

Roundabout

Anderson Bruford Wakeman Howe

I'll be the roundabout
The words will make you out an' out
 You spend the day your way
 Call it morning driving
 Through the south
In an' out the valleyThe music, dance and sing
 They make the children really ring
 I spend the day your way
 Call it morning driving
 Through the south
In an' out the valleyIn and around the lake
 Mountains come out of the sky
 And they stand there
 One mile over we'll be there
 And we'll see you
Ten true summers we'll be back
 And laughing too
 Twenty four before my love
You'll see, I'll be there with youI will remember you
 Your silhouette will charge the view
 Of distant atmosphere
 Call it morning driving
 Through the south
Even in the valleyIn and around the lake, woh
 Mountains come out of the sky
 And they stand there
 One mile over we'll be there
 And we'll see you
 Come again
Ten true summers we'll be back
 And laughing too, oh, oh
 Twenty four before my love
You'll see I'll be there with youAlong the drifting cloud
 The eagle searching down on the land
 Catching the swirling wind
 The sailor sees the rim of the land
 The eagles dancing wings
Create as weather spins out of handGo closer hold the land
 Feel partly no more than grains of sand

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