

Chris De Burgh, The Road To Freedom

I feel the wind blowing through my doorway,
It's telling me that the summer's gone,
And the winter waits in shadow, waiting with the storm;

I am old and my bones are weary,
And my son he is all I have,
But he has gone to fight for freedom, leaving with my heart;

All my life I have loved this land, worked it with my hands,
But can this freedom send the rain when seed is in the ground,
Can this freedom heal the pain and bring my boy back to me again?
Oh oh oh....

I watched them sail from the rocks below me,
'Twas like the sea in its endless rage,
Many fall on the road to freedom, dying on the stones;

All my life I have loved this land, worked it with my hands,
But can your freedom send the rain when seed is in the ground,
Can your freedom heal the pain and bring my boy back to me again?
Oh oh oh....

Late last night, as the world was sleeping, I dreamed my boy,
He was calling out, 'cos he was lost in some dark forest, and
Snow was falling down, falling on the ground.....ooh.....