

Terra Nova

James Taylor

Oh end this day show me the ocean
When shall I see the sea

May this day set me in emotion
I ought to be on my way

We were there
We were sailing on the terra nova
Sailing for the setting sun
Sailing for the new horizon

May this day show me an ocean
I ought to be on my way

Ought to be on my way right now
Stepping on the boat
With a lump in my throat
On my way right now

I got a letter from a dear friend of mine
The story of a spiritual awakening
She spoke of her love
Returning in kind
She let me know that
She'd be waiting

And I should be on my way by now
Walking across the floor
Reaching for the door
On my way by now

But here I sit country fool that I am
My elbow on my knee
And my chin in my hand
My mind in the gutter
And my eye on the street
Holed up in a cave of concrete

And I ought to be on my way right now
Packing my things
While the telephone rings
On my way right now

I miss my lovely mother
And I love my lonely father
I know I owe my brothers
One thing and another
I hear my sister singing

And I ought to be on my way right now
Moving across the land
With my heart in my hand
On my way by now
Ought to be on my way by now

Oh end this day set me in motion
Ought to be on my way

Out of the west of Lambert's cove
There's a sail out in the sun
And I'm on board though very small
I've come home to stop yearning

Burn off the haze around the shore
Turn off the crazy way I feel
I'll stay away from you no more
I've come home to stop yearning