

## Foreign Window

Van Morrison

I saw you from a foreign window  
Bearing down the sufferin' road  
You were carryin' your burden  
To the palace of the Lord  
To the palace of the Lord

I spied you from a foreign window  
When the lilacs were in bloom

And the sun shone through your window pane  
To the place you kept your books  
You were reading on your sofa  
You were singin' every prayer  
That the masters had instilled in you  
Since Lord Byron loved despair  
In the palace of the Lord  
In the palace of the Lord

And if you get it right this time  
You don't have to come back again  
And if you get it right this time  
There's no need to explain

I saw you from a foreign  
Bearing down the sufferin' road  
You were carryin' your burden  
You were singing about Rimbaud  
I was going down to Geneva  
When the Kingdom had been found  
I was giving you protection  
From the loneliness of the crowd  
In the palace of the Lord  
In the palace of the Lord

They were giving you religion  
Breaking bread and drinking wine  
And you laid out on the green hills  
Just like when you were a child  
I saw you from a foreign window  
You were trying to find your way back home  
You were carrying your defects  
Sleeping on a pallet on the floor  
In the palace of the Lord  
In the palace of the Lord  
In the palace of the Lord