welcome?

Will I be welcome by my family and my friends?
Will they choose to turn their backs on me, not welcome me again?
The home I knew so well, what story will it tell?
If I go back there to dwell, will I be welcome?

Home had been too small and too well known when I was young
I thought I'd make my way, and then return with what I'd won
But I failed; I would not say what I'd become

Oh when I left I thought I knew what I would meet
But I lost my way and ended, drinking, living on the street
After many years, I learned, I found my feet and money earned
But if I should return, will I be welcome?

Will I be welcome by my family and my friends?
Will they choose to turn their backs on me, not welcome me again?
The home I knew so well, what story will it tell?
If I go back there to dwell, will I be welcome?

Now I'm twenty miles outside my family's land
And I'm standing at a payphone, change waiting in my hand
I hear that money fall; I rest my head against the wall.
But if I make this call, will I be welcome?

Will I be welcome by my family and my friends?
Will they choose to turn their backs on me, not welcome me again?
The home I knew so well, what story will it tell?
Oh if I go back there to dwell, will I be welcome?

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The home I knew so well, what story will it tell?
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