

Roddy Woomble, My Secret Is My Silence

If you never leave the highlands
like you're drowning under rain
and your sadness tastes like whiskey
and my body breathes the same

and ill drain my wisdom empty
just to feel that space again

but you know nothing is outside
and my secret is my silence
my secret is my silence
and my silence is in vain

im sick of living in these buildings
that were built from blood and rain
and from the warm side of the window
the views always look the same

but your face it held the stories
full of dreams it can contain

but you know nothing is outside
and my secret is my silence
my secret is my silence
and my silence is in vain

but you know nothing is outside
and my secret is my silence
my secret is my silence
and my silence is in vain

and you held on to a country
from the cail yard to the grave
and you spoke in quickly written verses
hidden in your gaelic name
to approach land without a harbour
to find your way home
you approach land without a harbour
to find your way home