

# Dougie MacLean, Homeland (Duthaich Mo Cridhe)

You're a stranger to these hills and you've come up  
here to end your days  
And you love our running rivers and you love our  
quaint little Highland ways

You sold your house in the city - you put it on the  
market and you did so good  
Now you've bought a little piece of something  
that you don't understand and you've  
misunderstood

But I'll tell you about the land that you play on  
What you've gained is our ultimate loss  
I'll tell you about the soil you decay on  
I'll hold it up to you like the Fiery Cross

You love the view from your window and you'd go out  
more but it always rains  
You don't think much of the music or the tears in the  
old man's sad refrains

You've bought yourself miles of tartan and you wear it  
round your middle and you wear it on your head  
You stand there a proud believer in a vision of the truth  
that's long gone dead

But I'll tell you about the land etc.

Once these glens were full of people and the songs  
and stories of their fathers of old  
And there was peace and plenty and a horn of  
whiskey when the weather grew cold

Then along came the great improvers and they  
cleaned it up like only imperials could  
They lined them up for transportation to the land of the  
brave and the free and the good

But I'll tell you about the land etc.

Look to the south I tell you that the black man has it  
cruel and hard  
But you don't have to look any further that the rumble  
of stones in our own backyard

And Oh sad the day and all that's left are a fading few  
Yes Sir you may have paid good money for it but no it'll  
never belong to you

But I'll tell you about the land etc.