

# 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