

Rolling Home

John Martyn

Rolling home
Sun's around my shoulders
Rolling home
I feel it getting colder
In my ear I hear the birds cry
Cry into the land
While beneath my feet the ship flies
Flies into the sand.

Rolling home
Rolling home
Thoughts returning
Thoughts of what I told her
Thoughts returning
Thoughts as I get older.

In my mind I hear her crying
Crying in the wind
In my mind I hear her crying
Her tears, they wheel and spin
Rolling home
I'm rolling home.

Golden dawns
Are shining all around me
Golden dawns
That really think they've found me
And I know I will be happy
And laugh behind the song
And I know I will be happy
When she and I are one
Rolling home
I'm rolling home.