

Troubadour

Justin Hayward

I was only a little boy
When I heard the call
Like a voice in the wilderness
That calls to us all

So I took to the Gypsy life
In the City of Love
And I walked with the troubadours
And flew with the doves
In the City of Love

In the garden of paradise
I heard a voice sing
I can still feel the thrill of it
The chills it would bring

Far away in the western sky
Over the sea
There's a land that we dream about
Peaceful and free
Waiting for me his

Hold my hand
Let me take you there
Let's go walking in the morning

As time goes by
Love will wash us clean
Let love bring to us our freedom
And we will sing of the heroes
And fly on the breeze
Love with the lovers of the world
Oh, we'll be free

In the dark of the mystic night
Music is born
In that hands of the troubadour
The piper of dawn

And it's heard on a foreign shore
Over the sea
In the land that we dream about
Peaceful and free
Waiting for me

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