

As the hound obeys the hunters' horn call
So I'm called back home to Cornwall
For that's where my heart lies buried
'Neath the standing stone
Where a white cross on a black field standing
Proudly waves above the landing place
Beneath the rugged cliffs of Cornwall, my true love

Broken images of memories awaken in my bones
When I do recall the land I left behind that was my home
Sailing out from Falmouth bay way back in nineteen-eighty-three
Green behind the ears, just fifteen years of age, well that was
me

Like a fool searching for freedom, roving further far and wide
I set out but I did not return upon the running tide
Where the timeless cliffs resound with mournful echoes of the c
ries
Of fearless seabirds chasing storm clouds though the silver sky

From the all-night clubs of west Berlin to lonely Pyrenees
From chaotic squats in Amsterdam to New World 'cross the sea
From the forests of New Hampshire to the streets of London Town
Though I loved each place, I could not stay, forever homeward b
ound

Where the gorse and foxglove dance and sway upon the rolling mo
ors
And the sea wind blow her emerald kiss from north to southern s
hore
Where a song of stone sings out in-tune to transatlantic waves
If I could but hear that song again, my soul it would be saved

When I die as we must do one and all
Send my body home to Cornwall
Place my bones down with my heart
Beneath the standing stone
Put white cross on black field standing
On my coffin then I'll finally rest in peace
Within the arms of KERNOW, my true love