Foreign Window

Van Morrison

I saw you from a foreign window
Bearing down the sufferin' road
You were carryin' your burden
To the palace of the Lord
To the palace of the LordI spied you from a foreign window
When the lilacs were in bloomAnd the sun shone through your window pane
To the place you kept your books
You were reading on your sofa
You were singin' every prayer
That the masters had instilled in you
Since Lord Byron loved despair
In the palace of the Lord
In the palace of the LordAnd if you get it right this time
You don't have to come back again
And if you get it right this time
There's no need to explainI saw you from a foreign
Bearing down the sufferin' road
You were carryin' your burden
You were singing about Rimbaud
I was going down to Geneva
When the Kingdom had been found
I was giving you protection
From the loneliness of the crowd
In the palace of the Lord
In the palace of the LordThey were giving you religion
Breaking bread and drinking wine
And you laid out on the green hills
Just like when you were a child
I saw you from a foreign window
You were trying to find your way back home
You were carrying your defects
Sleeping on a pallet on the floor
In the palace of the Lord
In the palace of the Lord
In the palace of the Lord

Songwriters
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