# 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.