

Mountain, The Laird

The Laird is arriving
He ran to the east
He stood in the courthouse
Pleading his case
His crime was a passion
An aching for peace

And he's not alone
And he's not alone
And he's not alone
And he's not alone

Let my people go
His soul is on paper
Freshly changed
And white men they keep him
Oh and not changing

And he's not alone, yeah
And he's not alone
And he's not alone
And he's not alone, yeah
Let my people go