

# Dan Fogelberg, Long Way Home

Running in the wrong direction  
Isn't it a long way home,  
People with the wrong intentions  
Isn't it a long way home.

City, you are dying real slow  
Country, you are calling me to go.  
Smokestacks, I don't need you no more  
I'm gonna fly...

To where the sky meets the land  
And the living is not planned  
And the children can laugh just  
Cause they're living.

I'll send for you  
If you ever want me to  
But you'll have to find  
A whole new way of giving.

Running from the noise and poison  
Isn't it a long way home.  
Wounded by a law man's toy gun  
Isn't it a long way home.

City, no more shadows to be seen.  
Country, all the sunshine you can dream.  
Smokestacks spew your sour-smelling  
Steam  
I'm gonna fly.

To where the sky meets the land  
And the living is not planned  
And the children can laugh  
Just cause they're living.  
I'll send for you  
If you ever want me to  
But you'll have to find  
A whole new way of giving.