

A Walk On a Broken Road

Excalion

It feels like yesterday
When I was told a little tale
About a broken road
A tale of fortune and of fame
There was a time
When a man couldn't find his kind
There was a rhyme
Which made a man make up his mind
In those lines I heard you say
Fare well on your way
There every root and stone and wishing well
Has a tale to tell
The air that I breathe
Is made of dreams and memories
Of past and future days
And countless new pathways
When I look behind
I see my footprints on the road
Those remind of the time
When your haven always welcomed me
In those lines I heard you say
Fare well on your way
And when the broken road turns home again
There's a tale to tell

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