

# Too Far From Home

Chris Rea

You may find me  
Wherever you go  
From New York City  
Way out to Chicago  
I'm the son of a restless sailor  
Blessed with Irish bones  
Sometimes I feel like  
I'm too far from home

I will sing  
And I will dance for you  
Every land you go  
You will always see  
There'll be big stout glasses  
Full to the white top  
There'll be stories  
And there'll be me

Across the wild sea  
I've travelled far  
Born to move on  
Born to roam  
But lately I've been feeling  
Like I'm too far from home

Whatever happened  
To the girl I loved  
Oh I ask forgiveness  
To the one above  
There was a day I could have made it real fine  
Something went wrong I forget  
Too far down that line

Across the wild sea  
Too far along down along that line  
Across the wild sea  
Born to roam  
But lately I've been feeling  
Like I'm too far from home