

The Homecoming

James Galway, The Nashville String Machine & Shell

It's the way of a cosmic sailor, in a boat in the night,
But the wolves are not scaring him, he is alright.
Just the day, just the day away, I can feel it sometimes,
But the wolves are not scaring me, I long for twilight. Then with the morning comes
The sun that finds them all,
So divides the night and they die.
And with the morning sun
A lonely teardrop falls down from my eye... and I die. But where, where did all the cosmic sailors come from
Far away, from across the sea ?
And where, where have all the cosmic sailors now gone ?
And the night that showed them all to me ? On the waves of this silver ocean, for a while there he smiles...
As he sails with the other ones, the wind dies.
So a cry, so a cry is calling all the wolves among the night
As I sail with the other ones I find them alright. Then with the morning comes
The sun that finds them all,
So divides the night and they die.
And with the morning sun
A lonely teardrop falls down from my eye... and I die. And I die... (then with the morning comes)
Then with the morning comes
The sun that finds them all,
So divides the night and they die. (and with the morning sun)
And with the morning sun
A lonely teardrop falls down from my eye... and I die.... And I... die...

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