

Barclay James Harvest, Knoydart

On the road to nowhere, heading for Mallaig
I can feel the wild west highland breeze
Drive all my fears away
Through the raging Sound of Sleat
Safe on Spanish John
I can't wait for heaven's gate
It's paradise I'm looking on
Sky, nothing but blue sky all around
Sky, nothing but blue sky
Feel the silence calling all around
All around

Eagle high on Ladhar Bheinn
Heaven and hell beneath
Kinloch Hourn's where hell is born
And Nevis where the angels meet
Knoydart mends a broken heart
Heals a tortured soul
Brings new life to tired minds
And brightens eyes that look upon

Sky, nothing but blue sky all around
Sky, nothing but blue sky
Feel the silence calling all around
All around

Inverie, oh Inverie, ancient hearts of old
Ugly bastards one and all
We'll gather just to look upon

Sky, nothing but blue sky all around
Sky, nothing but blue sky
Feel the silence calling all around
All around

Sky, nothing but blue sky all around
Sky, nothing but blue sky
Feel the silence calling
Hear the silence calling
Feel the silence calling
All around
All around