

John Mark McMillan**"Rolling Home"**

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Rolling home, sun's around my shoulders
Rolling home, I feel it getting colder
In my eye the birds cry, cry into the land
While beneath my feet the ship flies, fly into the sand
Rolling home, rolling home
Thoughts returning, thoughts of what I told her
Thoughts returning, thoughts as I get older
In my mind I hear her crying, crying in the wind
In my mind I hear her crying, her tears they wheel and
spin
Rolling home, I'm rolling home
Golden dawns are shining all around me
Golden dawns that really think they've found me
And I know I will be happy in laughter behind the song
And I know I will be happy when she and I are one

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