

Foy Vance, Homebird

The orange was the size of a watermelon to me
well at least that is my memory
sunshine made my bare feet burn upon the road
far away we'd roam

I'd be howlin' song in the back seat
the boys would laugh and tease about my black feet
they'd tell stories that would warm my soul
Motorbikes and chrome
Jimmy could not wait to get home

Homebird sing
fly me high on an angel's wing
Homebird sing
leave out nothing tell me everything

Everywhere we went just looked the same to me
the skys were blue and the grass was green
I wonder how different I might see them now
yet I see them somehow

through the fallen memories when that angel baby sings
Oh the little magic that a solo brings
making up songs and words and singin from the soul
oh the stories told
none but him and Jimmy could know

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