

Fogelberg, Dan

"Long Way Home"

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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.

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