

Home is Where the Music Plays

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2007

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

Daddy's at the kitchen table
talking large living small.
Momma's looking awfully tired
fearing bill collector's calls.
Sister Brenda's on the street
with bad boys with evil grins
and I'm sitting on the dock
waiting for the ship to come in.

When the ship comes in.
When the ship comes in.
You'll be standing with me
in a festive mood.
You've put up for years
with my bad attitude.
We'll invite all our friend
and they'll be dancing too.
When the ship comes in.

Brother Marco with his books and pens
Lost in his deep, deep mind.
Auntie Mimi sends her cards.
They arrive right on time.
Uncle Cyrus has a great big heart,
but his patience are growing thin,
and I'm sitting on the dock
waiting for the ship to come in.

It's just a dot on the horizon.
I can see it there.
Could I be wrong?
Seems like I've been waiting here forever.
It won't be long now.
It won't be long.

Sister Sarah's on her last nerve
Trembling hands can hold a pen.
Cousin Iris looks away.
She doesn't like to know the end.
Brother Felix wanders off
Just to be seen now and again
and I'm sitting on the dock
waiting for the ship to come in.