

# Mull Historical Society, The Final Arrears

I don't know when to go out  
I don't know when to stay in  
I don't know how to belong  
I don't know where to begin

Reach out your hands  
Where it lies is where it lands take home  
The final arrears, it's the final arrears  
Join all the hands take a photograph  
And smile before the final arrears  
It's the final arrears and I've used all my tears

I don't know where they are now  
I don't know who I could call  
Would they remember me now  
My family

Reach out your hands  
Where it lies is where it lands take home  
The final arrears, it's the final arrears  
Join all the hands take a photograph  
And smile before the final arrears  
It's the final arrears and I've used all my tears

I don't know who I am now  
I don't remember the fall  
All the gradual declines  
Have taken their toll

Reach out your hands  
Where it lies is where it lands take home  
The final arrears, it's the final arrears  
Join all the hands take a photograph  
And smile before the final arrears  
It's the final arrears and I've used all my tears

Hold onto the photographs  
Hold onto your friends  
Make hay with the memories  
They're part of the pain I'm feeling now  
They're part of the pain I'm feeling now  
They're part of the pain I'm feeling now  
They're part of the pain I'm feeling now  
Feeling now