

Fog-Horn

At the edge of the world
Where the sea meets the sky
And the only sound heard
Is the albatross cry
Alone on the deck
He stares into the mist
Grips the rail tight
And lets his mind drift
Back to a time
And a faraway place
To the warmth of a hearth
And a young maiden's face
The exchange of a kiss
And a look left to linger
A little too long
Then a ring on a finger
And a pledge signed in blood
'Wherever I roam
When that fog-horn blows
I'll be coming home'

From 'Into the Mystic' by Van Morrison