

# Blackmore's Night, Soldier Of Fortune

I have often told you stories  
About the way  
I lived the life of a drifter  
Waiting for the day  
When I'd take your hand  
And sing you songs  
Then maybe you would say  
Come lay with me love me  
And I would surely stay

But I feel I'm growing older  
And the songs that I have sung  
Echo in the distance  
Like the sound  
Of a windmill goin' round  
I guess I'll always be  
A soldier of fortune

Many times I've been a traveller  
I looked for something new  
In days of old  
When nights were cold  
I wandered without you  
But those days I thought my eyes  
Had seen you standing near  
Though blindness is confusing  
It shows that you're not here

Now I feel I'm growing older  
And the songs that I have sung  
Echo in the distance  
Like the sound  
Of a windmill goin' round  
I guess I'll always be  
A soldier of fortune  
Yes, I can hear the sound  
Of a windmill goin' round  
I guess I'll always be  
A soldier of fortune