

# Wandering Soul

Kate Rusby

Winter comes around,  
And he knows he is homeward bound,  
His heartbeat is the only sound he's known,

He once lost his way,  
He knows now that was yesterday,  
He fell down on his knees to pray for home.

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing till the wandering soul is found.

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing till the wandering soul is found.

He's found his way at last,  
With each turn a new bond was cast,  
His friends now hold him steady fast and true.

With peace in his eyes,  
The fear now is a pain in the skies,  
With friends near he sees only skies of blue

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing till the wandering soul is found.

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing till the wandering soul is found.

It's clearer every day,  
He knows now he is here to stay,  
He cares not why he went away so long.

He's found where he belongs,  
He know he's been here all along,  
He is smiling as he joins his friends in song.

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing till the wandering soul is found.

We'll sing to the morning,  
We'll sing till the bells they sound,  
We'll sing now the wandering soul is found.