

Runrig, Skye

How can't you see
The wilderness growing free
Time wounded and scarred
Stroking away the years
It's hard to believe
But memories are old ghosts
Mountains of black and gold
Sunsets falling over the moor
Oh take me there!

'S na horo eile, horo bho
'S na horo bho, hillean o
'S na horo eille ho
Take me there!

You take your dream
You make life what you feel
Appearances lead to deceive
This drama so far from me
Destiny
On facts aching wings
Wild geese fly low over your shores
Hearts sailing over the trees
Oh take me there!

'S na horo eile, horo bho
'S na horo bho, hillean o
'S na horo eille ho
Take me there!

Chi mi'n t-eilean uaine
Tir nam beanntann arda
Ceo a'tuiteam tron a'ghleann
Na shineadh air do raointeann