

Loggins & Messina, Native Son

Right, I'm right where I belong
I find myself returning home
And all along, I guess I've known
I was born to be the native son

Falcon glide to meet the morning ray of sunlight
Take me home
For on your wings, my dreams are born
Returning from a foreign land

Once I believed that fame and fortune
Would have to become my destiny
So I sail away
For brighter days
And here I am
Where I began

Right, I'm right where I belong
At last I finally found my home
And here and now, I see I'm born
Born to be the native son
Born to be the native son.