

Chris Cummings

"The Road To Freedom"

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Written by Chris de Burgh

I feel the wind blowing through my doorway,
It's telling me that the summer's gone,
And the winter waits in shadow, waiting with the storm;

I am old and my bones are weary,
And my son he is all I have,
But he has gone to fight for freedom, leaving with my
heart;

All my life I have loved this land, worked it with my
hands,
But can this freedom send the rain when seed is in the
ground,
Can this freedom heal the pain and bring my boy back
to me again?
Oh oh oh....

I watched them sail from the rocks below me,
'Twas like the sea in it's endless rage,
Many fall on the road to freedom, dying on the stones;

All my life I have loved this land, worked it with my
hands,
But can your freedom send the rain when seed is in the
ground,
Can your freedom heal the pain and bring my boy back
to me again?
Oh oh oh....

Late last night, as the world was sleeping, I dreamed
my boy,
He was calling out, 'cos he was lost in some dark
forest, and
Snow was falling down, falling on the ground.....ooh.....

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