

from Into The Mystery
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When my grandfather spoke about the eagle
He would raise his face up to the sky
The sunlight reflecting on the water
And she flew so close as she passed by

But that's just an old man's story, that I have never seen

Cause rich men talked about the future
And big change was ringing in their ears
It's a one cry slipping into silence
It was one voice never more to hear

The clatter of the dozers,
The smoke of the machine
The edge is getting closer all the time
The edge is getting closer all the time

So light, lightly on the wind
So far from where she'd always been
I saw as if I could have known
Leaving her home, flying alone
That was the last one gone

The last one gone

Gone, gone in all its glory
Gone and never said goodbye
Gone, just an old mans story
That was the last time she would fly

Fly, fly lightly on the wind,
Fly far, from where she'd always been
I saw, as if I could have known
Leaving her home, flying alone
That was the last one gone
The last one gone

That was the last time she would fly

Gone

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