

# Philosopher's Stone

[Van Morrison](#)

Out on the highways and the by-ways all alone  
I'm still searching for, searching for my home  
Up in the morning, up in the morning out on the road  
And my head is aching and my hands are cold And I'm looking for the silver lining  
Silver lining in the clouds and I'm searching for  
And I'm searching for the philosophers stone And it's a hard road, it's a hard road daddy-o  
When my job is turning lead into gold  
He was born in the back street  
Born in the back street Jelly Roll I'm on the road again and I'm searching for  
The philosophers stone  
Can you hear that engine? Woe, can you hear that engine drone?  
Well, I'm on the road again and I'm searching for  
Searching for the philosophers stone Up in the morning, up in the morning  
When the streets are white with snow  
It's a hard road, it's a hard road daddy-o Up in the morning, up in the morning  
Out on the job, well, you've got me searching for  
Searching for, the philosophers stone Even my best friends  
Even my best friends they don't know  
That my job is turning lead into gold When you hear that engine  
When you hear that engine drone  
I'm on the road again and I'm searching for  
The philosophers stone It's a hard road, even my best friends they don't know

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