

Underneath the arches

Underneath the arches,
We dream our dreams away,
Underneath the arches,
On cobblestones we lay.
Back to back we're sleeping,
Tired out and Worn,
Happy when the daylight comes creeping,
Heralding the dawn.

Sleeping when it's raining,
And sleeping when it's fine,
Trains rattling by above.
Pavement is my pillow,
No matter where I roam,
Underneath the arches,
We dream our dreams of home.