

# 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