

Dougie MacLean, Another Time

Forward to gather, we share the beam of weathered oak
Father to father, we lean on every word they spoke
Listen how the winds are due to change
Look at how the tide it turns again

We're following another time, were following another time
It's beautiful, old and these ties cannot hold it
We're following another time, were following another time
It's beautiful, old and these ties cannot hold it

They cut the long grass, to save to save the summer sun
We take the long glass, we drink till we will be as one
Waiting for the gentle seasons fall
Waiting so much, waiting for it all

They're following another time, following another time
It's beautiful, old and these ties cannot hold it
They're following another time, following another time
It's beautiful, old and these ties cannot hold it

Stand so silent to watch across the endless sea
So calm, so violent, is this the dawning truth we see?
Listen how the winds are due to change
Look at how the tide it turns again

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