

# Two of Us

John Lennon, Paul McCartney

Two of us riding nowhere  
Spending someone's hard-earned pay  
You and me, Sunday driving  
Not arriving, on our way back home

We're on our way home  
We're on our way home  
We're going home

Two of us sending postcards  
Writing letters on my wall  
You and me burning matches  
Lifting latches, on our way back home

We're on our way home  
We're on our way home  
We're going home

You and I have memories  
Longer than the road  
That stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats  
Standing solo in the sun  
You and me chasing paper  
Getting nowhere  
On our way back home

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We're on our way home  
We're going home

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