

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...