1. We sat by the river and played our guitars, Dreaming of better days.
2. We sat under willows and taught them our songs; The wind played the branches like harps.
3. God damn the slave traders, pimps, and the wars that have taken our sons and our daughters.

If memories are fires, then songs are the spark, tears in our eyes, laments on our tongues, God bless the children huddled for warmth, but they're both starting to fade. And such sadness in our hearts. They are starting to fade. On-ly sadness in our hearts.

Refrain

How can we sing the songs of the Lord Here on foreign ground?

How could we raise a song of joy When we're so far from home? When we're so far from home?

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