

Come On Home

What image could we have of Him without the sun

A hundred thousand million rays, a smile on everyone

And what image could we have of Him without the stars

A festival, celestial, sprinkled near and far

Most of the time we are refugees from the promptings of our hearts

Come on home to the sun, come on home to the One

Come on home again – to the Love

What image could we have of Him, without the sky

Cherubs chasing round like clouds, at dawn and eventide

And what image could we have of Him, without the sea

Mysterious, sensuous, unfathomably free

Most of the time we are exiles from the centre of our being

Come on home to the sky, come on home to the height

Come on home again to the Light

We can always find Him – forget about the past

We can always find Him – we only have to ask

Come on home to the sun, come on home to the One

Come on home again – to the Love