

Eric Johnson, High Landrons

Way down here on the edge of these snows,
I hear a strong wind whine;
Goin' to where the freedom bells ring,
Into the Highlands I must climb.
On this journey, I have been here before,
tryin' to reach the other side;
i just can't get through the top of these hills,
Without a mountain guide.
Took such a while to find you,
Oh could you show me the way?
To get to the place I once knew,
You're the only one, so take me through High Landrons.
Up ahead, I know the trailway stops,
From there on, only eagles fly;
Burning (with) visions of the way back to you,
They're burnin' through the eastern sky.
Now and then I see a shooting star,
Lighting up the silver blue;
It's shining all the way down the mountain skyway,
Oh, it's shining straight from you.
Took all my life to find you,
Oh could you show me the way?
To get to the place I once knew,
You're the only one, so take me through High Landrons.
Up ahead...
Took all my life to find you,
Oh could you show me the way?
To get to the place I once knew,
You're the only one, so take me through High Landrons.
Up ahead...