# Philosopher's Stone

**Van Morrison**

Out on the highways and the by-ways all alone
I'm still searching for, searching for my home
Up in the morning, up in the morning out on the road
And my head is aching and my hands are cold
And I'm looking for the silver lining, silver lining in the clo
uds
And I'm searching for and
I'm searching for the philosopher's stone

And it's a hard road, Its a hard road daddy-o
When my job is turning lead into gold
He was born in the back street, born in the back street Jelly R
oll
I'm on the road again and I'm searching for
The philosopher's stone
Can you hear that engine
Woe can you hear that engine drone
Well I'm on the road again and I'm searching for
Searching for the philosopher's stone

Up in the morning, up in the morning
When the streets are white with snow
It's a hard road, it's a hard road daddy-o
Up in the morning, up in the morning
Out on the job
Well you've got me searching for
Searching for, the philosopher's stone
Even my best friends, even my best friends they don't know
That my job is turning lead into gold
When you hear that engine, when you hear that engine drone
I'm on the road again and I'm searching for the philosopher's s
tone

It's a hard road even my best friends they don't know
And I'm searching for, searching for the philosopher's stone

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