

# Wayfaring Sons

Colin Hay

Don't go out in the night  
Even though you know the town  
Someone always wants to fight  
You end up lying on the ground I dream of lying in the sun  
In my ears hear the ocean roaring  
Like all good wayfaring sons  
I traveled home And the rain is pouring  
Soaks me to my skin  
I duck into this public house  
Get shattered by the din I sailed across the sea  
My family and me  
I never knew if I'd return  
But in my memory I learned So here we are once again  
With my friends and the whiskey's flowing  
And as the cold night air descends  
I drift away And my mind it wanders  
Back to southern skies  
I call myself a fool  
I hope I wake and realize [Incomprehensible]  
Some people they get maimed  
Yes, round the world I've been  
No two places are the same I dream of lying in the sun  
In my ears, hear the ocean roaring  
Like all good wayfaring sons  
I traveled home With some more good stories  
I build them up through time  
They'll all become a pack of lies  
When I'm beyond my prime

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