

Huntwork Hewitt, My Broken Scottish Heart

This is the tree where we used to play
And in its shade she promised me we'd marry one day
But Scotland is small, and I'm smaller still
And if she gets the chance to leave I fear that she will
And I'm telling myself
When she goes I'll close my eyes
When she goes I'll turn away
The saddest sounds you'll ever hear
Are her bagpipes in the distance
And the slowing of my broken Scottish heart
This is the place she asked me to meet
To break the news of promises that she could not keep
I asked are you sure
She answered sweetly
You silly fool America will not come to me
And I'm telling myself
When she goes I'll close my eyes
When she goes I'll turn away
The saddest sounds you'll ever hear
Are her bagpipes in the distance
And the slowing of my broken Scottish heart
This is the tree
Where I'll make my grave
If death won't comfort me at least I'll be in the shade
And maybe one day she'll return to this place
To recollect our parting and the look on my face
As she walked away
When she went my eyes were wide
When she went I took her on
Those last goodbyes were like the thunder
And I was deafened despite the distance
And the silence of my broken Scottish heart