

As the hound obeys the hunters' horn call  
So I'm called back home to Cornwall  
For that's where my heart lies buried  
'Neath the standing stone  
Where a white cross on a black field standing  
Proudly waves above the landing place  
Beneath the rugged cliffs of Cornwall, my true love

Broken images of memories awaken in my bones  
When I do recall the land I left behind that was my home  
Sailing out from Falmouth bay way back in nineteen-eighty-three  
Green behind the ears, just fifteen years of age, well that was  
me

Like a fool searching for freedom, roving further far and wide  
I set out but I did not return upon the running tide  
Where the timeless cliffs resound with mournful echoes of the c  
ries  
Of fearless seabirds chasing storm clouds though the silver sky

From the all-night clubs of west Berlin to lonely Pyrenees  
From chaotic squats in Amsterdam to New World 'cross the sea  
From the forests of New Hampshire to the streets of London Town  
Though I loved each place, I could not stay, forever homeward b  
ound

Where the gorse and foxglove dance and sway upon the rolling mo  
ors  
And the sea wind blow her emerald kiss from north to southern s  
hore  
Where a song of stone sings out in-tune to transatlantic waves  
If I could but hear that song again, my soul it would be saved

When I die as we must do one and all  
Send my body home to Cornwall  
Place my bones down with my heart  
Beneath the standing stone  
Put white cross on black field standing  
On my coffin then I'll finally rest in peace  
Within the arms of KERNOW, my true love