

# Home From the Forest

Gordon Lightfoot

Oh the neon lights were flashin'  
And the icy wind did blow  
The water seeped into his shoes  
And the drizzle turned to snow  
His eyes were red, his hopes were dead  
And the wine was runnin' low  
And the old man came home  
From the forest

His tears fell on the sidewalk  
As he stumbled in the street  
A dozen faces stopped to stare  
But no one stopped to speak  
For his castle was a hallway  
And the bottle was his friend  
And the old man stumbled in  
From the forest

Up a dark and dingy staircase  
The old man made his way  
His ragged coat around him  
As upon his cot he lay  
And he wondered how it happened  
That he ended up this way  
Getting lost like a fool  
In the forest

And as he lay there sleeping  
A vision did appear  
Upon his mantle shining  
A face of one so dear  
Who had loved him in the springtime  
Of a long-forgotten year  
When the wildflowers did bloom  
In the forest

She touched his grizzled fingers  
And she called him by his name  
And then he heard the joyful sound  
Of children at their games  
In an old house on a hillside  
In some forgotten town  
Where the river runs down  
From the forest

With a mighty roar the big jets soar  
Above the canyon streets  
And the con men con but life goes on  
For the city never sleeps  
And to an old forgotten soldier  
The dawn will come no more  
For the old man has come home  
From the forest