

## On the Wings of an Eagle

John Denver

Oh, my home is in the mountains, I am free, I am free.  
I am one with wind and eagles, I am free. Given wings to sail in  
gracefulness, the sky, the sky.  
Given a voice to sing in breathlessness, I find that I can fly,  
fly away.

I've been a long time on the highway, I've been a long time on  
the run.  
And it gets to be like chaos when I'm so long away from home.  
And sometimes it's just too much to bare and I hide behind my eyes.  
I can picture friendly faces and I can dream of friendly skies.  
And I guess that I'm a lucky one for the truth of what I know.  
For my heart had not denied me and I have somewhere to go.  
I shall never be a prisoner of steel and glass and stone.  
If I leave, I will return again to my Rocky Mountain home.

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I am one with wind and eagles, I am free. Given wings to sail in  
gracefulness, the sky, the sky.  
Given a voice to sing in breathlessness, I find that I can fly,  
fly away.

In the hands of my father, in the light of the sunshine. On the  
wings of an eagle, I'm flying again.  
I'm flying again, I'm flying again, I'm flying again, I'm flying  
again.