

Harry Belafonte

"CHIMNEY SMOKE"

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Chimney smoke, chimney smoke
A winding and a whirling
A climbing and a twirling
Chimney smoke, why did I roam
Chimney smoke lead me home

There's a house on a hill, by an old willow tree
Where the fire-place burning for my love and me
But I got restless and send my goodbye
Now I'm roaming the hills and I'm searching the sky ,
for that
Chimney smoke, chimney smoke
A winding and a whirling
A climbing and a twirling
Chimney smoke, why did I roam
Chimney smoke lead me home

Had an acre of land and a sky full o' sun
And a woman who loved me and no other one
But like a sparrow one night I took flight
Now I long to be home and I pray for the sight of that
Chimney smoke, chimney smoke
A winding and a whirling
A climbing and a twirling
Chimney smoke, why did I roam
Chimney smoke lead me home

Now I'm riding the rails and I'm making my way
To the house on the hill where I'll settle and stay
And love my love who loved me in return
By the heart and the house, where the fireplace burns,
blowing
Chimney smoke, chimney smoke
A winding and a whirling
A climbing and a twirling
Chimney smoke, why did I roam
Chimney smoke lead me home

