

# Jackie Lomax, Last Time Home

Catch a cloud, roll out to sea  
Waves of clover rolling over me  
Shifting sand beneath my feet  
Touch the water, clear and sweet  
So good to be alone  
On my last time home

Feathered wings against the sky  
Take my mind to soar up very high  
Dying memories so fleet  
Wind away down many-cornered streets  
And I feel picked to the bone  
On this my last time home

Here I see my friends come a-running  
Sure to be some kind of judgement  
Some kind of judgement coming

Turn my back against the rain  
Hear the tapping on my windowpane  
Feel the movement from within  
Watch the restless mood begin  
My soul will soon be blown  
From this my last time home

Soon be blown  
From my last time home