

Runrig, The Ship

I awoke in the dusts of an autumn morning
Faces oil-lit and kneeling round the family chairs
I never knew that a heart could take such filling
Spaces everywhere

All the front doors opened and the men came walking
Suits and shoes, heads of silver and grey
It's one short road from a darkened cradle
To the endless light of day
She walked like a bride down the aisle of her childhood
The shops, the schoolyard, the church on the hill
Where she trembled on the day she was touched and broken
Marie was born again

All ears to the trawler-band in the evenings
Forty crans and the spirits run wild
The storms. the drownings. the tables, the drinking
The sea had claimed their lives
There's peat smoke rising from the village chimneys
You take your chances with the red haired girl
All the boats take their rest in the heart of the harbour
That night in a changing world

And the ship's come round
And she's waiting at the harbour
Be prepared to get on board
Be prepared
I never knew that- the light of ages
Breaks the way before Lis
Sail away, sail away