

Runrig, Day In A Boat

On sun soaked seas
Baiting the hand lines
Neoscan at the oars
Turning the bows into the Morea wake
For the thrill of it all
Across the middle of the bay
A line of faces in the waiting hour
And I could see
The other world was here
Can you hear it now
We're just on the brink
Returning homewards
Together on
Alone

O mollaidh sinn
An gaol 's an gras
A thug dhuinn bith
Cho umhail fo ghrein
'S i dealradh sios
Air reultan cein.

And it was all there waiting
Just as we reached the door
Just as we reached the door