

Rab McLean, The South

Back when Winchester rifles were chasing white flags
Dodgin' the bows and arrows
Footballs bounced on the smell of fresh cut grass
Goin' in off the post that says
"ball games prohibited";

Johnny Cougar and The Sea Green Six
fought The Magnificent Seven.
White horses running round the lightning tree.
I look to The South and it's sunny.

I'm away, I'm away, I'm away, I'm away,
I look to The South and it's sunny.

Back when I believed in heaven,
The charmed life that I'd been given.
Bicycles racing round Blackhall Court
I look to the South and it's sunny

I'm away, I'm away, I'm away, I'm away,
I look to The South and it's sunny.