## Chris De Burgh, The Storyman

I lived my life in the words of a Storyman, Watched my dreams from the years gone by, Heard my voice in the songs of a Storyman, Always by my side, always by my side;

I saw him first in a castle by candlelight, Turning round with a golden key, I heard a train far away, and a whistle blow, Like a baby's cry, 'twas like a baby's cry;

Ravens stood on the walls of Jerusalem, Sailors danced at the borderline, Light a fire on the road to the ferryman, Emotions running high, in the summertime;

Take me back to the places I've never been, Take me back to another time, Take me back to a world I have never seen, Only in my mind, only in my mind;

Late last night I met up with a lady-love, Dressed in red, didn't say goodbye, Carry me to the last time I showed her what Tender hands can do, and I'll be missing you;

Take me back to the places I've never been, Take me back to another time, Take me back to a world I have never seen, Only in my mind, only in my mind;

Follow the light that's shining on to where we will be going, Up to Heaven, Paradise, or to the heart divine; It's in the echoes of a child, waiting for the journey, The spirit of one world;

Oh take me back to the places I've never been, Take me back to another time, Take me back to a world I have never seen, Only in my mind, only in my mind;

I lived my life in the words of a Storyman...