

Chris De Burgh, Footsteps

And from that moment,
I dreamed I could fly,
And from that mountain I reached for the sky;

Through tears and good times, I found my way;
Those years are calling me again;

Then I hear footsteps echoing along the winding road,
I can hear voices singing all the songs I have known,
And I see faces,
All the ones I've loved along the way,
People and places,
They're here again, they're here again...

Voices.....

Voices.....

Faces...

Places.....

And I hear voices.....