

Happiness (John Baker ©)

Up the stairs and through the door, yeah it feels so good to be home
The cat stares out into the street. Is she wondering where you have gone?
Happiness takes its time I guess. And in no time at all we were both in free fall.

Your old red car has brought you home, now I hear your footsteps come in.
A house within a house we live, cross your velvet threshold of skin
Happiness, takes its time I guess, and in no time at all, we were both in free fall.

We caught the whirlwind, it blew us here and, it also carried off a friend
And those days can never disappear.