

Van Morrison, Song Of Home

Well it's written in the wind
For the story to begin
I will go back to my kin across the sea
And the bird that's on the wing and is flying free
He can hear the song of home endlessly

Well the further I must go
Then the nearer I must stay
Men have sailed the seven seas to be free
And like that bird that's on the wing and is flying free
He can hear the song of home endlessly

I can see the harbour lights
Hear the foghorns in the night
All up and down the lough, calling

From the rocky shores of Maine
I will sail back home again
Back to where my heart longs to be
And the bird that's on the wing and is flying free
He can hear the song of home endlessly

I can see the harbour lights
Hear the foghorns in the night
Moving up and down the lough, calling, calling

From the rocky shores of Spain
I will sail back home again
Back to where my heart will always be
And like a bird that's on the wing and is flying free
He can hear the song of home endlessly

He can hear the song of home endlessly
He can hear the song of home endlessly