When I was six years old I left my home

I was leaving Mum, my sister and my pets

And smelt the thick black smoke from the blacksmith’s fire and tools

I was younger then, take me back to when I

Found my heart and broke it here

Made friends and lost them through the years

And I've not seen the roaring fields in so long, I know I've grown

But I can't wait to go home

I'm on my way  
Riding at ninety through those open fields  
Singing to "Tiny Jester"  
And I miss my sword

and shield, made of steel  
As we watched the sunset over the castle on the hill

Fifteen years old and now fighting in real battles

Helping my lord with his armour and cleaning his horse and lance

Had my first joust on a Friday night, I don't reckon that I did it right

But I was younger then, take me back to when

We fought weeklong wars, when we would win

We'd take foes castles and their land

Me and my friends have not lost land in so long, oh how we've grown

But I can't wait to go home

I'm on my way  
Riding at ninety through those open fields  
Singing to "Tiny Jester"  
And I miss my sword

and shield, made of steel  
As we watched the sunset over the castle on the hill

Over the castle on the hill  
Over the castle on the hill

One friend is a blacksmith  
One fights with a long bow  
One had two swords but no mace  
One's brother is now our foe  
One's already on his second horse  
One has been to meet the king  
But these people raised me and I can't wait to go home

And I'm on my way, I still remember  
This old open field  
When we did not know the answers  
And I miss my sword

and shield, made of steel  
  
As we watched the sunset over the castle on the hill  
Over the castle on the hill  
Over the castle on the hill 1