

# Heading for Home

Rufus Wainwright

My face to the sky, my back to the wind  
Winter is entering my bones  
The day has been long and night's drawing in  
And I'm thinking of heading for home  
Yeah, I'm thinking of heading for home

The cradle and the grave, the fruit and the seed  
The seasons mirror my own  
The geese flying south are calling to me  
And I'm thinking of heading for home  
Yeah, I'm thinking of heading for home

Always on the move with banner unfurled  
Yet gathering moss on the stone  
Oh, I sing for the children and cry for the world  
And I'm thinking of heading for home  
Yeah, I'm thinking of heading for home

As time's my old friend and death's my new kin  
I'm not taking this journey alone  
I am old, I am young, I am all that I've been  
And I'm thinking of heading for home  
Yeah, I'm thinking of heading for home

The memory of love will burn in my heart  
Till embers and ashes are gone  
The light in your window is my northern star  
And I'm thinking of heading for home  
Yeah, I'm thinking of heading for home

And it's time I was heading for home  
Yeah, it's time I was heading for home