

# *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.