

Runrig, Thairs Air A Ghleann

In the slipstream of luck and democracy
A victim of chance and geography
I reap and I sow the face of the earth
While big guns play games with the land of my birth
I walk these hills and I sail the seas
I've weathered the storms of history
Created to live, created to share
With the fish of the sea, the birds of the air
I'm not too hot on Dukes or Earls or Graces
But I love respect and exalted places
Give me the people with sod on the knee
The higher the monkey climbs the more he reveals
Tear down these walls
All men were born the same
You came here with nothing
But naked and a name
A name
Tear down these walls
They keep raising for you