

# Van Morrison, Philosophers Stone

Out on the highways and the by-ways all alone  
I'm still searching for, searching for my home  
Up in the morning, up in the morning out on the road  
And my head is aching and my hands are cold  
And I'm looking for the silver lining, silver lining in the clouds  
And I'm searching for and  
I'm searching for the philosophers stone

And it's a hard road, it's a hard road daddy-o  
When my job is turning lead into gold  
He was born in the back street, born in the back street jelly roll  
I'm on the road again and I'm searching for  
The philosophers stone  
Can you hear that engine  
Woe can you hear that engine drone  
Well I'm on the road again and I'm searching for

Searching for the philosophers stone

Up in the morning, up in the morning  
When the streets are white with snow  
It's a hard road, it's a hard road daddy-o  
Up in the morning, up in the morning  
Out on the job  
Well you've got me searching for  
Searching for, the philosophers stone  
Even my best friends, even my best friends they don't know  
That my job is turning lead into gold  
When you hear that engine, when you hear that engine drone  
I'm on the road again and I'm searching for the philosophers stone

It's a hard road even my best friends they don't know  
And I'm searching for, searching for the philosophers stone