

# Bob Catley, Where The Heart Is

Now the grain fields are fallow, as the dawn weaves her spell  
Threads of gold light, this sceptred of realms  
For the plough blades were shallow where the last blossom fell  
When the wind blows it whispers "farewell";

There's a place where the mighty honour justice and peace  
This homeland where the heart is, 'decries not the beast'  
Where the green fields and valleys meet the wide-open seas  
This proud land where the heart is, defines them to me

Can a man's life be measured by the good he embraced?  
Are the years just the lines on his face?  
Must the seasons be treasured as we slowly decay?  
When the love in a heart never fades

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This homeland where the heart is, 'decries not the beast'  
Where the green fields and valleys meet the wide-open seas  
This proud land where the heart is, defines them to me