

James Taylor, Terra Nova

(Taylor/Simon)

Oh, end this day, show me the ocean. When shall I see the sea?
May this day set me in emotion, I ought to be on my way.

We were there, we were sailing on the Terra Nova.
Sailing for the setting sun, sailing for the new horizon.
May this day show me an ocean, I ought to be on my way.

Ought to be on my way right now.
Stepping on the boat with a lump in my throat, on my way right now.

I got a letter from a dear friend of mine, the story of a spiritual awakening.
She spoke of her love returning in kind, she let me know that she'd be waiting.
And I should be on my way by now.
Walking across the floor, reaching for the door, on my way by now.

But here I sit, country fool that I am, my elbow on my knee and my chin in my hand.
My mind in the gutter and my eye on the street, holed up in a cave of concrete.
And I ought to be on my way right now.
Packing my things while the telephone rings, on my way right now.

I miss my lovely mother and I love my lonely father.
I know I owe my brothers one thing and another, I hear my sister singing.
And I ought to be on my way right now.
Moving across the land with my heart in my hand, on my way by now,
ought to be on my way by now.

Oh, end this day, set me in motion. Ought to be on my way.

Out of the west of Lambert's Cove, there's a sail out in the sun.
And I'm on board though very small, I've come home to stop yearning.
Burn off the haze around the shore, turn off the crazy way I feel.
I'll stay away from you no more, I've come home to stop yearning.