Home

Peter Green

Driving round the world in cars
Flying high in planes
I see a world of trouble
All getting too insane
As people move from place to place
They leave their fears behind
And others talk of peaceful ways
When treaties go unsigned

From east to west
I've watched the sun
Chase the night away
The wind cried out
And it said to me
'You gotta get back home someday'

As mountains rise to touch the sky
Their snow melts to the sea
There's a place I will return to
Where I'll always want to be

From east to west
I've watched the sun
Chase the night away
The wind cried out
And it said to me
'You gotta get back home someday'

(Well I'm) gonna find my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home

I do the best that I can do
In this troubled world I've seen
I always sought the higher ground
Wherever I have been

From east to west
I've watched the sun
Chase the night away
The wind cried out
And it said to me
'You gotta get back home someday'

I'm gonna find my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home

(Well I'm) gonna find my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home