

Dougie MacLean, Trail Of The Survivor

Oh they tell their tales to the wide young eyes
Of the fertile plains the cloudless skies
But honesty must take the strain
Where lies move fast like a roaring train

And the shy ones bleed while the sure ones fail
On the trail of the survivor
And the trade winds blow through a burning sail
On the trail of the survivor

And they make their moves around the virgin light
Leave their filthy stains on the clear and bright
But hope can never be restrained
Where freedom's hand has been nailed and chained

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On the trail of the survivor
And the trade winds blow through a burning sail
On the trail of the survivor

And sleep will come, it comes to us all
And some will fade and some will fall
But the distance gained is never gained at all
And Atholl's children we rise and fall

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