

# Dougie MacLean, Broken Wings

A tall tree, turn and face the west  
O were running with the wind  
A high cliff-top, were waiting with the rest  
For this journey to begin

But these broken wings wont fly  
These broken wings wont fly at all

And oh how we laugh, maybe we should crawl  
Oh, and ask to be excused  
We shout loudly, have answers to it all  
Oh, but we have been refused

But these broken wings wont fly  
These broken wings wont fly at all

Girl child, youre dancing with the stream  
Growing with the silver trees  
Your young questions, you ask me what it means  
O but I am not at ease

But these broken wings wont fly  
These broken wings wont fly at all