Ev'ry man has his daydreams, ev'ry man has his goal.

People like the way dreams have of sticking to the soul.

Bring out

Thunderclouds have their lightning, night-gales have their song, and

don't you see I want my life to be something more than long...
Rivers belong where they can ramble,

Eagles belong where they can fly,

I've got to be where my spirit can run free,

Gotta find my corner of the sky...
So many men seem destined to settle for something small,

but I won't rest until I know I'll have it all.

So don't ask where I'm going, just listen when I'm gone, and
far away you'll hear me singing softly to the dawn:

Rivers belong where they can ramble,

eagles belong where they can fly.

I've got to be where my spirit can run free.
gotta find my corner

of the sky,