

# Troubadour

Justin Hayward

I was only a little boy  
When I heard the call  
Like a voice in the wilderness  
That calls to us all

So I took to the Gypsy life  
In the City of Love  
And I walked with the troubadours  
And flew with the doves  
In the City of Love

In the garden of paradise  
I heard a voice sing  
I can still feel the thrill of it  
The chills it would bring

Far away in the western sky  
Over the sea  
There's a land that we dream about  
Peaceful and free  
Waiting for me his

Hold my hand  
Let me take you there  
Let's go walking in the morning

As time goes by  
Love will wash us clean  
Let love bring to us our freedom  
And we will sing of the heroes  
And fly on the breeze  
Love with the lovers of the world  
Oh, we'll be free

In the dark of the mystic night  
Music is born  
In that hands of the troubadour  
The piper of dawn

And it's heard on a foreign shore  
Over the sea  
In the land that we dream about  
Peaceful and free  
Waiting for me

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