

# Ashley MacIsaac, Mull Of Kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen  
Darkest of mountains with valleys of green  
Vast painted deserts, the sunsets on fire  
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre  
Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea  
My desire, is always to be here  
Oh Mull of Kintyre

Sweep through the heather, like deer in the Glen  
Carry me back to the days I knew then  
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir  
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre  
Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea  
My desire, is always to be here  
Oh Mull of Kintyre

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain  
Still take me back where my memories remain  
Flickering embers grow higher and high  
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea  
My desire, is always to be here  
Oh Mull of Kintyre