

Wayfaring Sons

Colin Hay

Don't go out in the night
Even though you know the town
Someone always wants to fight
You end up lying on the ground

I dream of lying in the sun
In my ears hear the ocean roaring
Like all good wayfaring sons
I traveled home

And the rain is pouring
Soaks me to my skin
I duck into this public house
Get shattered by the din

I sailed across the sea
My family and me
I never knew if I'd return
But in my memory I learned

So here we are once again
With my friends and the whiskey's flowing
And as the cold night air descends
I drift away

And my mind it wanders
Back to southern skies
I call myself a fool
I hope I wake and realize

Some people they get maimed
Yes, round the world I've been
No two places are the same

I dream of lying in the sun
In my ears, hear the ocean roaring
Like all good wayfaring sons
I traveled home

With some more good stories
I build them up through time
They'll all become a pack of lies
When I'm beyond my prime