

Christian Kjellvander "Homeward Rolling Soldier"

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With sleepy eyes we made our way across
Where friendships found friendship is often lost
With valiant wishes of becoming ends
But there will be no such with you my friend
Im going home, going home
To be where my water meets my stones
Im going home, going home
The social traveller journeys on his own
Darkness you can't see where you're going now
There never was light in your eyes some how
Whos to blame when something living is dead?
So many words should have stayed in your head

So many thoughts should not have left your bed
Im going home, going home
To tend to the lover and the dog
Im going home, going home
He who yearns to age must firstly grow
That which is your prime you do not know
Boy boy boy boy
Im going home, going home
To drink from the chalis of another
Im going home, going home
To mount and feed and groom and ride alone
For he who is myself I do not know

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