

# Journeyman

## Blackmore's Night

Many years I've been away from home I have faced too many battles  
I was here upon the endless route has left me bruised and battered

I have heard the secrets of the streets but I keep them to myself  
On display, but here inside my soul like a trophy on a shelf

End upon my heart I know the moon will light my way Ohh my friend,  
the winding route for the life of a journeyman never changes

Now upon to tell my tale My boots are wearing thin I can feel the  
heat upon my back The sun against my skin

Far away I've heard the ringing of a bell Through the miles you  
know what's hard to tell when it's you against yourself

None of us will ever know What lies around the veil Or the world  
being your home on a route that never ends