

Moonglade

Mild Orange

Oh, let the sun go around just a few more times
While we figure out the habitat of heart and divine
Ten thousand miles we rode
While the rhythm of this river runs faster than we've ever know
n
And so we roam
Roam, roam, roam

And I've got a place in mind
That can't be seen in any city
It's like nothing we've found
Where I picture you by my side
At a moonglade on the lake
Well, till then we'll roam
Roam, roam, roam

You are, you are my salvation
You are pulling me forward

Betcha never really thought
Betcha never really thought
The path would use here
Betcha never really thought
Betcha never really thought
We'd end up this far north

You're no longer
You're no longer home

You no longer
You no longer roam