

Runrig, Road Trip

Take heart: cheat the dark
Get driving with the lark
As cities sleep
Steal a march before the sun
It's all philosophy
On an open motorway
Chasing break of day
Somewhere on a border town
I've packed my ceilidh boots
I've got my once was looks
I've got my tubes and hooks
Reel, drogue, priest and bung
Throw away your fears
Peel away the years
I've seen too many leaves
Falling down

Cause we'll get old
Before this night is done
So get far away

(Chorus)
Or come with me
Everything you see
Is everything you need
Take a road trip
Go soul deep

Unwind: touch the brine
Take some bread: break some wine
I can see the water line
Red below the Lewis sun
Where the ocean rolls
Aboard the ship of souls
The healing wind blows
So why crawl when we can run
Go find your other life
One road: steeper climbs

Where the river winds
Straight into the west
Fade away like rust
Vanish like the dust
Cause, baby, tramps like us were born with cianalas

(Chorus)

Get free: Believe: Go real
Everything you ever need
Is waiting for you here
Get Free; Believe: Go real
Could this be the living glimpse
Of all that's meant to be

Cause we'll get old
Before this night is done
So get far away

(Chorus)

(Chorus)