

Barclay James Harvest, Origin Earth

Lost generations out of place
Hidden from our eyes
Your beauty, your grace
Lovely visions from before our birth
And the pictures say origin Earth
I never lost my heart to anyone
But I lost my heart today
And now your secret's ours
We've got to try
Somehow we must find a way

Dreams, fields of green and blue, blue sky
Rivers of gold and mountains so high
Visions haunt now like an ancient curse
And the pictures say origin Earth

I never lost my heart to anyone
But I lost my heart today
And now your secret's ours
We've got to try
Look for the sun star, no matter how far
Somehow, we'll find a way
Somehow, we'll find a way
Somehow, we'll find a way
To go home

Star bright, your light
Guiding us back to a new tomorrow
Star bright, your light
Bringing us peace and an end to sorrow