Homeward Bound

Daniel Beck

In the quiet misty morning,
when the moon has gone to bed,
When the sparrows stop their singing and the sky is clear and red,
When the summer's ceased its gleaming, when the corn is past its prime,
When adventure's lost its meaning,
I'll be homeward bound in time.
Bind me not to the pasture.
Chain me not to the plow.
Set me free to find my calling and I'll return to you somehow.
If you find it's me you're missing,
if you're hoping I'll return,
To your thought I'll soon be list'ning;
in the road I'll stop and turn.
Then the wind will set me racing as my journey nears its end,
And the path I'll be retracing
when I'm homeward bound again.
Bind me not to the pasture.
Chain me not to the plow.
Set me free to find my calling
and I'll return to you somehow.
In the quiet misty morning
when the moon has gone to bed,
When the sparrows stop their singing,
I'll be homeward bound again.

Lyrics Submitted by Alex Ceran

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