

Runrig, Ill Keep Coming Home

There's thunder clouds
Round the hometown bay
As I walk out
In the rain
Through the sepia showers
And the photoflood days
I caught a fleeting glimpse
Of life
And though the water's
Black as night
The colours of Scotland
Leave you young inside
There's a vision
Coming soon
Through the faith
That cleans your wound
Hearts of olden glory
Will be renewed
Down the lens
Where the headlands stand
I feel a healing
Through this land
A cross for a people
Like wind through your hands
There must be a place
Under the sun
Where hearts of olden glory
Grow young