

## Coming home

I have found the place I knew in the dream  
I walked the grounds in my swishing gowns,  
Every nook and cranny and each oak beam  
I wore priceless jewels tiaras and crowns.

Now as I view this old famous home  
I recognise faces in the windows up high,  
No one can see them I know I'm alone  
I planted the oak tree reaching up to the sky.

The tour guide stops talking and then he moves on  
The ghosts are all smiling they know me too  
I do not feel frightened though the others have gone  
'cause back in the past is where I found you.

All through the centuries I visit you here  
We loved but a short while I know this is true  
But each time I come back the memory is clear  
Dreams are my lifeline to bring me to you.