

Nomads

Steve Hackett

An open coast, an open road
Spirit rising, burning gold
I'll take you to the caverns
Where the gypsies go
They're dancing through the firelight
Whirling fast and slow

It's a cry from the heart
It's a crying soul
Nothing imagined need ever be lost
Going from dust to dust

We're running and hiding
Like wolves from a pack
You'll hear the waves crashing
Never turning back

It's a cry from the heart
It's a crying soul
Nothing imagined need ever be lost
Going from dust to dust

It's a cry from the heart