

# Rolling Home

John Martyn

Rolling home  
Sun's around my shoulders  
Rolling home  
I feel it getting colder  
In my ear I hear the birds cry  
Cry into the land  
While beneath my feet the ship flies  
Flies into the sand.

Rolling home  
Rolling home  
Thoughts returning  
Thoughts of what I told her  
Thoughts returning  
Thoughts as I get older.

In my mind I hear her crying  
Crying in the wind  
In my mind I hear her crying  
Her tears, they wheel and spin  
Rolling home  
I'm rolling home.

Golden dawns  
Are shining all around me  
Golden dawns  
That really think they've found me  
And I know I will be happy  
And laugh behind the song  
And I know I will be happy  
When she and I are one  
Rolling home  
I'm rolling home.