

Thom Pace**"Maybe"**

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Deep inside the forest
Is a door into another land.
Here, is my life and home.
We are staying,
Here forever in the beauty of this place,
All alone.
We keep on hoping.

Maybe
There's a world where we don't have to run,
Maybe
There's a time we'll call our own,
living free in harmony and majesty...
Take me home.
Take me home.

Walking through the land
Where every living thing is beautiful,
Why does it have to end?
We are calling , oh, so sadly
On the whispers of the wind
As we send a dying message.

Maybe
There's a world where we don't have to run,
Maybe
There's a time we'll call our own,
living free in harmony and majesty...
Take me home.
Take me home.

Maybe
There's a world where we don't have to run,
Maybe
There's a time we'll call our own,
living free in harmony and majesty...
Take me home.
Take me home.

Maybe, maybe
There's a world where we don't have to run,

Maybe
There's a time we'll call our own,
living free in harmony and majesty...
Take me home.

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