

Barclay James Harvest, Forever Yesterday

Talk about a loser, I was just about to go
When someone grabbed me by the arm, a man I did not know
He said he'd been a drover, a member of the clan
With runrig in his very soul and nowhere left to stand
Now me I'm just a highland boy and cottar was my trade
He'd seen me at Kildoanan when the black-face came to stay
He'd oatcakes and he'd whisky and one foot in the grave
For us it's over
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years
From the straths and the braes
Forever yesterday

The royal George it was that brought the Countess to our door
She wanted us to leave the hills for crofts upon the moor
She took our piece of paradise and left us on the shore
For us it's over
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years
From the straths and the braes
Forever yesterday

They cleared the clans from Strathnavar, the heart of Sutherland
They cleared us from our highland homes by ship to foreign glens
There's Linton and there's Cheviot and red deer on the bens
For us it's over, over, over, my friend