Troubadour

Justin Hayward

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 loveIn 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 meHold 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 freedomAnd we will sing of the heroes
And fly on the breeze
Love with the lovers of the world
Oh! Oh! Oh! We'll be freeIn the dark of the mystic night, music is born
In the hands of the troubadour, the piper of dawn
And it's heard on a foreign shore, over the sea
In the land that we dream about
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