

The Plain

Strawbs

The plain stretched out before me as far as the slate grey sky
I told her I was leaving with the migrant birds to fly
I said she might expect me with the coming of the spring
When the birds return back home again with new-
found songs to sing.

I hit out on the highway, high on the rising sun
I felt my spirit rising, my journey was newly begun
The joy of expectation rose in my heart with a song
The courage of conviction carried my journey along.

I bathed in the lake of comfort, the milk of my mother's breast
The son of constant sorrow sank to his knees in the West
I prayed to my God for guidance to find there was no-one but me
There was just the open highway as far as my eyes could see.

Throughout my endless journey I have been searching for paradisi-
e lost
I now retrace my footsteps with the burden of infinite cost
I see myself returning alone with my head held high
The plain stretched out before me as far as the slate grey sky.