The Road to Freedom

Chris de Burgh

I feel the wind blowing through my doorway
Its telling me that the summers gone
And the winter waits in shadow
Waiting with the stormI am old and my bones are weary
And my son he is all I have
But he has gone to fight for freedom
Leaving with my heartAll my life I have loved this land
Worked it with my hands
But can this freedom send the rain
When seed is in the groundCan this freedom heal the pain
And bring my boy back to me again?
Oh oh ohI watched them sail from the rocks below me
'Twas like the sea in its endless rage
Many fall on the road to freedom
Dying on the stonesAll my life I have loved this land
Worked it with my hands
But can your freedom send the rain
When seed is in the groundCan your freedom heal the pain
And bring my boy back to me again?
Oh oh ohLate last night as the world was sleeping
I dreamed my boy, he was calling out
'Cos he was lost in some dark forest
And snow was falling down, falling on the ground, ooh

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