

## Hayward Justin "Troubadour"

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I was only a little boy, when I heard the call  
Like a voice in the wilderness, that calls to us all  
So I took to the gypsy life, in the city of love  
And I walked with the troubadours  
And flew with the doves  
In the city of love

In the garden of paradise, I heard a voice sing  
I can still feel the thrill of it, the chills it would bring  
Far away in the western sky, over the sea  
There's a land that we dream about, peaceful and free  
Waiting for me

Hold my hand, let me take you there  
Let's go walking in the morning  
As time goes by, love will wash us clean  
Let love bring to us our freedom  
And we will sing of the heroes  
And fly on the breeze  
Love with the lovers of the world  
Oh oh oh...we'll be free

In the dark of the mystic night, music is born  
In the hands of the troubadour, the piper of dawn  
And it's heard of a foreign shore, over the sea  
In the land that we dream about, peaceful and free  
Waiting for me

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

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