

Dougie MacLean, Garden Valley

This is really not my home
Oh where are you my lovely Jenny?
I'm afraid and all alone
There is no peace for me
And I'm sitting in the stranger's room
Playing at the stranger's table
Shining empty like the moon
There is no peace for me

But in the darkness struggle cold
I think about a garden valley
Gentle as the leaves unfold
Singing out along the Tay
Distant and so far away
There is no peace for me

I'm blinded by your city lights
I wander through these fearful places
The colours fade to black and white
There is no peace for me
And these are not the friends I know
These are not their smiling faces
A desert that no-one should know
There is no peace for me

But in the darkness struggle cold
I think about a garden valley
Gentle as the leaves unfold
Singing out along the Tay
Distant and so far away
There is no peace for me

Now I know and feel it well
Poor immigrants' deep sunken feeling
Standing at the gates of Hell
There is no peace for me
Burned out by their master's greed
Cruel exile transportation
Robbed of every love and need
There is no peace for me

But in the darkness struggle cold
I think about a garden valley
Gentle as the leaves unfold
Singing out along the Tay
Distant and so far away
There is no peace for me