

Runrig, The Everlasting Gun

So here you go you're on your own
The flower blooms so freely
For fortune, musket, fyfe and drum
Your faking days won't leave you
'Cause young man now you nurse the gun
You're nervous in the morning
'Neath shattered skies your body lies
On the dark side of reason

The blood is lusting in your heart
Your flesh red hot and lonely
And vengeance gulps the bitter cup
That once held wine so sweetly
But young man legends still unfold
For regiment for glory
You search for gold like you've been told
And the light of day won't leave you

But run
You'll never turn and run
The everlasting gun
Your day will surely come
You'll never run

For fickle kings you click the heel
Where a bleak moon leans so weary
Forgotten names on faceless graves
Your father's home awaits you
Oh, the warrior is not the fool
The refugee of freedom
But the outlawed man who holds no gun
On the dark side of reason

But run
You'll never turn and run
The everlasting gun
Your day will surely come
You'll never run