**Home Again**

*I’m home again. Yes, I’m home again!*

*Back to the music I’ve longed for!*

*I’ve travelled the road of rock, pop and Jesus*

*But I’m home now again once more.*

I grew up with the music my own people knew

Then wandered away for some years

And found that none other than Irish would do -

It’s the music of laughter and tears.

So, (*chorus*)

The voices of seanchai, poet and bard

Call out to their prodical one

Who searched for the music closest to God

But now all that searching is done.

For (*chorus*)

For where is the grass ever greener

Or the soul ever closer to God

Than with music of bard and of dreamer

With its roots deep in old Irish sod?

So, (*chorus*)

A youth spent in searching is over

For now the full circle has come

As this prodical, musical rover

Steps in beat with that old bodhran drum.

For, (*chorus*)