

Blakey Ridge

Auri

Home, I bid thee farewell again
Humming, roaming roads by the whispering moors
No tide, just a riverview and now
Off I go to the sky, never to come down

There's an open road to Blakey Ridge
For a wanderer to rest his weary wings
Here, one for the luck of living
Toasting with the bard by the fireside
Here, have an Old Peculier
And share with me this joyous journey

I will part with you while the day's still bright
While a flower still blooms by a fallen tree
Here, the welcoming hearthstones and rest
Out there, the same old: north, east, south and west

There's an open road to Blakey Ridge
For a wanderer to rest his weary wings
Here, one for the luck of living
Toasting with the bard by the fireside
Here, have an Old Peculier
And share with me this joyous journey

I'm letting go, I'm letting go of yesterday (The sun is setting
)
The last of me, the last of me is here to stay (Night is coming
)
I'm letting go of yesterday (The moon is rising)
The last of me is here to stay (The Lion is waking)
I'll see you up in Blakey Ridge