

# Terra Nova

James Taylor

Oh end this day show me the ocean  
When shall I see the sea

May this day set me in emotion  
I ought to be on my way

We were there  
We were sailing on the terra nova  
Sailing for the setting sun  
Sailing for the new horizon

May this day show me an ocean  
I ought to be on my way

Ought to be on my way right now  
Stepping on the boat  
With a lump in my throat  
On my way right now

I got a letter from a dear friend of mine  
The story of a spiritual awakening  
She spoke of her love  
Returning in kind  
She let me know that  
She'd be waiting

And I should be on my way by now  
Walking across the floor  
Reaching for the door  
On my way by now

But here I sit country fool that I am  
My elbow on my knee  
And my chin in my hand  
My mind in the gutter  
And my eye on the street  
Holed up in a cave of concrete

And I ought to be on my way right now  
Packing my things  
While the telephone rings  
On my way right now

I miss my lovely mother  
And I love my lonely father  
I know I owe my brothers  
One thing and another  
I hear my sister singing

And I ought to be on my way right now  
Moving across the land  
With my heart in my hand  
On my way by now  
Ought to be on my way by now

Oh end this day set me in motion  
Ought to be on my way

Out of the west of Lambert's cove  
There's a sail out in the sun  
And I'm on board though very small  
I've come home to stop yearning

Burn off the haze around the shore  
Turn off the crazy way I feel  
I'll stay away from you no more  
I've come home to stop yearning