

Fionn Regan, Hunter's Map

They're biting at your heels,
Country lanes lead to fields,
Was that fox caught in that trap?
Laid with hunter's map,
When the cloud rolls back, back, back,
I'll meet you by the mill

Depressions in your neck,
He's just keeping you in check,
Was that fox caught in that trap?
Laid with hunter's map,
When the cloud rolls back, back, back
I'll meet you by the mill

You shake hands with lightning,
For an apple on a string,
You shake hands with lightning,
For an apple on a string