

Land Called Home

Jim White

Though the world is sleeping, my eyes are open. Yet it's me that's dreaming that I'm flying over mountaintops. I am crossing an ocean where at the end I see, I see a beautiful far away land called home. And them stars they sure are pretty, and while I do admire the distance their light, it travels, to shine down on me... still I would go further than the furthest star shine... just to find myself walking in a beautiful faraway land called home. Wanna find myself walking in a beautiful faraway land called home. And you can take all the money in all of the banks. You can take all the fame in Hollywood. You can take all the pretty girls in Paris, France. You can take my own name if you think it'll do you some good. You can take all them things that perish, and you can throw them all right in the sea. 'Cause ain't but only one thing that matters. Ain't but only one jewel in this world. Ain't but only one feeling of all of life's feeling that I wanna feel. That is the feeling of a beautiful far away land called home