

Martyn John

"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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