

## Van Morrison "Song Of Home"

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Well, it's written in the wind, 'fore the story does begin  
I will go back to my kin across the sea  
That's a bird that's on the wing and is flying free  
He can hear the song of home endlessly

Well, the further I must go then the nearer I must stay  
Men have sailed the seven seas to be free  
Then like that bird that's on the wing and is flying free  
He can hear the song of home endlessly

I can see the harbor lights  
Hear the foghorns in the night  
All up and down the lough, calling

From the rocky shores of Maine, I will sail back home  
again  
Back to where my heart longs to be

And the bird that's on the wing and it's flying free  
He can hear the song of home endlessly

Can see the harbor lights  
Hear the foghorns in the night  
Moving up and down the lough, calling, calling

From the rocky shores of Spain, I will sail back home  
again  
Back to where my heart will always be  
And like a bird that's on the wing and is flying free  
He can hear the song of home endlessly  
He can hear the song of home endlessly  
He can hear the song of home endlessly

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