

Last Time Home

Jackie Lomax

Catch a cloud, roll out to sea
Waves of clover rolling over me
Shifting sand beneath my feet
Touch the water, clear and sweet
So good to be alone
On my last time home

Feathered wings against the sky
Take my mind to soar up very high
Dying memories so fleet
Wind away down many-cornered streets
And I feel picked to the bone
On this my last time home

Here I see my friends come a-running
Sure to be some kind of judgement
Some kind of judgement coming

Turn my back against the rain
Hear the tapping on my windowpane
Feel the movement from within
Watch the restless mood begin
My soul will soon be blown
From this my last time home

Soon be blown
From my last time home