

Yours, dear? Mine, dear.

Yours, dear?

Mine, dear.

Oh, couldn't you change the tone?

Well, my alarm didn't bother anyone

When I was here alone.

I'm up to groom my Oz, my joy,

My other right hand man.

Don't try to make me jealous, dear:

You know I've got Dylan.

Mine, dear?

Yours, dear.

A cup that's freshly brewed.

Now off I go. - Don't work too hard!

I'll call you around noon.

Chores and loud chatter, statements, bills,

Errands, waiting. Dreams.

Land and wind and space to breathe.

Wood doors. Low-hanging beams.

Is that you, dear?

It is me, dear.

I'm so glad that you've phoned.

It's been a hard day and I'm worn out,

I'd quite like to come home.

'Cause home is paint and home's homemade,

Good food, beer and wine,

Home is a table with family and friends,

Home is you and I.

Yours, dear!

No, yours, dear!

I washed up just last night!

I'm watching TV! I'm far too tired!

You're wrong, you're wrong, I'm right!

The dogs need walking, it's getting dark.

Boots and coats pulled on.

Is the door locked? - Yes, I just checked.

Shall we be getting along?

Careful, dear!
Oh, thank you, dear.
Well, I wouldn't let you trip.
The path can be rough, and hills so steep,
But I've your hand to grip.

I'm peaceful now. I'm happy too,
Here, underneath the stars.
The future's mine, the future's yours;
No, my love, it's ours.