

Runrig, Road And The River

Sun comes up on these mountain braes
And it's breaking on the high ground
And the rolling road
And the rolling river
Are all that I have to hold
There in your arms
There in your arms

I went walking in the world
The voice of many waters
In the waking cascade
In the breathing we wait
On the rolling road
On the rolling road
May you always be freedom
And the rolling road
And the rolling river
Are ad that I have to hold
There in your arms

There's a presence in the wind
And it holds all departed
And I'm here in the power
And the long passing hour
The light rushing in
Great great gentle giver
All the craving I see
Falling way beyond me
On the rolling road
On the rolling road
May you always be freedom
And the rolling road
And the rolling river
Are all that I have to hold
There in your arms
There in your arms