

Home from the Forest Gordon Lightfoot

 C F C
Oh the neon lights were flashing and the icy winds did blow

 C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F C
And the water seeped in-to his shoes and the drizzle turned to snow

 F C Am E7
His eyes were red, his hopes were dead, and the wine was running low

 F G C
And the old man came home, from the forest

His tears fell on the sidewalk as he stumbled in the street
A dozen faces stopped to stare, but no one stopped to speak
For his castle was a hallway, and the bottle was his friend
And the old man stumbled in, from the forest

Up a dark and dingy staircase, the old man made his way
His ragged coat a-round him as up-on his cot he lay
And he wondered how it happened that he'd ended up this way
Getting lost like a fool, in the forest

And has he lay there sleeping, a vision did appear
Upon his mantle shining, the face of one so dear
Who'd loved him in the springtime of a long forgotten year
When the wild flowers did bloom, in the forest

She touched his grizzled fingers and she called him by his name
And then he heard the joyful sound of children at their games
In a farmhouse on a hillside, on some forgotten town
Where the river runs down, from the forest

With a mighty roar, the big jet soars, above the canyon streets
And the con men con, but life goes on, for the city never sleeps
And to an old forgotten soldier, the dawn will come no more
For the old man has come home, from the forest